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Frontier Times

May, 1971
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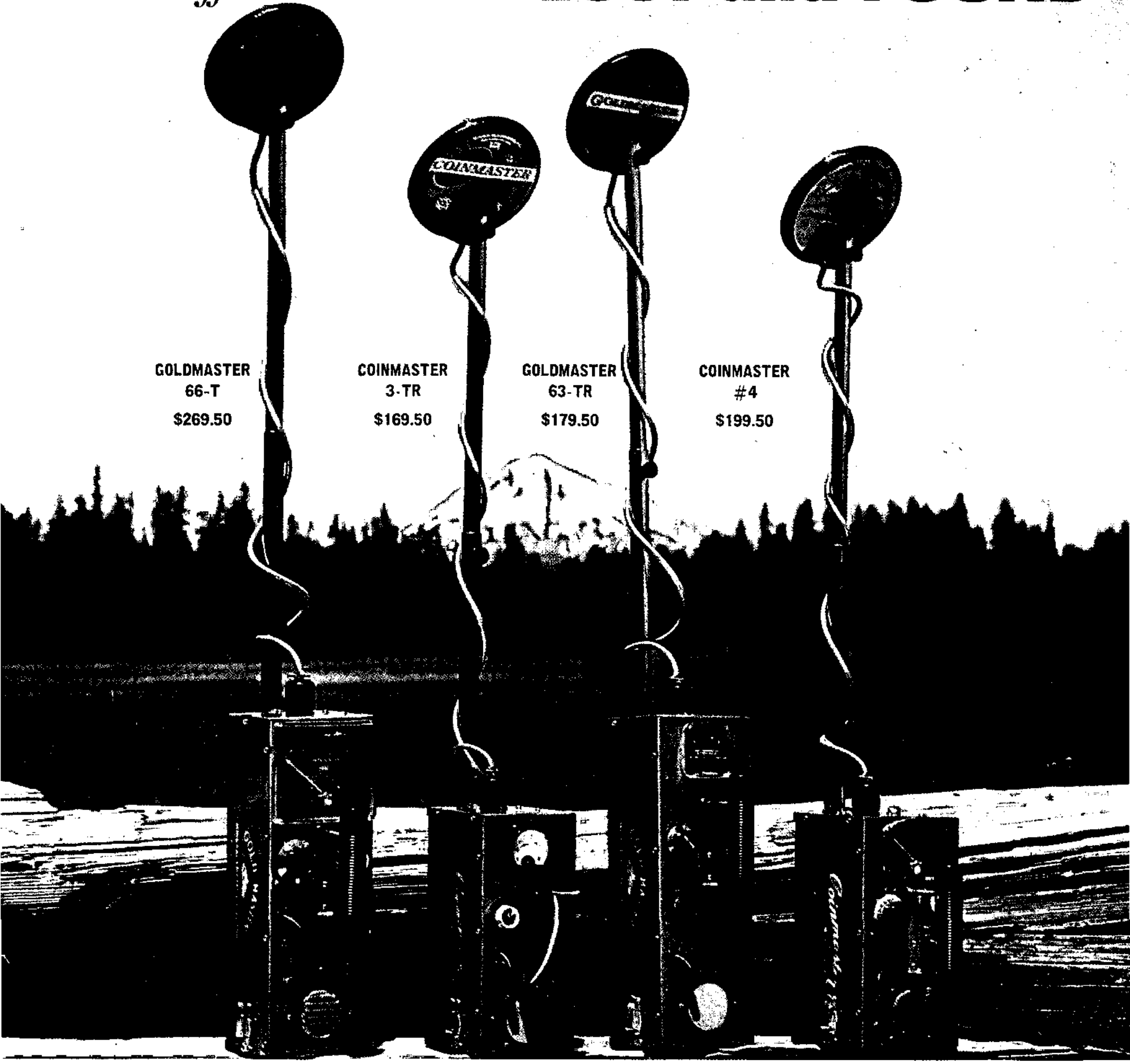

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

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True Stories of the West!

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Cover: Joe Grandee

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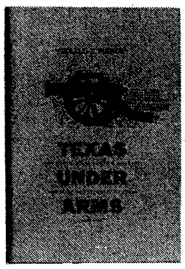

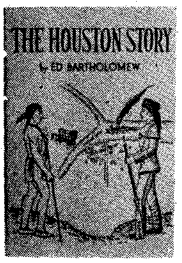

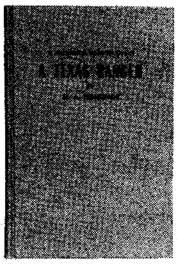

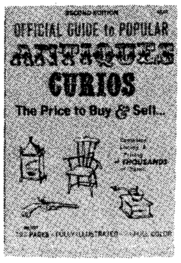

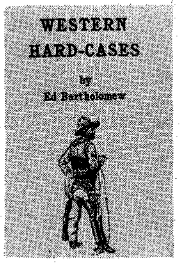

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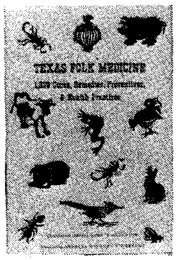

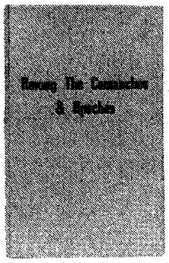

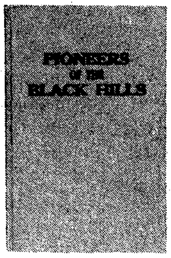

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FRONTIER POST

"My Rooster, She Freeze Her Feet"

I enjoy reading FRONTIER TIMES very much. Being an old cowboy myself, I am sending you a letter that apparently is something a Mexican cowboy staying in a line camp at Glorieta, New Mexico wrote his boss at the headquarters ranch at Las Vegas, New Mexico during the hard winter of 1918. At that time a letter had to go by mail hack and might take days to arrive, considering the amount of snow that was in the pass. The following is the substance of what the cowboy wrote:

"Dear Mr. Jackson

"Pen in hand I am riting to let you no everything here is fine my rooster she freeze her feet and she die and you no the old cow in the corrall well she die too and you no you only give me three horses and one of them she die too because I no think she can find nothing to eat now. I only have two horses and you no the thirty head of heifers in canyonsito I no can find them and maybe so they die too. Well ever thing is fine and I no want for you to worry. Yours truly, Manuel. P. S. O yes I forgit I am going to leave tomorrow because I am going to marry with Amalia."

Well, everything is fine and I thought you might be able to use something like this in your magazine. I believe this old rancher's widow still has Manuel's letter.
—Louie Moe, 600 Roma, N.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87102

Two Bar Roundup Photo

The photo of the horse cavvy you used to illustrate the opening of Walt Coburn's story on page 16 of the January 1971 FRONTIER TIMES is a picture of the Two Bar roundup and was taken on Richeau Creek on the upper part of the old C.M.D. ranch. The Two Bar, or Swan Land and Cattle Company, was one of the largest concerns financed by Scottish money and Chugwater, Wyoming was their headquarters.

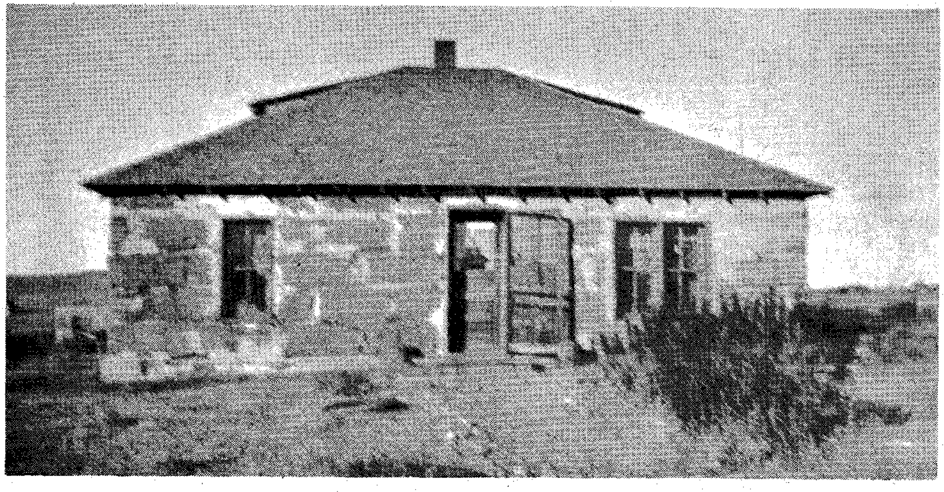
My father, Duncan Grant, was roundup foreman about this time and later was foreman over all the Two Bar ranches. I have an original print of this photo in my collection; my copy was made by C. D. Kirkland and not "Walker." The picture was made eight or ten miles northwest of Chugwater in the mid-1880s.—George Grant, Wheatland, Wyoming 82201

Wants Lehigh Correspondence

Would like to hear from anyone living in Lehigh, Oklahoma as I used to live there in "the good old days," way back when Lehigh was pretty woolly.—Abney Garrison, Box 102, Franklin, Texas 77856

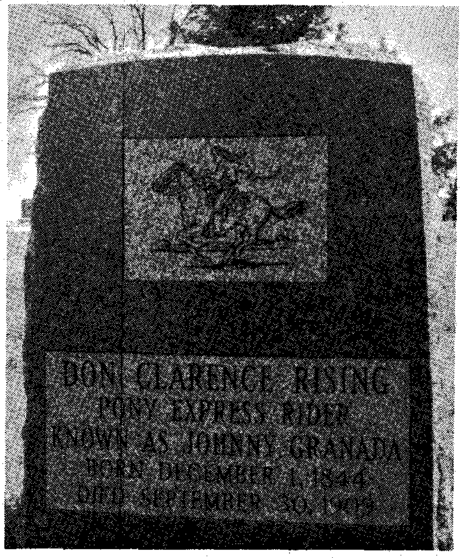
Home Built of Baled Wheat

Pioneers of Nebraska had to use every kind of material to build their homes because such things as wood and stone were limited in some sections. I enclose a picture I made many years ago of a home constructed using bailed wheat straw plastered with mud. These homes were warm and cheap to make. This one was located in Custer County, Nebraska some miles northeast of the city of Broken Bow.—Phillip T. Smith, 1839 Alderson Avenue, Billings, Montana 59102



Johnny Granada's Grave Found

Four or five years ago I read in FRONTIER TIMES that someone was seeking the grave of Johnny Granada. He is buried in Wetmore, Kansas, about forty-eight miles north of Topeka off Highway 75, west about six miles. Hope this picture helps somebody and sorry it's taken so long for us to obtain.—Juanita J. Simpson, Route 1, Willow River, Minnesota 55795



First White Girl in Astoria

I just finished reading "Railroading in the Cascades." Sure was a good article—enjoyed it. My grandmother, Mary Ellen McCormack, crossed the plains in 1847. She was the first white girl in Astoria, Oregon. She stayed for a while at Oregon City with Dr. John McLaughlin. He took her there when she was a little girl—her name then was Fiester. The Three Sisters Mountains are named after her sisters. She lived sixty-nine years on a ranch at Molalla, Oregon—quite a record.

She was named Pioneer Queen at Champoeg, Oregon. That's where Oregon's first laws were made. She was quite a daredevil when she was young. She went over the falls in a barrel at Oregon City and lived to tell about it. Nearly every old-timer at Conley and Molalla said my grandmother brought them into the world. She was a good midwife. Not much is known about my grandfather, Marion McCormack. He said when he was a little boy in 1847 crossing the plains, all his folks were killed by Indians but he escaped on a horse. He was quite an artist. He went to the gold rush in '49 and caught miners consumption. He was bedridden the rest of his life.

When I was little my folks took me to the redwoods. We lived at Blue Lake—that's near Eureka and Arcata. My father, Ed Pullen, had a ranch near Bald Mountain. He also had a saw mill run by a water wheel. He used to pack in men at Bald Mountain so they could go deer hunting. He was the first man to take a large pack train through to Corbel and Hoopa. The whole town was at the depot on the day that Dad's eighty head of

(Continued on page 41)

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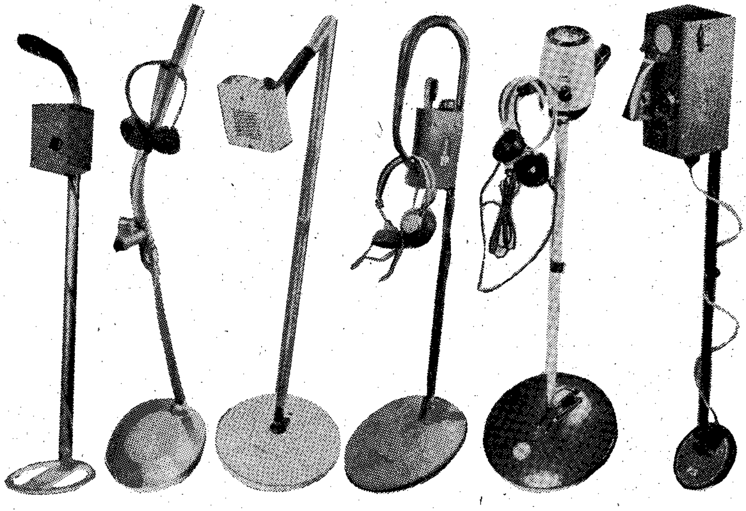

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A TEST OF COURAGE

Sitting Bull—the last Sioux to lay down his gun

By FRANCIS DICKIE

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN early in his career Sitting Bull recognized the rapid encroachment of whites and determined to devote his life to withstanding them, he made a solemn vow:

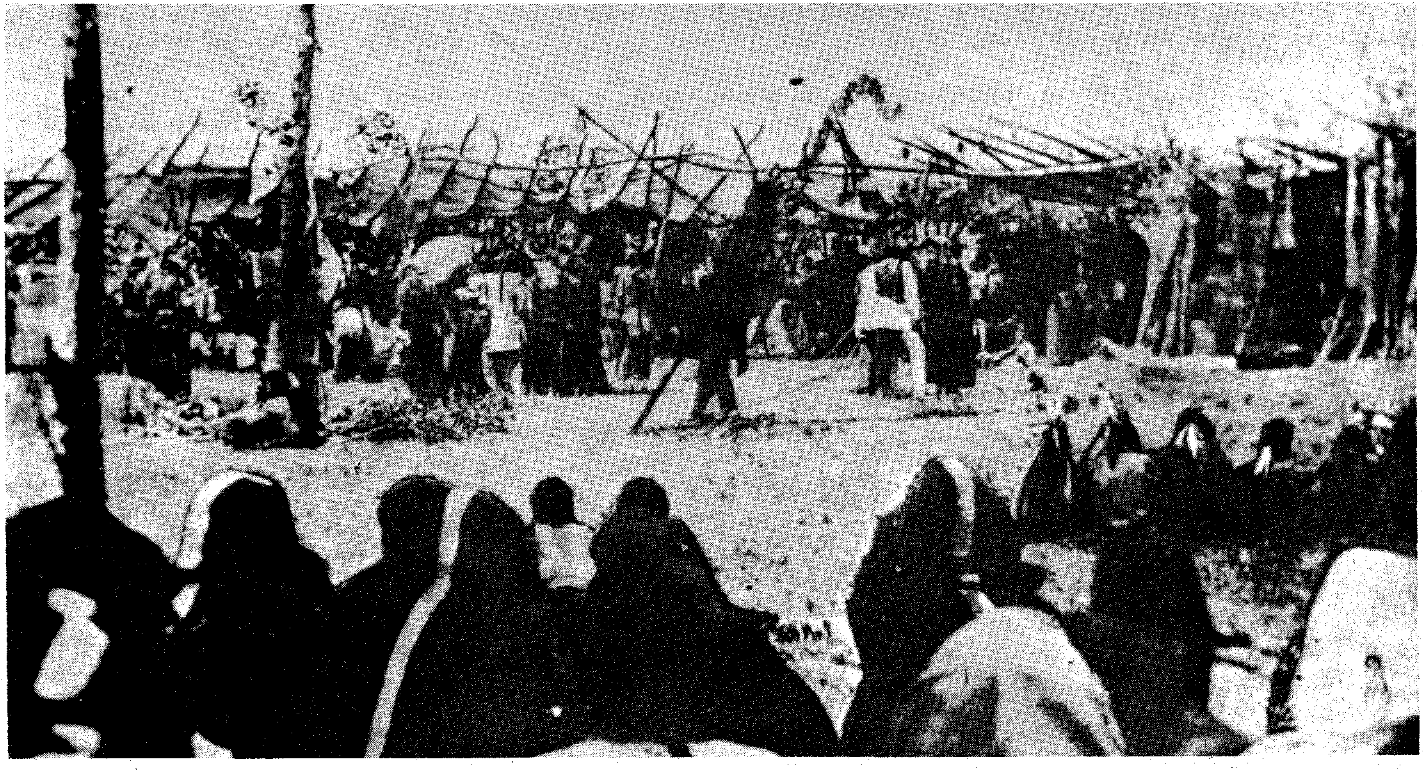
> *My Father* [*God*] *gave me this nation.*
> *Struggling against odds, I carry on!*

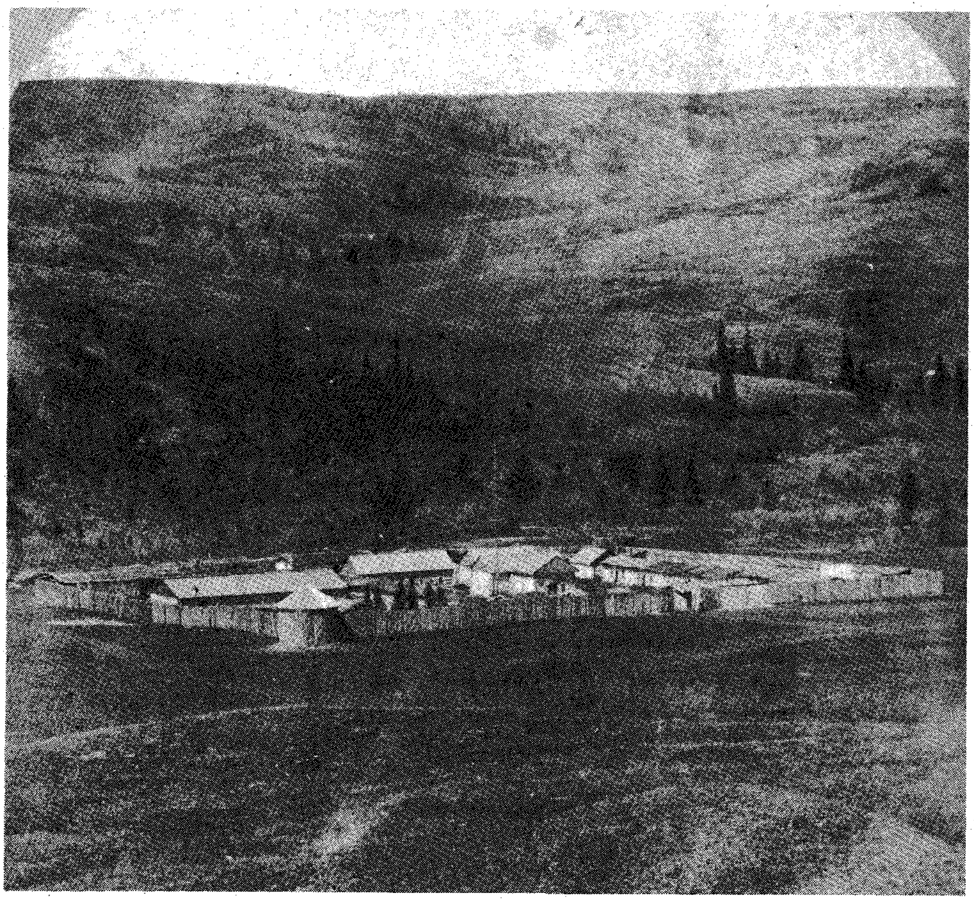
As a youth he was famous for his skill in making bows and arrows, for his fast horses and his crafty ability at stealing them. In later years, in dealing with his fellow Sioux and other tribes—and particularly, the white man—he proved himself equally astute. Added to all this he was a superb actor; he composed many songs which he rendered with the histrionic proficiency of a grand opera star. As an artist he left a series of thirty-two drawings, his own autobiography, mostly war and horse stealing episodes. According to various sources he had nine wives, among them Light Hair, Snow-On-Her, Pretty Plume, and Brown Eyes.

The exact date of his birth is not verified. Historians place it variously in 1831-1834-1837. The place of birth seems to have been in an encampment

An annual Sioux Sun Dance is in progress under the shelter in the background. On this occasion in early June 1876, Sitting Bull danced all day and received a vision of many soldiers falling into camp. Portrait of Sitting Bull at left is from the National Archives.

Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society





Courtesy Archives, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa

Fort Walsh, approximately forty miles north of the U.S.-Canada border, in 1877, the same year Sitting Bull held his first meeting with Superintendent J. M. Walsh (above right).

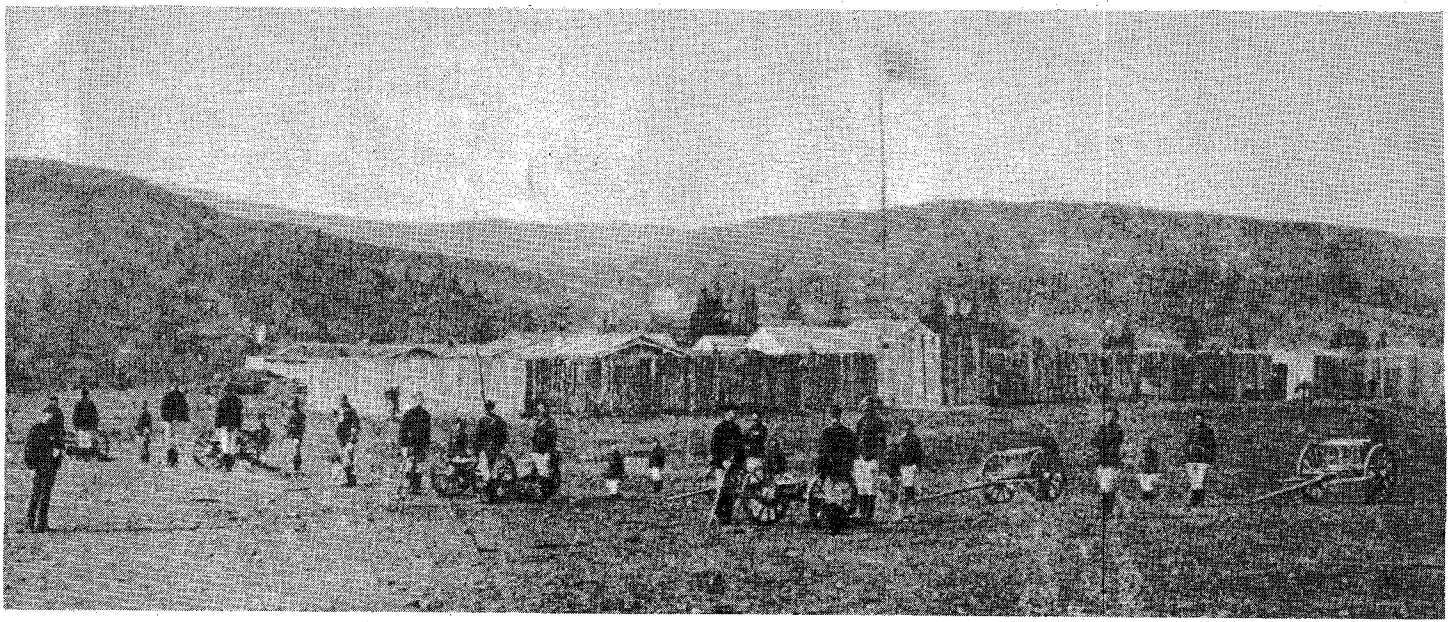
of the Hunkpapa Teton division of the Sioux on the Grand River, near present-day Bullhead, South Dakota. His father first had the name Sitting Bull; his own was Jumping Badger.

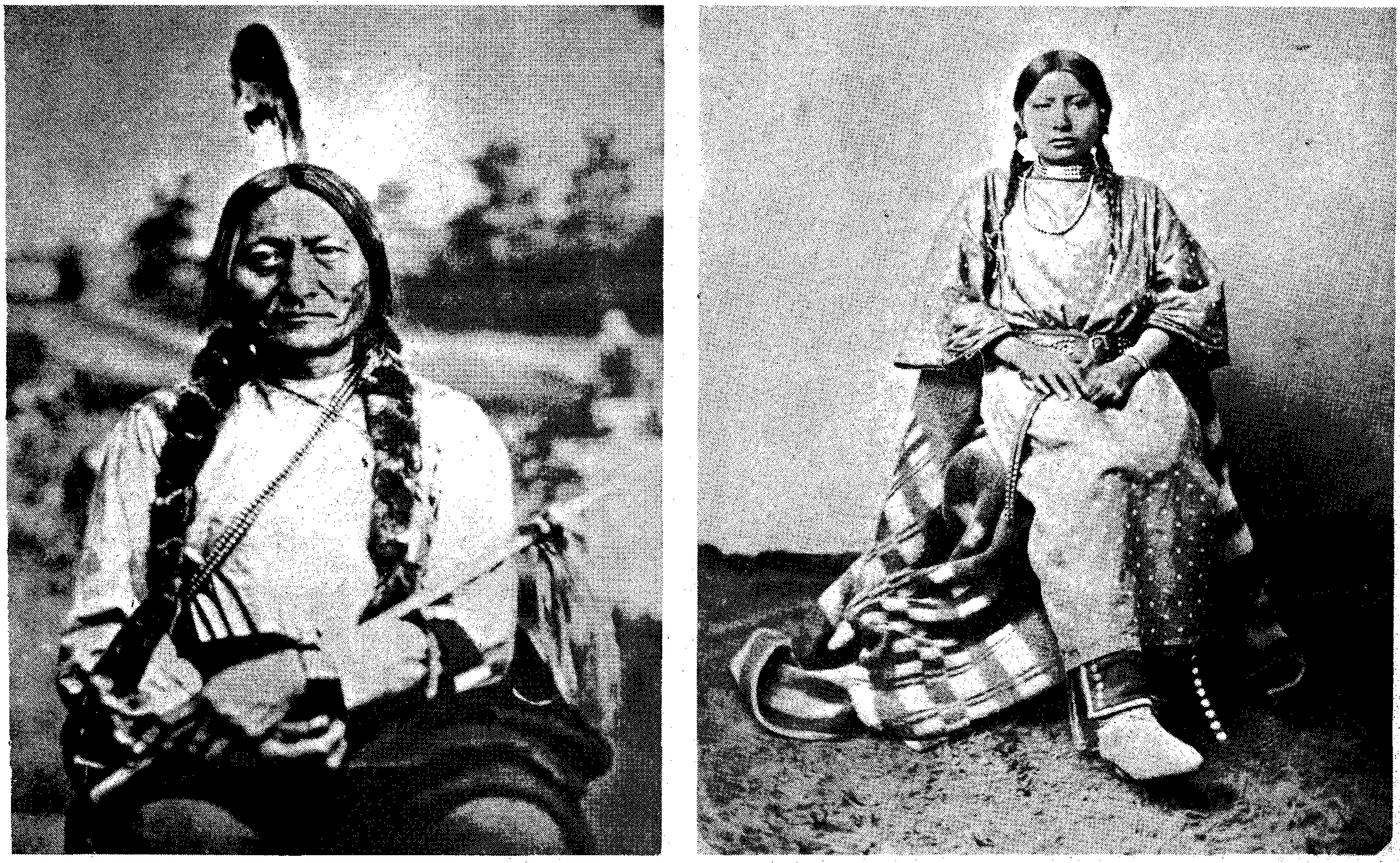
By age ten the boy was a superb horseman, killing his first buffalo; in later years it was said he was so powerful a bowman he shot arrows through a buffalo. He had to be strong and tough because his tribesmen were continually following their chief food source. It has been estimated that this one division of the Hunkpapa Teton Sioux, of which he later became chief, required 30,000 buffaloes a year.

When Jumping Badger was fourteen he went on his first warpath against the Crows, and made his first coup. Tribes spent much of their time warring upon each other, stealing horses and women. These continual forays were marked by dreadful savagery; at times even women and children were slaughtered; seldom were there acts of chivalry. War was war, just as in recent times aviators on both sides dropped bombs on women and

Fort Walsh in May 1877 showing the cannon display at the time of Sitting Bull's arrival.

Courtesy Archives of Saskatchewan, Regina





Sitting Bull and Pretty Bird, one of his wives, at Fort Walsh in 1878. These studio portraits were taken, possibly at the same sitting, by T. G. N. Anderton, first professional photographer in the Northwest Territories. Sitting Bull is holding his coup stick.

children.

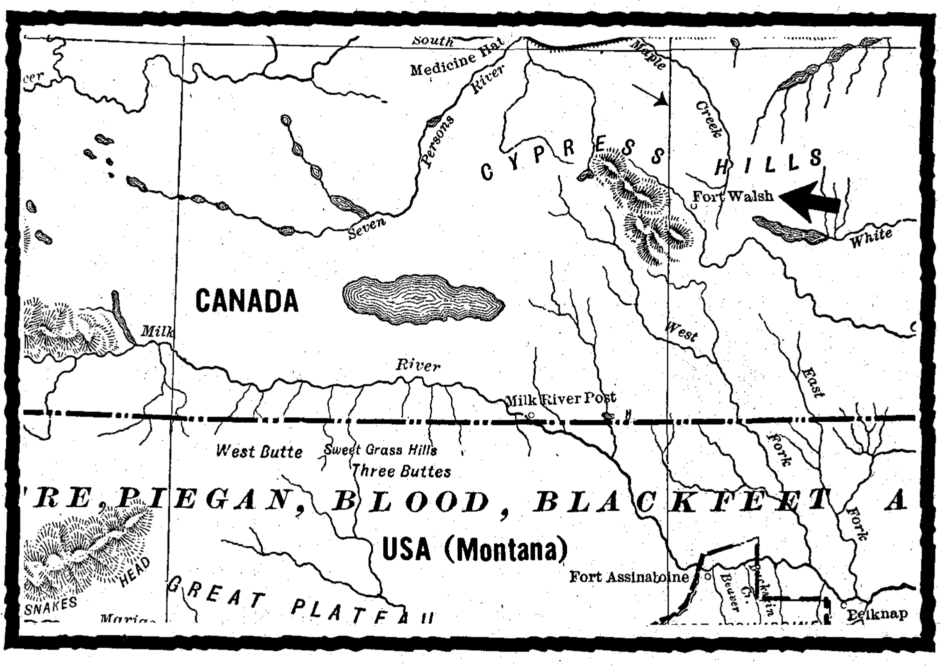
On Jumping Badger's return from his successful encounter with the Crows his father gave a great feast and bestowed twenty horses upon his warriors. He also gave his son his own name of Sitting Bull which, according to Sioux mythology, he had received in a sacred rite. The father then took the name of Jumping Bull.

WHILE the ruthlessness of Plains Indians warfare cannot be denied, Sitting Bull often showed compassion. In the winter of 1857, though the Sioux were well supplied with food, the young men went on the warpath against the Assiniboines, thought camped at a point near the Missouri River in Montana. The youthful Sitting Bull, mounted on a swift horse, carried in addition to his lance a smooth-bore rifle, it is said one of the first used by the Plains Indians. When the war party arrived it found only one teepee and one family—the father, the mother with a baby in her arms, a six-year-old boy, and a boy about eleven. Hearing the galloping horses approaching over the ice, the family ran from the teepee, the mother carrying her baby and dragging the little boy by the hand. The father and the eleven-year-old remained to face the oncoming Sioux. The leading warrior shot down the father, mother, baby and smallest boy. Yet the older boy stood firm, bow in hand. Sitting Bull, moved by admiration and pity, sprang from his horse and shouted to his comrades: "He's too brave to die! I take him for my brother!"

Sitting Bull adopted the boy, clothed him and made him one of the tribe, giving him the name of Ota Ktepi.

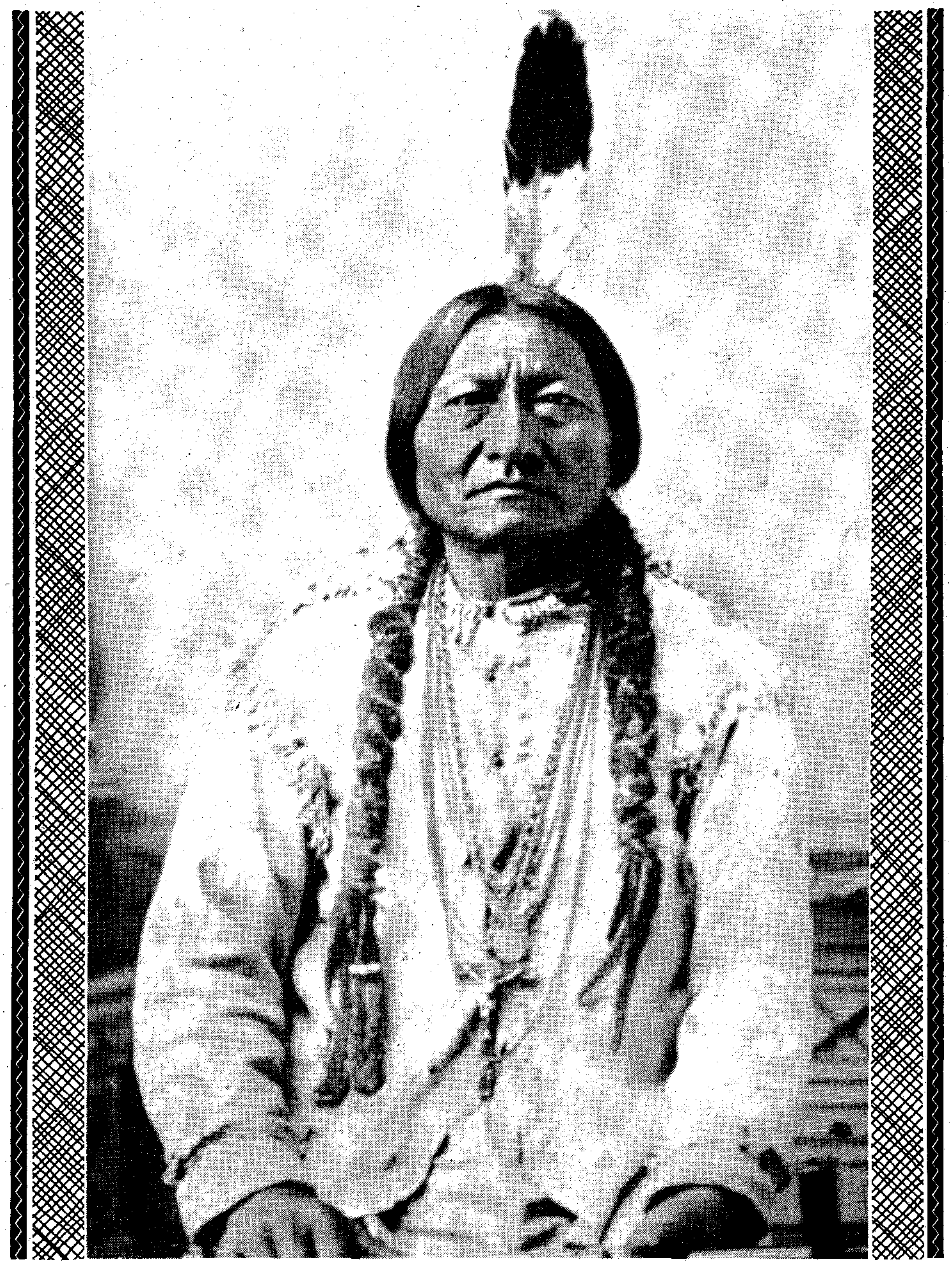
Some months after this incident, when Sitting Bull's people were moving camp in North Dakota near Rainy Butte, a band of fifty Crows made a surprise attack. They were driven off but Sitting Bull's father was killed.

The Sioux followed to the Crow camp, capturing three women and a baby. Fu-


South
Medicine Hat
River
Maple
Creek
Persons
Seven
C Y P R E S S H I L L S
Fort Walsh
White
CANADA
Milk
River
West
East
Milk River Post
West Butte
Sweet Grass Hills
Three Buttes
Fork
Fork
'RE, PIEGAN, BLOOD, BLACKFEET A
USA (Montana)
Fort Assinaboine
Beaver
Cr.
HEAD
SNAKES
GREAT PLATEAU
Belknap

Map from **People's Family Atlas of the World**, Chicago, 1884, Courtesy John Wallace

Arrow indicates Fort Walsh where Sitting Bull sought refuge in Canada in May 1877. Meridian (indicated by small arrow) just left of Fort Walsh marks 110 degrees west longitude. When General Terry met the chief at the post in October 1877, Terry's cavalry escort remained south of the international border (horizontal broken line) near the Sweet Grass Hills (center). In this map, 1 inch equals approximately 35 miles.



Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology

Sitting Bull, wearing the crucifix given him by Father De Smet.

rious at the loss of the old chief, the warriors were about to kill the prisoners. Yet Sitting Bull, whose loss was greatest, not only saved the women, but months later gave them horses to return to their tribe.

In his life were many similar cases of extended pity, of saving enemy lives. In January 1869, Frank Grouard, a half-breed, was facing death from a war party of Sioux when Sitting Bull arrived and saved him. Grouard lived with the tribe three years. Yet later he joined the American army and led the soldiers in their slaughter of the Indians at Slim Buttes in September 1876.

Many people, even at the peak of Sitting Bull's fighting strength, and later when he was in Canada and in his final years after returning to the United States, have spoken of his great courtesy, consideration and kindness. The missionary Mary Collins, at the Standing Rock Agency, his last "resting place," wrote "He had a winning personality, tender and gracious." C. A. Eastman described him as "a statesman, one of the most far-sighted we ever had." Now, with the passing of years and a more unbiased review of the evidence, Sitting Bull's often repeated words—"The soldiers always fired first"—cannot be gainsaid.

ALTHOUGH the Sioux and all other tribes were eventually subdued, they fought desperately to hold their lands. Sitting Bull's great hope was unification of all tribes to combat the white man, but his dream did not come to pass.

Indians, even some of the Sioux, began accepting reservations during the Civil War. When the Eastern (Santee) Sioux perpetrated the Minnesota massacre, the whole tribe was blamed. When the massacre took place Sitting Bull was far to the west on the Missouri River and was astonished by the attack on his people by General H. H. Sibley in June 1863. This was only a slight skirmish, however. The Indians withdrew and continued peaceful hunting until 1864. Then 1,000 soldiers, led by Colonel J. M. Chivington, utterly destroyed a village of friendly Cheyennes near Fort Lyon.

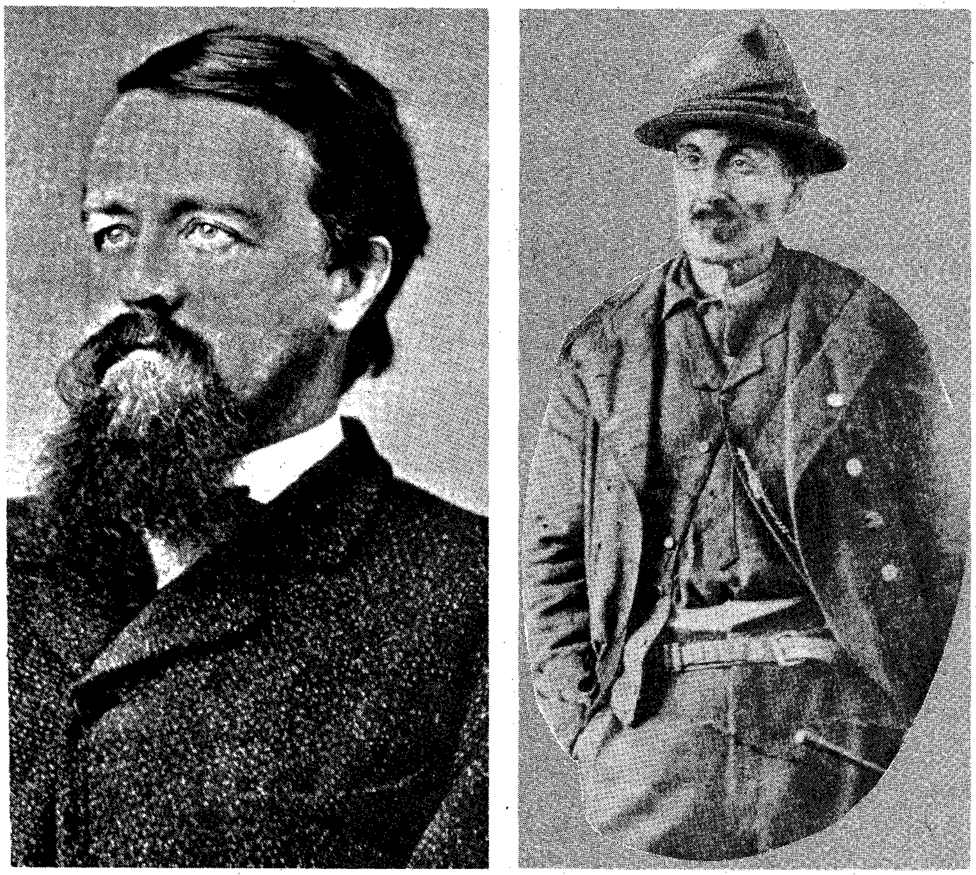
In the spring, the nearby Cheyennes came from the south to Sitting Bull's camp with the account, which according to the report of the Current Special Committee, Washington, March 3, 1867, "was marked by ferocity, cruelty unmatched in the history of war on the Indians to that time."

Sitting Bull smoked the pipe with the Cheyennes. War against the whites was inevitable. From 1864 onward, until driven into Canada in 1877, Sitting Bull's Sioux battled the American army. In the latter part of July 1864, his encampment near the mouth of the Little Missouri, on a plateau of the Killdeer Mountains, had been joined by the Yanktonais and Santee, and nearby Oglala Sioux, presumably about 700. All were nearly out of ammunition, and were poorly armed with a few old flintlocks. When two young hunters arrived with the startling announcement, "Soldiers on foot, a mile wide, with many wagons moving toward the camp," the teepees were immediately moved higher up into a canyon protected by wooded ravines. On the brow of a low hill the warriors (roughly estimated at 250) lined up.

Under the command of General Sibley, Colonel R. N. McLaren's little army of foot soldiers and cavalry moved toward the Indians. It was then that Sitting Bull put the army's intentions to the test. One of his bravest men, Long Dog, rode out alone and raced his pony back and forth before the advancing whites. It was his belief, and that of his comrades, that he was invulnerable to bullets. What Sitting Bull wanted to know was—did the soldiers intend to shoot? They did. Yet Long Dog, though fired on by the whole front line, was not hit! He galloped back to his lines. The Yanktonais and Santees then opened fire from a scattered line of trees.

The cavalry charged and wiped out the Indians there. Against the main body of soldiers, with their good rifle and shell fire, the Indians slowly fell back. It was Sitting Bull's first encounter with a cannon. As the soldiers advanced, the mounted Sioux, marvelous horsemen, broke up the enemy for a time by hit-and-run tactics. Then the cavalry astonished the Indian horsemen, who always remained mounted in a fight, by leaving their horses with a small guard and joining the foot soldiers.

Sitting Bull tasted defeat. Women, children and the old men ran for the inner depth of the canyon, young boys driving the horses, as the battery poured shells into their camp. The soldiers burned teepees filled with buffalo robes, the travois, the saddles—everything precious to the Sioux. Three warriors, hoping to save something, approached waving a white flag. Colonel McLaren paid no heed. After the encampment was



Courtesy National Archives

Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

General Alfred H. Terry (left), Sitting Bull's dread enemy, ironically was chosen to head the American military mission which conferred with the chief at Fort Walsh. Louis Leveille (right) was a Mounted Police interpreter in negotiations with the Sioux.

destroyed, the soldiers also set fire to the surrounding forest, then retreated.

IF GENERAL SIBLEY had scored a victory, it was a Pyrrhic one. The return to Fort Rice was by water on the Yellowstone and Missouri. At a point on the Yellowstone, steamers waited with supplies. To reach this river a stretch of badlands had to be crossed where there was little water, and that heavy with alkali. The men, hungry and thirsty, urged on their mules and horses. Wagons sank to the axles. A hundred horses and mules died.

Scouts of another Sioux band, the Sans Arcs, seeing their advantage, sent fast horsemen to Sitting Bull to inform him of the situation. Though the Indians had little ammunition remaining, 200 warriors joined the Sans Arcs and harassed the soldiers until they reached the waiting steamers.

The continuance of the struggle was due, on the one hand, to white eagerness to keep open the roads to the gold fields in the West; on the other hand by Sitting Bull's staunch refusal to sign away any Indian lands. Over and over he repeated: "Leave us alone. The Black Hills and surrounding territory belong to the Indians."

In this situation the most contradictory actions took place. In the Powder River country American officers Connor, Cole and Walker were leading their troops against Indians, while on the Missouri General Sibley sent overtures of peace to Sitting Bull. Yet when a small band of his young men, in answer to the peace message, rode to meet the soldiers they were fired upon. They rode back and reported this. Sitting Bull, with 400 mounted, attacked the 800 Bluecoats.

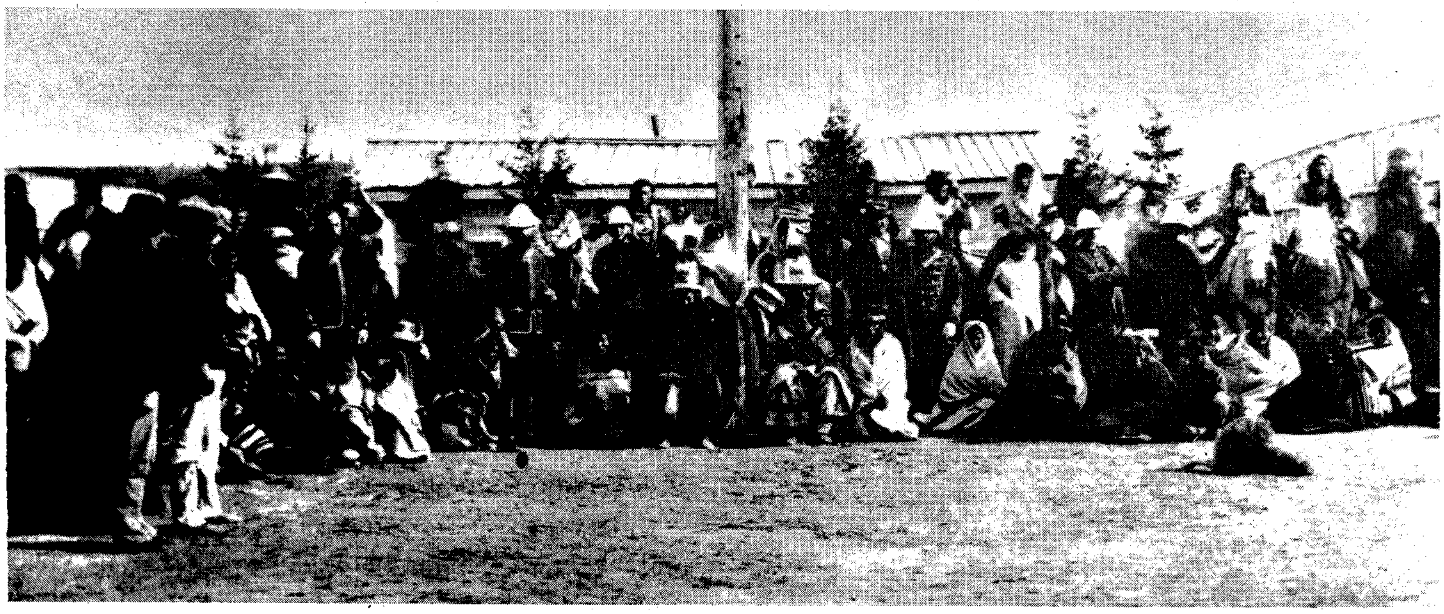
When the Sioux charged, the soldiers were in a very difficult position along the river bottom. The Indians on their wonderful ponies, fresh and fast, had them surrounded. By a desperate sally, cavalry and foot soldiers crossed the river and out of the bottom; and the Indians, as they did so often once the enemy had been forced back, did not follow up what might have been a real victory. This happened again and again, until their triumph over Custer when the Indians at last followed through to the annihilation of the enemy.

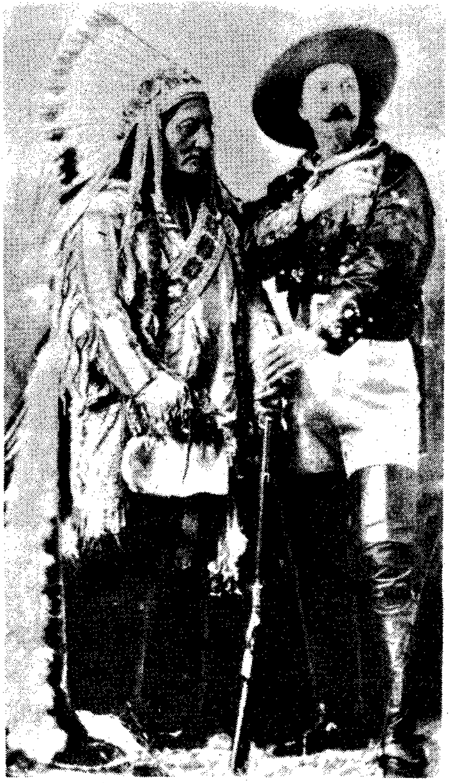
Sitting Bull's greatest hour came in 1867. Leading chiefs of most of the bands and tribes, not only of the northern Sioux, but also the Cheyennes and Arapahos, at last accepted what Sitting Bull had long urged—unification against the whites. The exceptions were the Brule and some Southern Oglala who had accepted reservation terms.

For Sitting Bull's assumption of the highest position of head chief, an enormous lodge was built. Here a hundred

Barracks Square at Fort Walsh in 1878, showing some of Sitting Bull's people.

Courtesy Archives of Saskatchewan, Regina





Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill Cody about 1886 when the chief was a leading attraction with Cody's Wild West Show.

leaders agreed upon his appointment. Four chiefs, Four Horns, Loud Voiced Hawk, Running Antelope, and Red Horn, then took up a ceremonial buffalo robe and walked to Sitting Bull's teepee. Laying the robe upon the ground they summoned him and seated him in the center, took up the robe at the four corners and carried him to the center of the lodge where all of the one hundred had gathered to pass around the communion pipe, following the daily movement of the sun.

Sitting Bull was in plain dress. In his hair were two eagle feathers, one red to denote his leg wound from which he limped.

When the pipe had passed full circle, Four Horns rose and addressed Sitting Bull. "By your bravery and reputation of wise counsel we have elected you head chief. When you say 'Fight' we will fight; when you say 'Peace' we will make peace."

Sitting Bull rose and sang with all the histrionic passion for which he had long been famous:

You tribesmen all behold me,
The chiefs of old are gone
Myself, I shall take courage;
My Father has given me this nation,
Struggling against odds, I carry on!

As a young man Sitting Bull had undergone the tortures accompanying initiation as a warrior. Now in 1876, the white man's armies were gathering from all quarters. It was a time of greatest gravity.

Sitting Bull informed the chiefs he would perform the rites of the Sun Dance. He removed his plain dress, his feathered head dress, and cleansed his face of war paint. Around the ceremonial pipe he tied the sacred sagebrush.

To witness his Sun Dance an enormous encampment stretched along the Rosebud River. In the center of this, the ground had been cleared and made smooth. A virgin came forward with a small sapling she had cut. This was the sacred tree. Four chiefs erected it beside the altar of a buffalo skull. Sitting Bull, now naked save for his breechclout, sat down, his back leaning against the tree, his legs extended.

He had vowed to Wakan Tanka (The Great Being) to sacrifice 100 pieces of his body. Then came forward Jumping Bull, the adopted brother named after Sitting Bull's father, to perform this terribly painful operation. Jumping Bull carried an awl, and knife with blade honed to almost razor sharpness. Commencing upon Sitting Bull's right arm at the wrist, Jumping Bull deftly lifted the skin with the awl's point, then sliced off some skin about a sixteenth of an inch. Dexterous and swift, the surgeon worked upward to the shoulder until fifty pieces were thrown before the altar of the buffalo skull. Then he moved to the left arm and repeated the cutting.

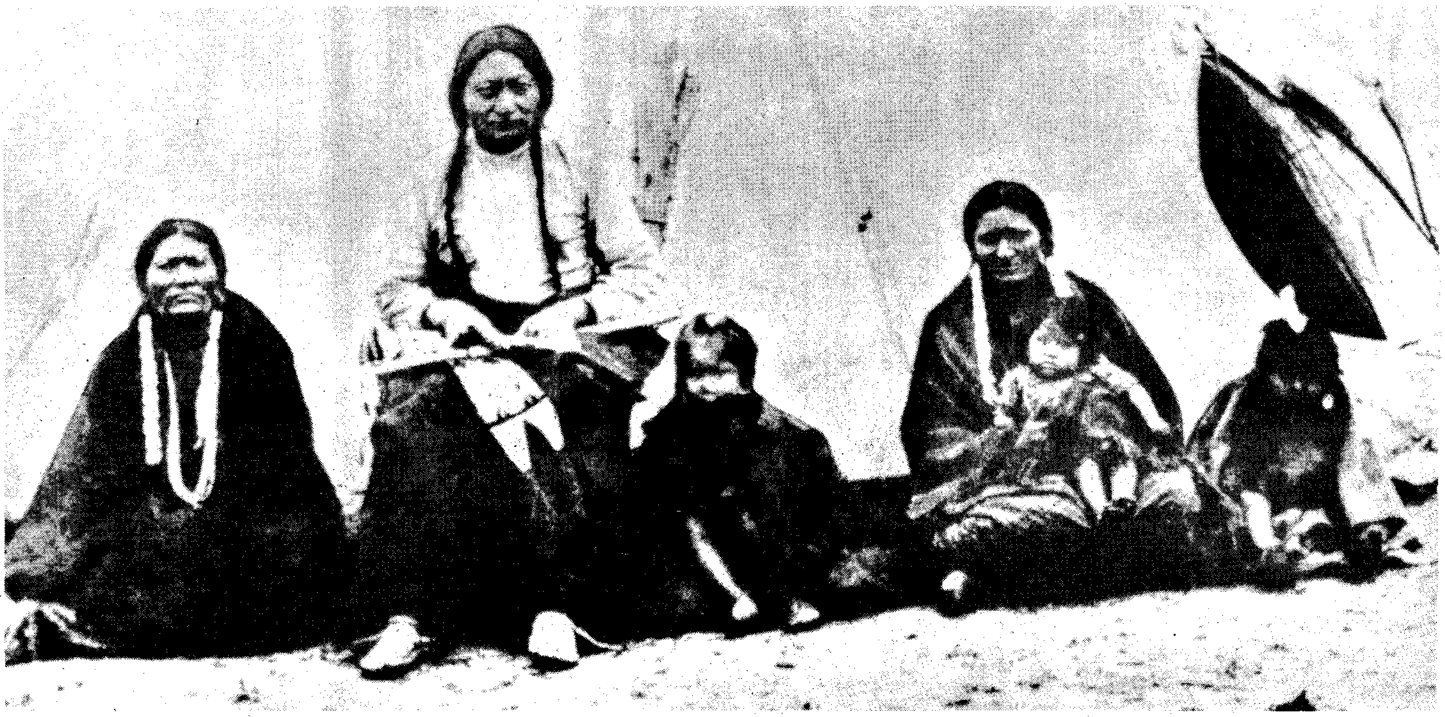
Sitting Bull, unflinching during this, continued intoning his appeal to Wakan Tanka. "Give me all your game animals so my people may have plenty to eat."

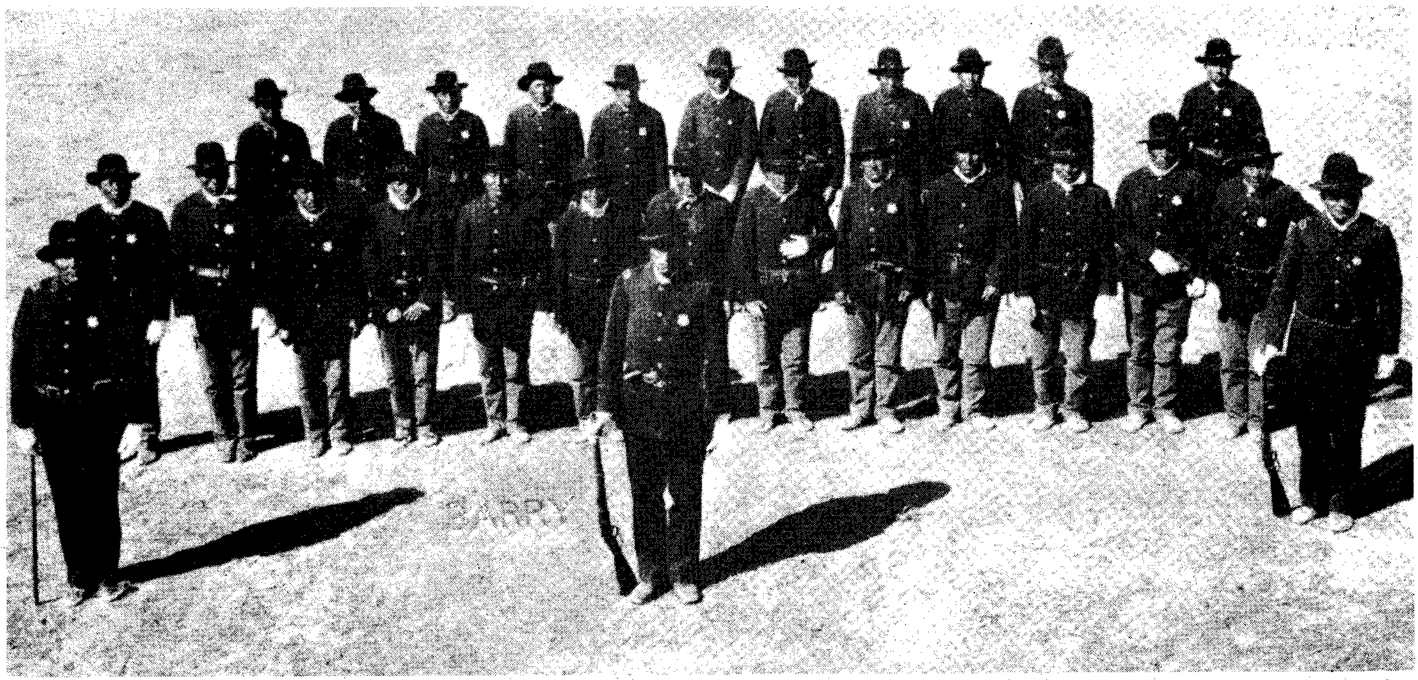
When the last of the 100 pieces of flesh were upon the ground, Sitting Bull rose. Facing the bright sun he began the dance. Bobbing and shuffling, moving only a few feet, he continued for eighteen hours. The sun was bright that next day. Always the great chief faced its blazing light. At the end of the forenoon he was staggering, about to fall. The ceremonial attendants with Black Moon came forward and laid him down.

Sitting Bull lay semi-conscious. Cold water was thrown over him. His eyes opened slowly. Black Moon leaned breathlessly over him awaiting what he might say. In a low voice Sitting Bull revealed his vision, an amazing prophecy. That it came true within a short time raised him among his people almost to the height of a god.

Sitting Bull at Fort Randall about 1882 shortly after his surrender. He sits with his two wives, Seen-By-Her-Nation and Four Times, and three children.

Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology





Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology

Survivors of the Indian police who captured Sitting Bull on December 15, 1890. Red Tomahawk (front center), slayer of Sitting Bull, is in command. Below is Crowfoot, Sitting Bull's son, killed at the time of his father's arrest.

"I have seen soldiers on horseback falling like grasshoppers, they are upside down, near our camp. These dead soldiers you kill are the gift of Wakan Tanka. Kill them, but touch not one of their possessions; for if you covet the things of the white man it will be a curse on our nation. I give you this to those who have no ears."

There was great rejoicing in camp. The gathering interpreted the words 'soldiers coming upside down' as meaning a victory for the Indians. This amazing prophecy was uttered on June 14, 1876.

Eleven days later, June 25 (the Battle of the Little Big Horn), about 900 of the warriors who had witnessed Sitting Bull's Sun Dance wiped out Custer and his men in this great Indian victory.

Yet Sitting Bull's solemn command was not heeded: "Kill the soldiers, but touch none of their possessions." The astounding part of the prophecy, "I give this to those who have no ears," was evidently his bitter realization that the Indians would disobey him and take to themselves the spoils of war. Sitting Bull's terrible prediction: "If you covet the things of the white man it will be a curse on your nation!" quickly came true.

IN August 1876, five of the Sioux chiefs, John Grass, Running Antelope, Two Bears, Big Head, and Mad Bear, gave up their birthright of land and hunting privileges for the reservation.

However, all overtures to Sitting Bull to surrender failed. Back in the spring of 1868, Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S. J., had been given authority by General Sherman to treat with Sitting Bull. He had arrived at the camp in the middle of June on the Yellowstone River at its fork with the Powder. The Jesuit had been royally received, an escort of selected braves meeting him.

In the negotiations, the priest repeated the same old proposition. "Grandfather [the President] wants you to live upon a reservation. You will have plenty of food, warm clothing." To which Sitting Bull returned his unfailing reply: "Take my message to Grandfather: Waken Tanka gave my people this land. Under my plans they will have food. They will not be robbed. We do not want to eat from the hand of Grandfather." Sitting Bull also made it clear that "the white men must not cut our trees. The forts they have built must be abandoned."

In keeping with his unchanged attitude, the other chiefs, and with Sitting Bull's consent, agreed that Chief Gall and Bull Owl would be sent to Fort Rice. They did so and signed a reasonable treaty. It set forth a territory north of the North Platte River and east of the summit of the Big Horn Mountains as unceded Indian territory upon which no whites could trespass. Also, and this was most vital (in view of what later happened) that the Sioux could rightfully hunt buffalo on any lands north of the Platte River. The only stipulation was that the Sioux would be peaceful.

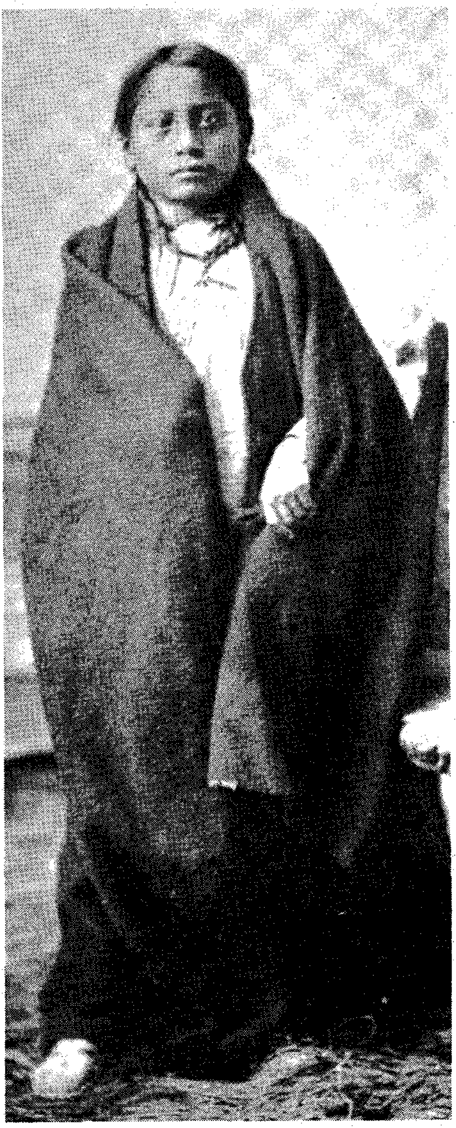
This treaty was proclaimed in February 1869 and was violated by the army at the end of three months!

Sitting Bull respected the treaty, as witness his never molesting the survey of the Northern Pacific Railway along the Yellowstone until the surveyors broke the treaty by running lines on the south side. Then Sioux scouts warned that soldiers were moving up the river. Sitting Bull and a party of his braves set off to meet them. Next day they came within firing range of the military camp. As Sitting Bull rode toward the camp the soldiers opened fire.

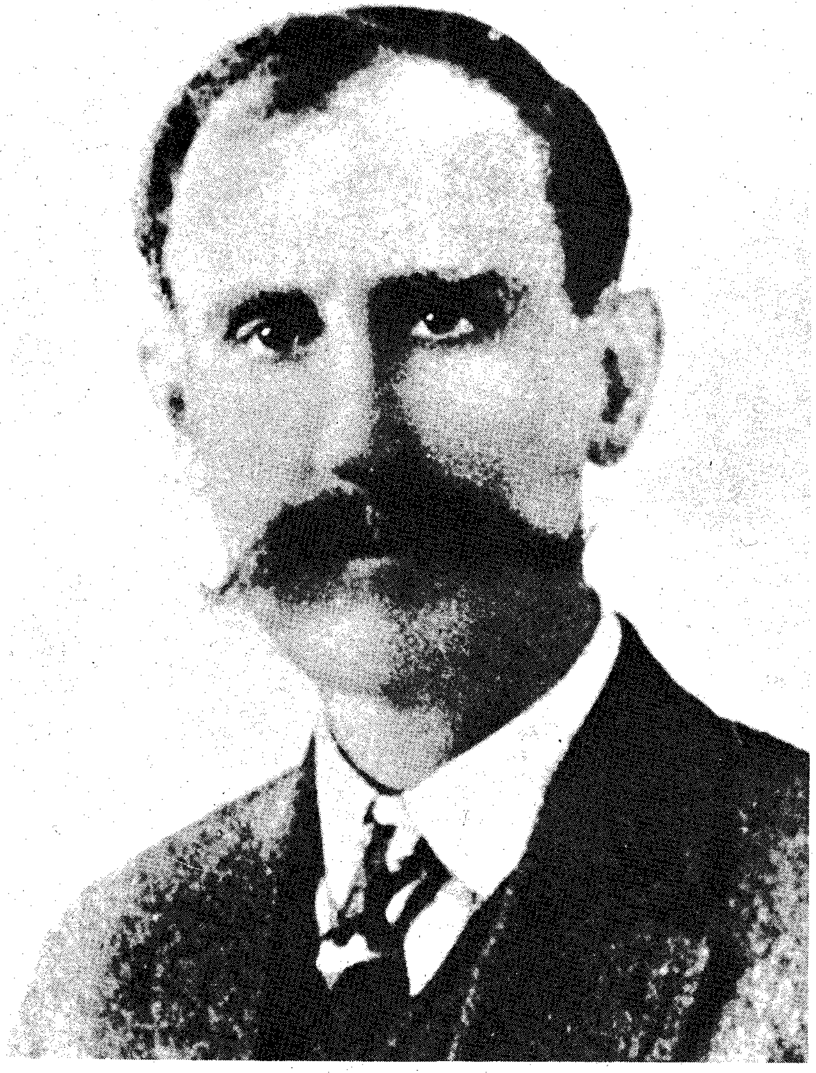
"They shot first!" Again the head chief repeated words spoken so often in

(Continued on page 50)

Courtesy National Archives



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Last of the Horseback Outlaws

—'Arkansas Tom' Daugherty

By COLIN RICKARDS

Photos Courtesy Author

ROY DAUGHERTY rode into the Indian Territory in the summer of 1891. He was just twenty years old, a drifter who had spent the past six years fending for himself on a day-to-day basis. He had had every chance to go bad—particularly in that time and place—but when he arrived in the Territory he was still, as far as is known, the proverbial "honest cowboy."

He was "a pleasant, rather quiet man," according to the late Zoe A. Tilghman widow of famous lawman Bill Tilghman, who knew him. He stood about 5 feet 10 inches tall, had a rather angular face, and in later life wore a handlebar moustache. Even after he became a badman (he called himself "Arkansas Tom" when he rode with the Doolin Gang), his saving grace was his loyalty to his friends at all times—regardless of the cost to himself.

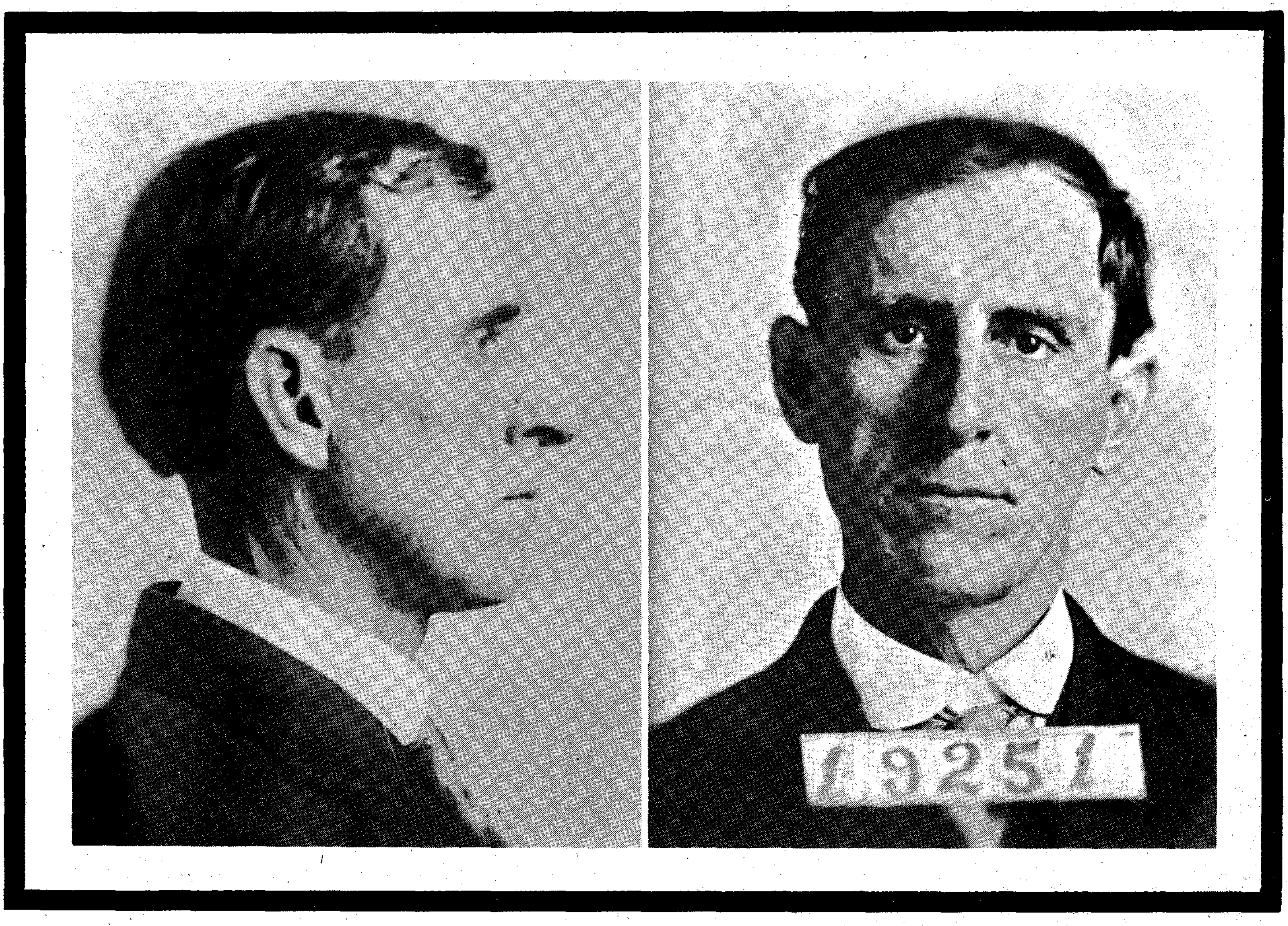
Bill Tilghman heard that Arkansas Tom had been born in Missouri and was the son of a Methodist preacher. Tilghman also reported that Roy's two brothers had been educated for the ministry and that after his mother's death he left home because he could not get along with his step-mother. He was then aged fourteen, but was big for his years.

The Indian Territory—the Nations—in the early 1890s was one of America's last frontiers. The Dalton brothers sprang into prominence when they began stopping trains and sticking up banks throughout the Territory, and often across the state lines into Kansas and Texas. But on October 5, 1892 the citizens of Coffeyville, Kansas, turned out with guns to prevent their holding up two banks at once. When the smoke had cleared away, Grat and Bob Dalton, and gang members Charlie Powers and Dick Broadwell, were dead. Emmett Dalton, who had so many shotgun pellets in him that by rights he should have died, surprised everyone and lived to serve a prison sentence.

Bill Doolin, who had not gone to Coffeyville with the rest of the Dalton Gang, quickly began recruiting on his own account and within a few weeks formed his own outlaw band and began riding high on a crest of daring robberies throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Territory. He became, in the words of Bat Masterson, "the most desperate criminal ever domiciled in the Indian Territory."

Some of his gang were little better, but most were ordinary cowboys who would rather rope steers than steal. Only when there was a slump in the cattle trade and a big laying-off of cowboys, did they turn to crime. All would kill if cornered, but only one was a professional gunfighter.

BILL DOOLIN was perfectly happy to take his notoriety on his own head, but most of the other gang members took upon themselves various *nommes de guerre*. "Little Dick" West became feared throughout the Nations. Bill Dal-



Courtesy E. V. Nash, Warden, Jefferson City Penitentiary, Missouri

Prison photos of "Arkansas Tom" Daugherty as he looked in 1917.

ton was the older brother of Grat, Bob and Emmett. "Dynamite Dick"—Dan Clifton—was an ex-cowboy from the Ardmore district of the Nations. "Tulsa Jack" Blake had been a cowboy on Oscar Halsell's ranch. "Red Buck" George Waightman was a trigger-happy Kansan gunfighter. "Little Bill" Raidler had emigrated from Pennsylvania to Texas in 1889. "Bitter Creek" George Newcomb, who had been a cowboy on the cattle spread of Colonel C. C. Slaughter, was sometimes called "Slaughter's Kid." Charlie Pierce was a race-track tout from Pawnee, Oklahoma. Roy Daugherty, youngest of the gang, began calling himself "Arkansas Tom" and sometimes "Tom Jones"—whichever suited the occasion best. In the town of Ingalls he was known as "Jones."

The gang never worked as a whole outfit, and more often than not only two, or maybe three, of them would take part in a robbery.

Many of the small ranchers and settlers were prepared to accept the Doolin Gang—as long as they were the beneficiaries not the losers—for the gang was open-handed when they had money. They made Ingalls their chief spending camp, and had a series of hideouts on ranches, at isolated cabins and in scattered caves.

On June 10, 1893 four men stopped the Santa Fe westbound at Cimarron, Kansas and robbed it of $3,000. The express messenger was shot down and severely injured, and the gang got away. They were identified as Bill Doolin, Arkansas Tom Jones, Bill Dalton and Bitter Creek Newcomb. They made their way toward Ingalls, but met a posse and in an exchange of shots Bill Doolin was hit in the foot. The gang split up, with Doolin going into hiding and Arkansas Tom staying with him as nurse and bodyguard.

While Doolin was laid up, other members of the gang committed a series of daring robberies in the region. By the summer, spare time and the success of their various raids had made the gang bold, and there was a great deal of newspaper agitation to have them run down. Eventually President Benjamin Harrison instructed United States Marshal Everitt D. Nix to assign several of his top lawmen to capturing the outlaws. Orders were given for them to be taken dead or alive.

Nix had some of the best lawmen in the Territory directly under him, and from them he chose three top-line men—Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, and Chris Madsen—to spearhead the manhunt. Each took a section of the wild country to hunt the outlaws, and soon newspapermen were calling them "The Three Guardsmen."

IRONICALLY, the first real move against the Doolin Gang did not involve the Three Guardsmen at all. Bill Tilghman had been injured when his horse fell on him, and was recuperating; Heck Thomas was up in the northern part of the Territory; and Chris Madsen was in the western part when U. S. Marshal Nix received a tip-off that the gang was at Ingalls, their semi-official headquarters, some thirty-five miles northeast of Guthrie, the Territorial capital.

Nix dispatched thirteen Deputy U. S. Marshals out of Guthrie in two covered wagons on August 31. Their arrival at Ingalls was timed for 10:00 a.m. the next day and their wagons were to be left outside town while the thirteen men approached from north and south to surprise the outlaws.

In the party were Jim Masterson, George Cox, Lafe Shadley, Dick Speed, H. A. Janson, Henry Keller, Thomas J. Houston, Hi Thompson, Ike Steel, John Hixon, Steve Burke, Orrington "Red" Lucas and W. C. Roberts. All of them had had experience hunting outlaws in the Territory.

When the deputies arrived outside Ingalls they left their wagons near the home of Dr. J. H. Pickering and began to spread out through town, slipping from building to building along the main

(Continued on page 54)

By JOHN H. HARRISON

Map and Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Author's note: I swear to the truth of this account except for the use of fictitious names other than my own. Locations are stated. The context is factual unless old Pete himself was prevaricating which was highly unlikely under the circumstances. The only fly in the ointment is that he left a few words unsaid.

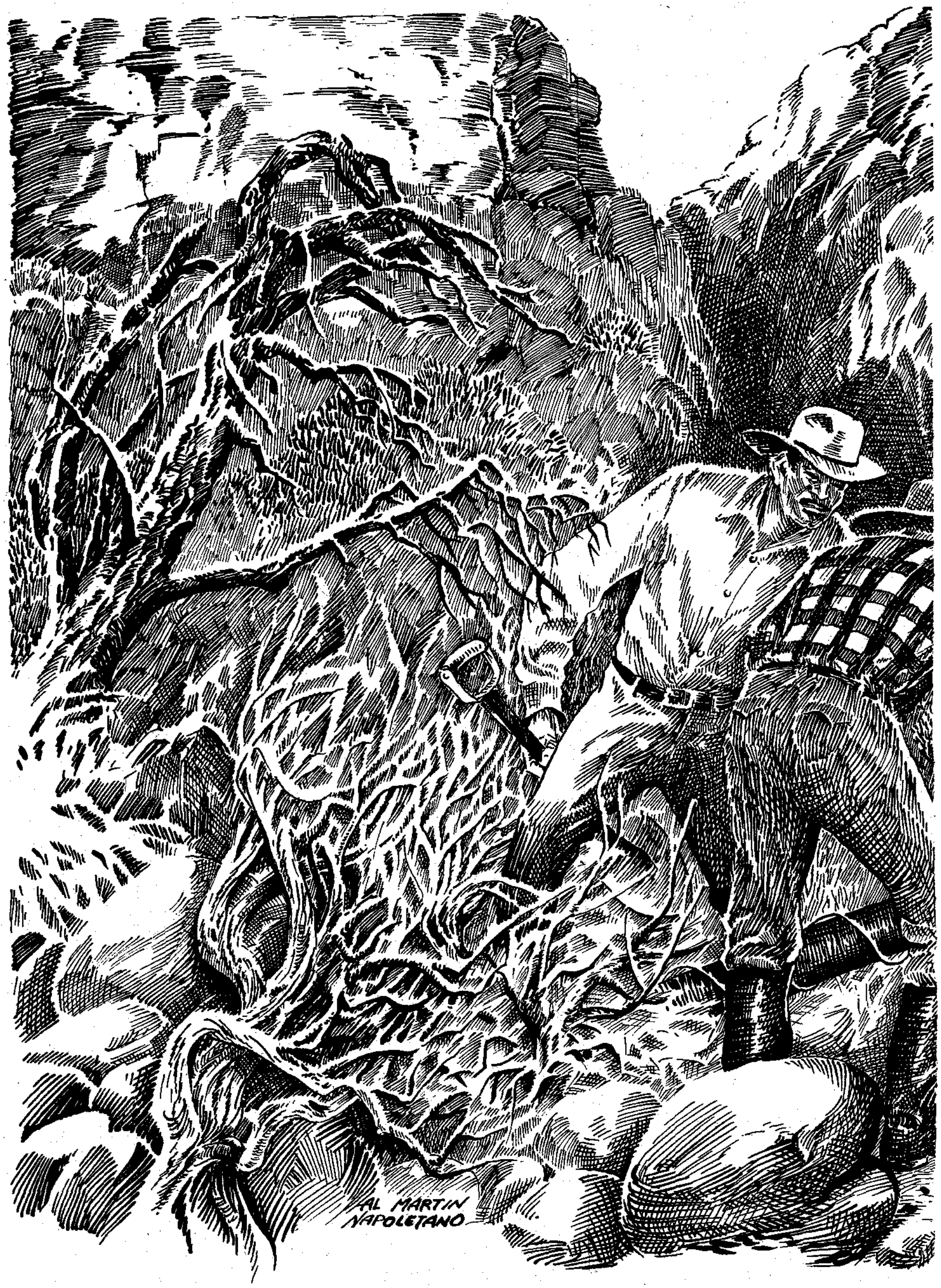
OLD PETE PETERSON'S lost mine is not a legend. The story is not old enough to be a legend; nor the mine either, for that matter. The latter dates back to the late 1930s, the grim days of the Great Depression when even doctors and lawyers scrounged in California's stream beds to eke out a desperate living with a pick, shovel and gold pan.

The story was born later. It began at the height of World War II and, if this account of it is not published, it will die with me because it was to me alone that Old Pete Peterson told it.

The first time and place I ever saw him was in my office about eleven p.m. on a cold and wintry February night in 1943. He was carrying his mop, his mop bucket, a bottle of furniture polish and sundry dust rags; not an unusual circumstance for him because he had been doing this same routine for at least as long as I had been the night superintendent of the Bethlehem Shipyard on Terminal Island across the bay from San Pedro, California. Perhaps longer; I don't know. Regardless, this night had its special significance. Old Pete was quitting. To put it bluntly, he had been fired. The cause—"too old for the job."

It wasn't I who was firing him. He didn't belong to any of my crews. He was a day-shift man, one of the maintenance gang under the jurisdiction of Ralph Kettner, the maintenance supervisor and a martinet if there ever was one. Younger bloods wouldn't take his guff so he took it out on the oldsters, men too afraid of their jobs to fight back. He hated their guts, for no reason except that their weary old bones couldn't jump as high and as fast as he wanted them to. He rarely fired them, however, so I was a bit surprised when Pete told me he had been terminated. Then Pete admitted he'd struck Kettner with his mop, and it soaking wet.

"I ain't no ball of fire," Old Pete admitted, "but I do my share. He didn't have no call to call me a lazy, good-for-nothin' old fool."



AS far as I had noticed, Pete was absolutely right. He did his share. True, he plodded; his left foot dragged; he moved in slow motion like a desert tortoise; but he got his work done. He kept my office and the adjoining blueprint room spic and span.

"How old are you, Pete?" I asked.

"Seventy-two," he answered, "but I ain't lost a day from being sick since I come here. And I don't drink and I don't make trouble. Kettner prodded me too far, is all. Ain't many men would have stood it as long as I did."

I believed him. Also, an idea was stirring in my head. "Would you work nights?" I asked. A lot of men won't.

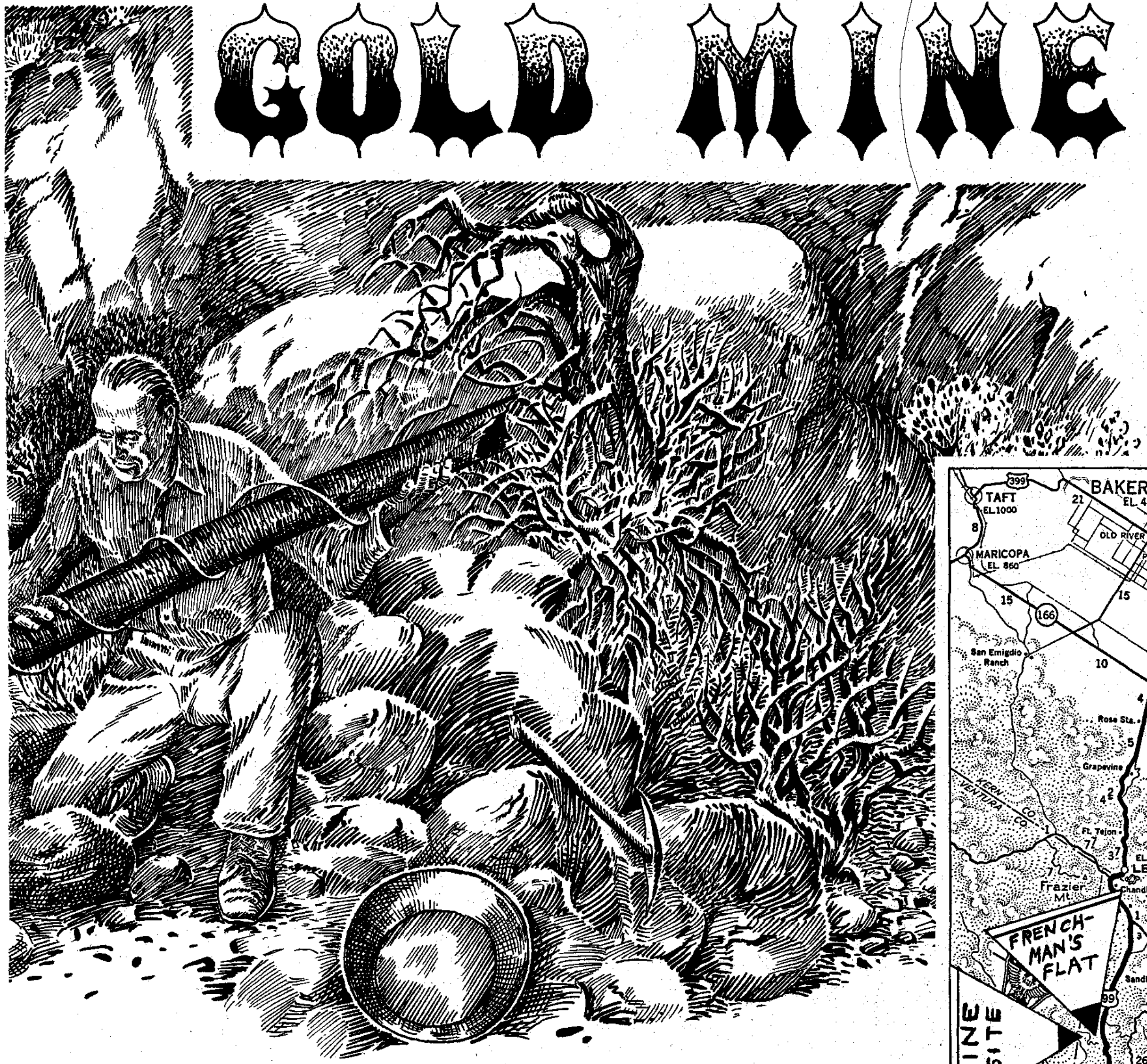
"Sure, I'd work nights."

I could see he had gotten the message, the way his leathery old face lit up. "No objection a-tall," he added.

"What can you do?" I asked. "I haven't

"I don't mind telling this story because my old bones just won't stand the gaff of further looking."—John H. Harrison

OLD PETE'S LOST GOLD MINE



any maintenance crews on this shift, so that's out. What did you do before the war?"

"I was a gold miner," he said.

"Then you ought to know something about tools."

"A mite," he admitted and I thought he was just being overly modest. Somehow I didn't connect him with the kind of mining men had been doing with their picks and their shovels and their gold pans up in the San Gabriel Canyon during the Depression. I was thinking of pneumatic jack hammers, drills, trams, hoists, smelters, and cyanide tanks. Like every other department, the tool room was desperately short-handed. Another counter-man was an immediate must.

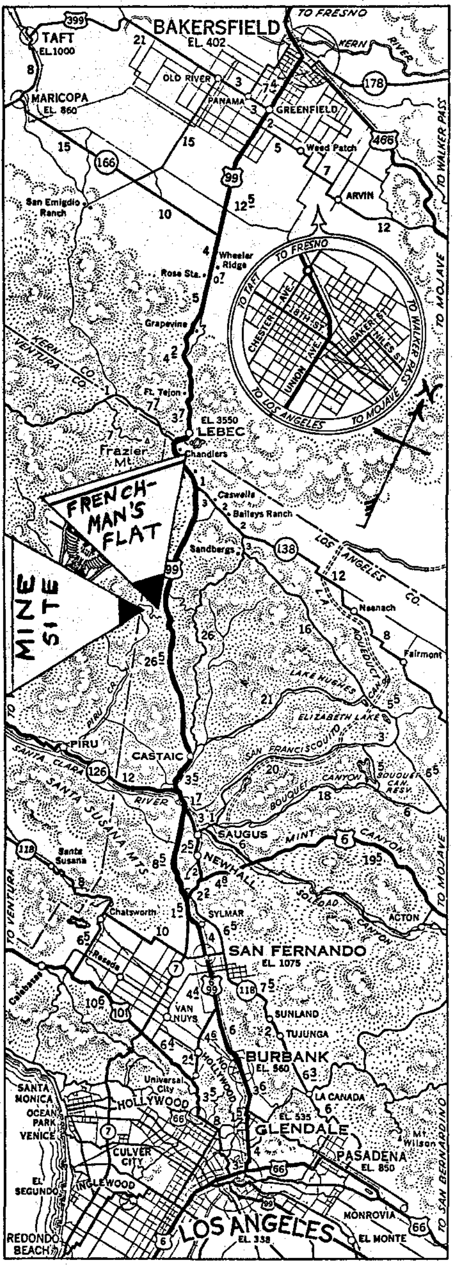
"Good," I said. "Come back here when you get off shift. I may have a spot for you."

That's how old Pete shucked his mop and his bucket and his bottle of polish and his sundry rags and went to work in the tool room.

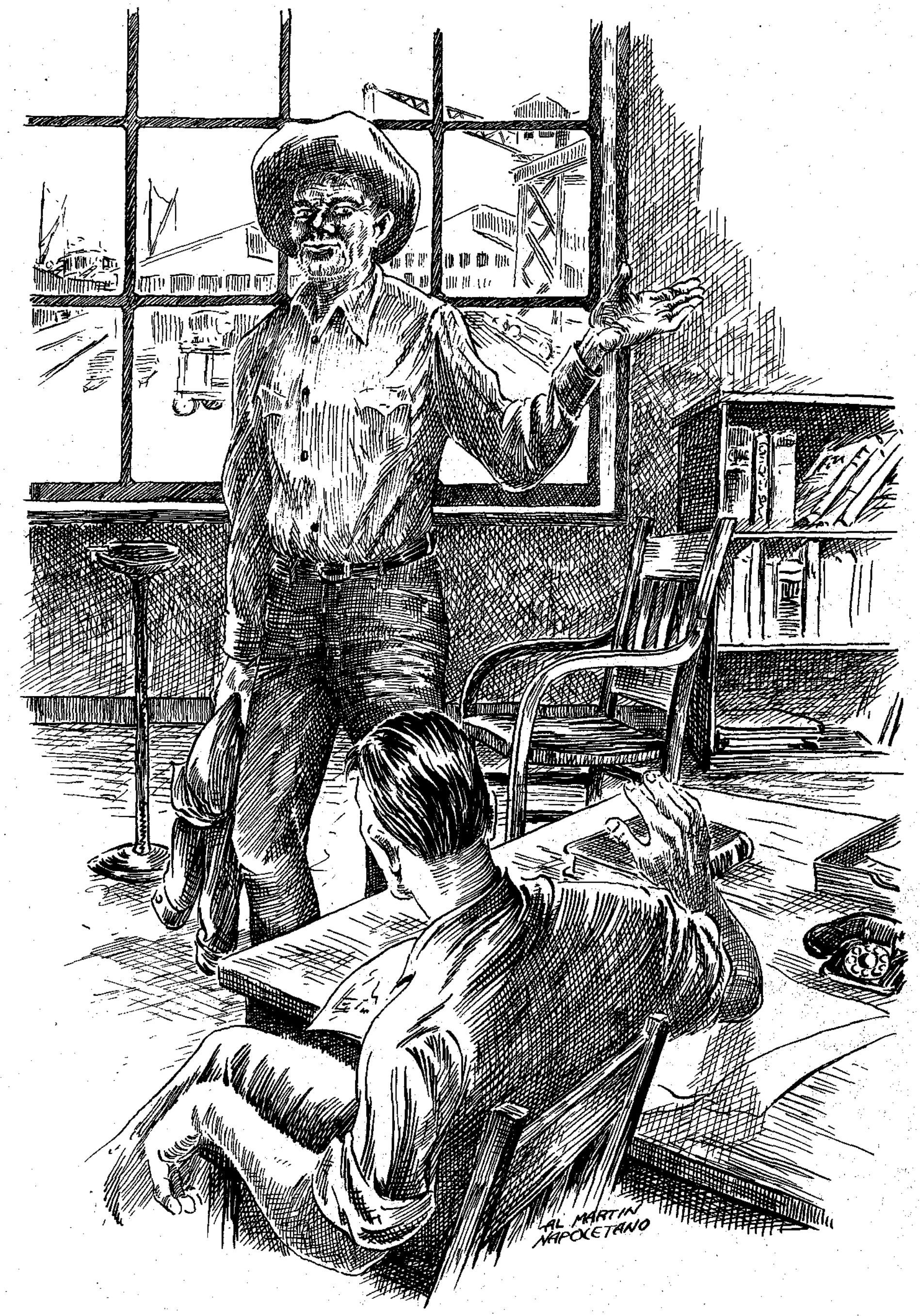
BAUMGARTEN, the night supervisor in the department, kidded me for a while about it. It seems that Pete didn't know one end of a chipping hammer from another. As a miner he had been strictly a pick and shovel man—a '49er misplaced in time. However, he had innate intelligence; he learned reasonably fast; and Baumgarten was reasonably patient. Pete even got a promotion to Improver and the pay raise that went with it.

And the war continued: February 17, '44—Truk; February 19, '45—Iwo Jima; April 1, '45—Okinawa; May 7, '45—Hitler smashed; August 6, '45—Hiroshima; August 14, '45—Japan surrendered.

I sat at my desk that memorable August night. No sense going down on the ways. Pandemonium was down there. Not a soul was working. My chief assistant was drunk. I had him laid out on the floor in a vacant office across the hall. I had had a few nips myself, though under ordinary circumstances I'm practically an abstainer. We were waiting for



BAKERSFIELD
EL 402
TO FRESNO
KERN RIVER
TAFT
EL.1000
MARICOPA
EL. 860
OLD RIVER
PANAMA
GREENFIELD
Weed Patch
ARVIN
TO WALKER PASS
TO MOJAVE
San Emigdio Ranch
Wheeler Ridge
Rose Sta.
Grapevine
KERN CO.
VENTURA CO.
Ft. Tejon
EL 3550
LEBEC
Chandlers
Frazier Mt
TO FRESNO
TO TAFT
CHESTER AVE.
18TH ST.
UNION AVE.
BAKER ST.
NILES ST.
TO WALKER PASS
TO LOS ANGELES
TO MOJAVE
FRENCH-MAN'S FLAT
Caswells
Baileys Ranch
Sandbergs
LOS ANGELES CO.
Neenach
Fairmont
L.A. AQUEDUCT
MINE SITE
LAKE HUGHES
ELIZABETH LAKE
SAN FRANCISQUITO
PIRU CR.
PIRU
CASTAIC
SANTA CLARA RIVER
SANTA SUSANA MTS
BOUQUET CANYON
BOUQUET CAN. RESV.
SAUGUS
MINT CANYON
NEWHALL
SOLEDAD CANYON
ACTON
Santa Susana
Chatsworth
SYLMAR
TO VENTURA
SAN FERNANDO
EL 1075
Reseda
Calabasas
VAN NUYS
SUNLAND
TUJUNGA
BURBANK
EL 560
NO. HOLLYWOOD
LA CANADA
Universal City
HOLLYWOOD
SANTA MONICA
OCEAN PARK
VENICE
EL 535
GLENDALE
Mt. Wilson
PASADENA
EL 850
CULVER CITY
EL SEGUNDO
INGLEWOOD
MONROVIA
TO SAN BERNARDINO
REDONDO BEACH
LOS ANGELES
EL 338
EL MONTE



the whistle—all 2,500 of us. Johnny Grimstead's Juke Joint in Wilmington would jump tonight!

My door opened and there stood Old Pete Peterson, a fatuous grin showing through his white stubble. You'd have thought he had won the war all by himself.

"Mr. Harrison," he said, "I've come to tell you goodbye. The war's over and I quit."

I thought he might be trying to beat out the inevitable termination notice which would shortly be coming to most all of us. There's nothing deader than a shipyard at the culmination of a World War; but I also thought that he was at least three months premature. Such jobs don't die out overnight. They gasp and thrash around a while.

"No need to," I said to him. "Your department will be one of the last to go."

"It ain't that, Mr. Harrison," he answered. "I ain't trying to beat out the notices. I'm quittin' because the war's over. I done my bit like I planned. Now I can go home."

"Home?"

"Yeah, back up in the God blessed hills. Back to my mine."

"That's right," I said. "I do remember your telling me you were a miner. Do I understand that you have a mine of your own?"

"I sure do. A gold mine and a dang good one, too. Fact is, Mr. Harrison, that's what I'm up here to see you about."

"Oh, oh!" I thought. "Old Pete is about to hit me up for a grubstake." Aloud, all I said was, "And what can I do for you, Pete?"

"You already done it," he answered. "Now it's my turn. Remember when Kettner fired me and you got me the job in the tool room? I just been waitin' for the time to get ripe for me to repay the favor."

"No need to," I said. "It wasn't done with any thought of getting paid back."

"I know that; but I'm paying back anyways. You saved my pride, Mr. Harrison, and a man's pride is a mighty precious thing. Now I can go the rest of the way with my head up knowin' I did my part in the war right through to the finish." He added, "There's another finish not too far in the future—mine. I'm seventy-four years old and pretty stove up. Two or three more is about all I've got left."

"Oh, Pete," I laughed, "you're tough as barbed wire!" I knew that he wasn't, of course. That left foot was dragging more than ever and his hands shook. Even the two or three he hoped for might be optimistic.

He shook his head a bit wistfully. "Wish I could go along with that, but I know different. Now about this mine I got. It's a pretty good mine, and I own it 100 per cent. Did have a pardner but he passed on back in '38, and I got no relations. I want you to have it."

AGAIN I could smell a touch coming on. People don't give good mines away; there has to be a string attached. But Old Pete was doing a fine job of selling—that much I had to admit. I'm no miner. I don't know scheelite from schist but he had piqued my interest.

"I don't know what I'd do with it," I said lamely. "I wouldn't know how to run a mine if I had it."

"Listen," Pete said, "this is the kind of a mine it don't take no brains to run." Then he realized what he'd said and added quickly, "What I mean is, it's the kind that don't take an expert. You don't have to know nothin' about ore or anything else. If you can swing a pick and shovel gravel, you got her made. It's a placer diggin's."

I still thought that he was leading up to money—my money—but having listened this far, I decided I might as well hear the whole pitch.

"I take it that you want to either sell this claim or bring in a partner who can put up some working capital. Is that it?"

He bristled like a porcupine facing a skunk. "Hell, no!" he rapped at me, "that ain't it a-tall. I don't want no more partners and, as for working capital, I don't want that either. I got plenty. Damn it all, Mr. Harrison, I'm tryin' to give you the dang mine; can't you get that through your head!"

The words were hardly out before he was acutely embarrassed again. "I'm sorry," Pete said. "I plumb forgot myself. This goldurned temper of mine sometimes gets the best of me."

"Forget it," I grinned. "I'm the one to apologize for having misunderstood you. I thought you wanted to sell me the claim."

"It ain't no claim, exactly—not legally, anyways. It's a secret."

"A secret?"

"Yea. Ain't nobody knows where it is

except me, since my partner died."

"I thought a mine had to be registered. Otherwise, anybody can come along and jump it."

"That's right," Pete agreed, "they can, but they got to *find* it first. When you register it you might as well hand every dang prospector in the country a map on how to get there. If it's any good, they'll be swarming in like bees to honey and the first thing you know you're squeezed out in the cold."

"But aren't you afraid that someone might have found it while you were here at Bethlehem?"

"No, I'm not. It laid there a million years without nobody finding it—almost under their noses back in the 1860s and '70s. Why, there was even a stamp mill less'n a mile from it. And the crick down below was as thick with gold panners as buzzards on a dead cow. No sir, Mr. Harrison, nobody's going to find it without he's told where to look. So you listen careful now because I ain't going to say it twice and I ain't going to draw you *no map*. I'm just going to tell you where it is and you can write it down in your head. That's the safest way. First, you start out north on Highway 99."

HIGHWAY 99 was the main artery out of Los Angeles. "As I was saying," Pete continued, "you go out 99 past Castaic Junction. You know where Castaic Junction is, don't you? That's where that service station and that eatin' house is and where a side road forks off west to Santa Paula and Ventura."

"Yes," I said, "I know right where it is."

"Well, don't take that fork. Stay right on 99 for another thirteen miles. She climbs until you get to the top of Five Mile Grade."

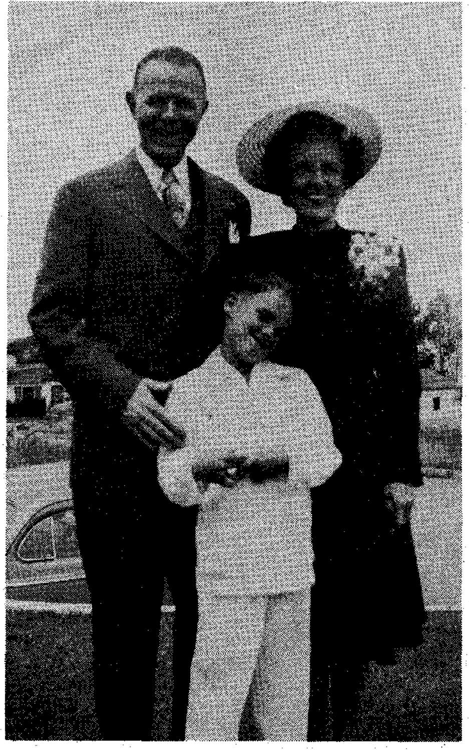
"I know where that is, too," I said. "There's a yellow road sign that says ALL TRUCKS—KEEP RIGHT—LOW GEAR."

"Yep, that's Five Mile Grade all right. Keep going clean to the foot of it to where she flattens out into a little valley. That's Frenchman's Flat."

The flat is about forty acres of level ground off the west side of the road with a creek bed cutting through the south end. It disappears into a canyon between some pretty high cliffs. Recollection of stopping there once was coming back to me. "There's a cottonwood grove along the creek bank, isn't there? And it seems to me there was a house at the north end in another cottonwood grove."

"That's the place," Pete nodded. "That's Frenchman's Flat. A lot of gold came out of that gravel bed back in the '60s and '70s. Some say as much as three million dollars in placer alone, not countin' that that come from a rich quartz mine up the canyon. A lot more came out of the creek bed, too. That's Piru. She cuts west through them mountains for about three miles then swings south and empties into the Santa Clara River. My mine is inside that canyon you saw. But before I pin her down for you, there's one little favor I've got to ask."

"Oh, oh," I thought, "here comes the touch." I had to hand it to the grizzled old devil, though. He'd certainly built up my interest. I'd even decided by now that if the ante wasn't too steep, I'd buy in, just for the hell of it.


John H. Harrison with his wife and son at home in California in 1943, the same year he first met Pete Peterson.

"Ask it, Pete," I said. "If it's within reason, consider it granted."

"Your word on it?"

"My word."

"It's just this—you don't try to find my mine until after I've passed on."

"You mean until after you're dead?"

"That's what I mean."

"All right, Pete," I agreed. "You have my solemn promise. But how will I know?"

"I've got all that figured out," he said. "Every year come Christmas time, I'll send you a Christmas card. The year you don't get one is the year Old Pete Peterson has turned up his toes. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough. But I hope those Christmas cards will keep coming for a long, long time."

"THEY WON'T," he said, "so here's how you find the mine. First, come prepared to pack in. There ain't no road. No trail, even, except maybe a deer path that used to run along the hill on the left going in. Me and my partner never used it. We didn't want people follerin' our tracks. We stuck to the crick and maybe that's what you better do. It's rough, real rough. Boulders big as outhouses inside that first canyon you can see from the road. After about the first mile she opens up a bit. Straight-up walls on the north side; steep slope on the left; crick in the bottom. Sometimes, water, sometimes, dry.

"Don't go in when she's dry. You just might not come out. It gets hotter'n the hinges of hell in there. Sun beats down and no air stirs. You can't hardly breathe. Go in late spring when it's cooler and there's sure to be water. You remember that, Mr. Harrison. If you go in summer, you wouldn't be the first one to leave his bones there for the coyotes to gnaw on. I know. I found 'em twice in my time."

"I'll remember," I said as I had good reason to know what summer heat and dehydration can do. I had seen both demonstrated right there in the shipyard down on the steel construction slabs. Strong men keeled over in dead faints; perhaps not so much from dehydration as from de-salting. It came out with the sweat and when the body's demand got below some minimum tolerance, it triggered a blackout which could prove fatal if the victim's salt supply did not get replenished in time. It became such a real and frequent hazard that a number of salt dispensers were provided at convenient locations throughout the yard. I resolved to give full heed to old Pete's warning.

"Good," he continued. "So you pack in. You'll have to leave your car at them cottonwoods but be dang sure she's locked up. Best, though, to leave somebody there to watch it or you might come back to find it ain't got no tires on it, or even maybe no engine under the hood."

"What about the house on the north side of the flat?" I asked. "Couldn't I leave it there?"

"If somebody's living there, fine, If not, then you're no better off. It was empty the last time I came out and fallin' apart."

"Okay," I said. "I'll take somebody along to stay with it."

"That's the ticket because you ain't going to get back the same day you go in. It'll take two days at least; but three's better. Now pay attention. When you come to that first widenin' I mentioned you'll see a draw cuttin' down that south slope. Look around there a bit. That's where the old stamp mill was I mentioned. If you don't find some pieces of sheet iron and other junk layin' around, then you're in the wrong canyon."

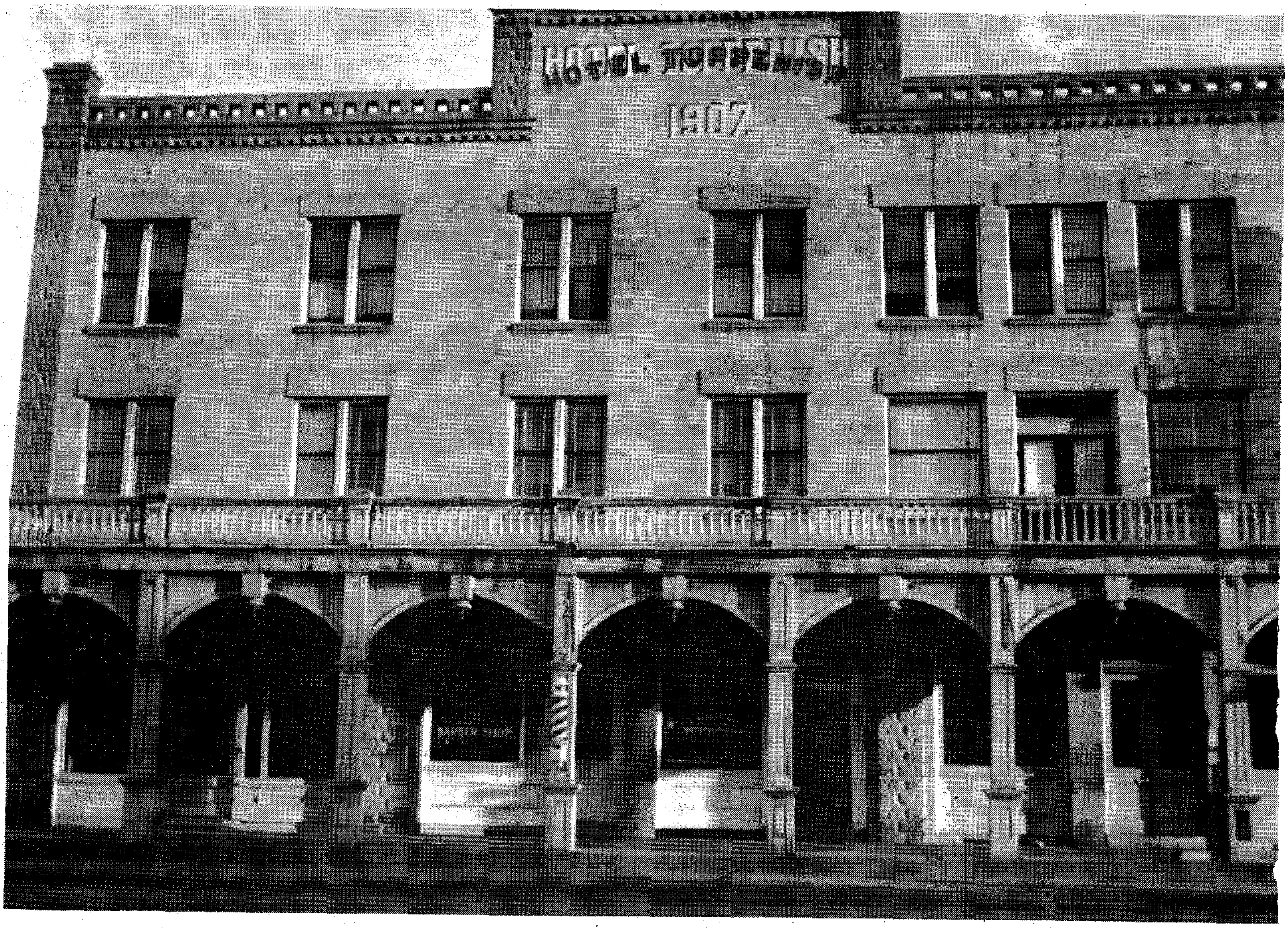
"If there was a stamp mill there," I interrupted, "why wasn't there a road in to it?"

"There was a road; a pretty good one, I understand, but there isn't a trace of it left. Washed out long ago. That crick can be a heller. Them elephant-sized boulders it stacks up proves it."

"I take it your mine is somewhere near the mill site," I said, wanting him to get on with his story. By all the whooping and hollering going on down on the ways, things could be getting out of hand. Time I was getting down there.

"No," he said, "it ain't. Them early birds turned over every rock thereabouts. They panned that gravel down to the last pinhead nugget. There ain't even a color left. You got to keep going about another mile, past where the canyon closes in again and then widens out a second time. When you get there, look sharp at the cliff on the north side. You'll see a wooden pipe coming down over it. It's about four inches in diameter and it's wrapped with twelve-gauge wire. It reaches to the bottom of the cliff; then

(Continued on page 65)



Above is the famous hotel which Charlie Newell built in Toppenish, Washington.

HORSE KING OF THE NORTHWEST

"He was a shrewd man but he was human"—these traits make strange bedfellows in an ambitious man, but Charlie Newell managed!

By THELMA KIMMEL

Photos Courtesy Author

CHARLIE NEWELL is said to have shipped and sold more horses than any other individual horse buyer in the world. He bought Indian ponies and sold them for four great wars—the Boer, the Spanish-American, the Russo-Japanese, and the First World War. Charlie preferred to market his own animals and never trusted commission houses. He was probably the only horse dealer in the world who ever traded carloads of horses for carloads of lemons and oranges, but nothing fazed this eccentric Washington stater.

He built the best house in Goldendale, the best hotel in Toppenish, dressed his wife and son and himself in the best clothes, and drove the best horses and eventually the best car in the area. But Charlie was as much at home out in an Indian camp with his cowboys and the howl of coyote packs as he was in the elegent dining hall of his splendid hotel.

Charlie was said to have stopped what was probably the last real Indian revolt on the Yakima Reservation in Washington State. The Indians were his friends, even though he bought their horses for a song. He spoke their language and he let them sleep on the red plush carpets of the halls and stairways in his fabulously furnished hostelry. Many a bigwig from Washington, D. C. or elsewhere had to step over a sleeping, blanketed figure to reach his own fine room, and he had best not complain to the owner!

The story of Newell's part in the last Indian episode has been told in slightly different versions, but the truth of it is evident: Yakimas had so much faith in him—perhaps because he could talk their native language so easily—that they followed his advice. Charlie had earlier convinced the Indians it would be to their advantage to turn their lands over to white farmers to take rent money while they held to the free-roaming ways they preferred. The arrangement worked until a pious and misguided Indian agent tried to enforce a law against their customary powwows, which included horse-racing and gambling.

On this particular unhappy occasion participating Indians had been locked up in the agency jail at Fort Simcoe. Others, incensed by the action of the agent, held a meeting in their Long House (Council House) at Medicine Valley, a few miles from the agency. The younger Indians, their anger reinforced with whiskey, had decided that the only reasonable course of action was to make an attack upon the agency, killing the agent and anyone else who interfered. They intended to set their prisoners free and to retain their powwow rights at any cost.

Whether the older Indians sent for Charlie or whether he just happened to to be in the vicinity at the time of the ominous meeting is a point of conjecture. However it was, Charlie Newell intervened. He asked the chief for a chance to speak, first permitting the Indians to tell their side of the story. Then in their own language he argued persuasively, telling them what would happen if they committed murder and brought down the wrath of white men who could be as merciless as the Indians. He urged the young Yakimas who could write, to send letters to the Great White Father presenting their case; then, if no help came, they could handle things their own way. They all agreed.

Charlie immediately hurried to the agency and in unmistakable terms advised the overzealous agent that he had better limit his outlawing of powwow rites to a mere posting on the agency bulletin board, and free the prisoners.

Horse racing and gambling were resumed and are going strong to this day. White men and women gather enthusiastically around the circle to watch the stick bones click at the powwows.

Charlie appointed himself official marriage and divorce representative for the Indians and he was soon accepted as a general "legislative, judicial and executive board." He had a small jail built in

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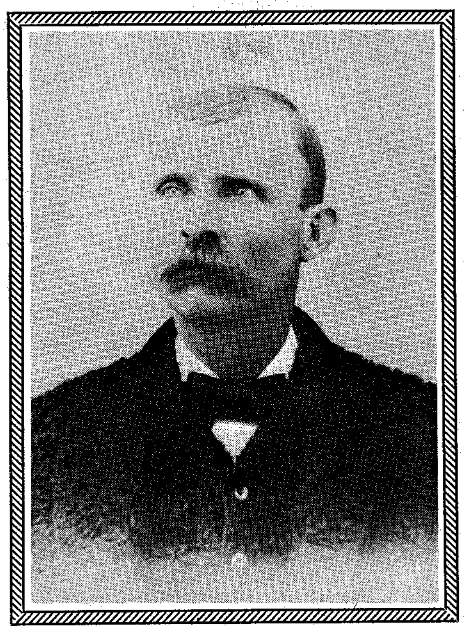
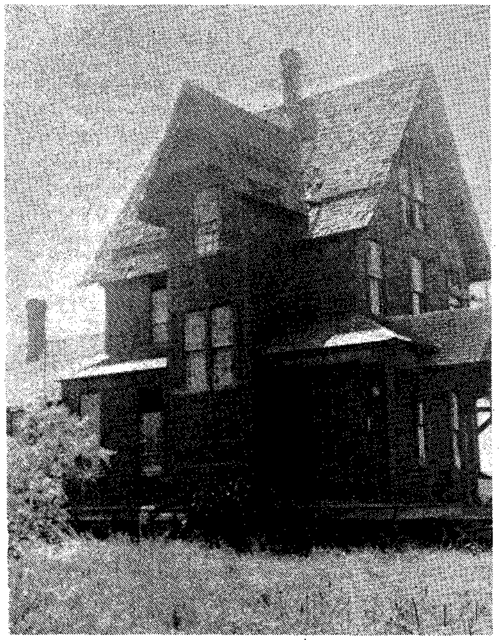
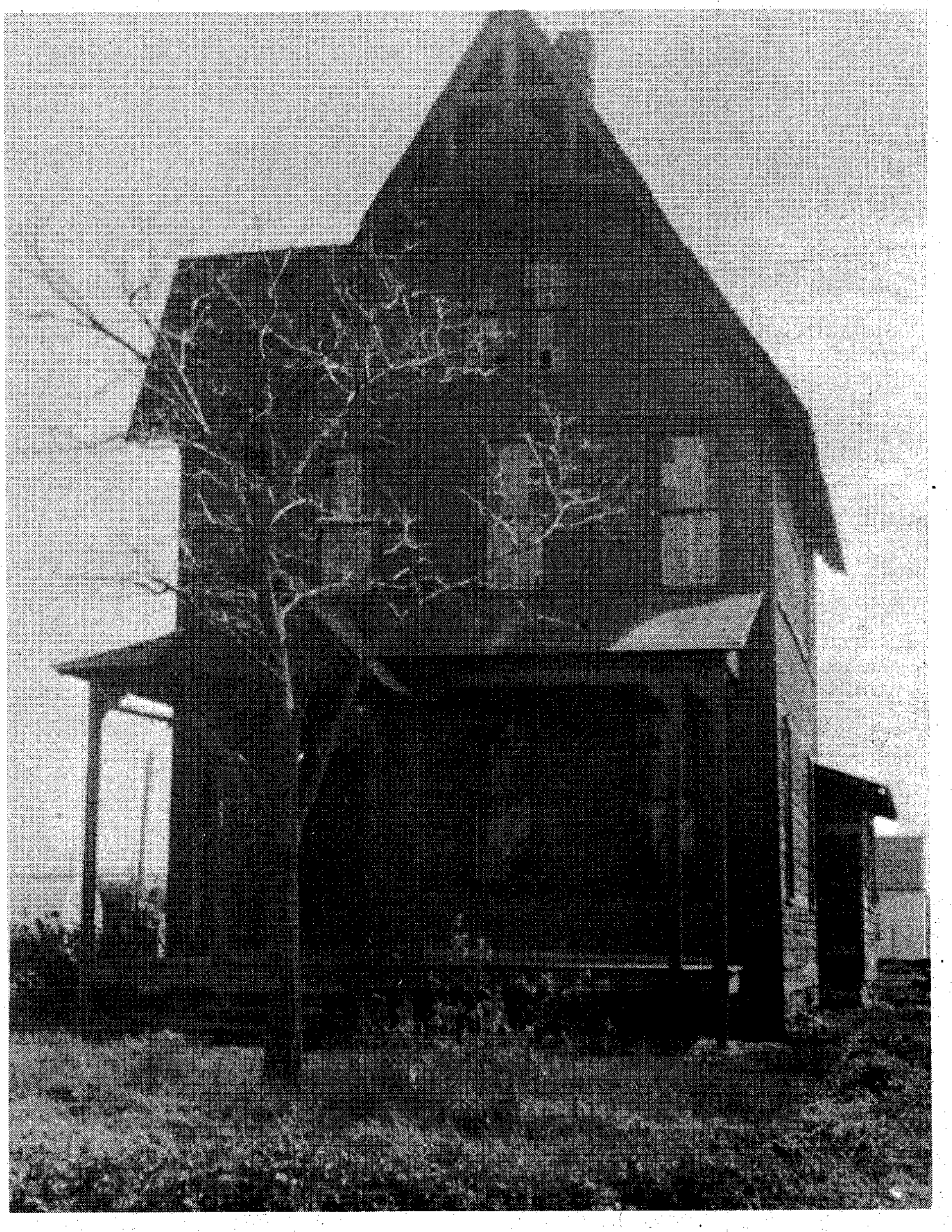
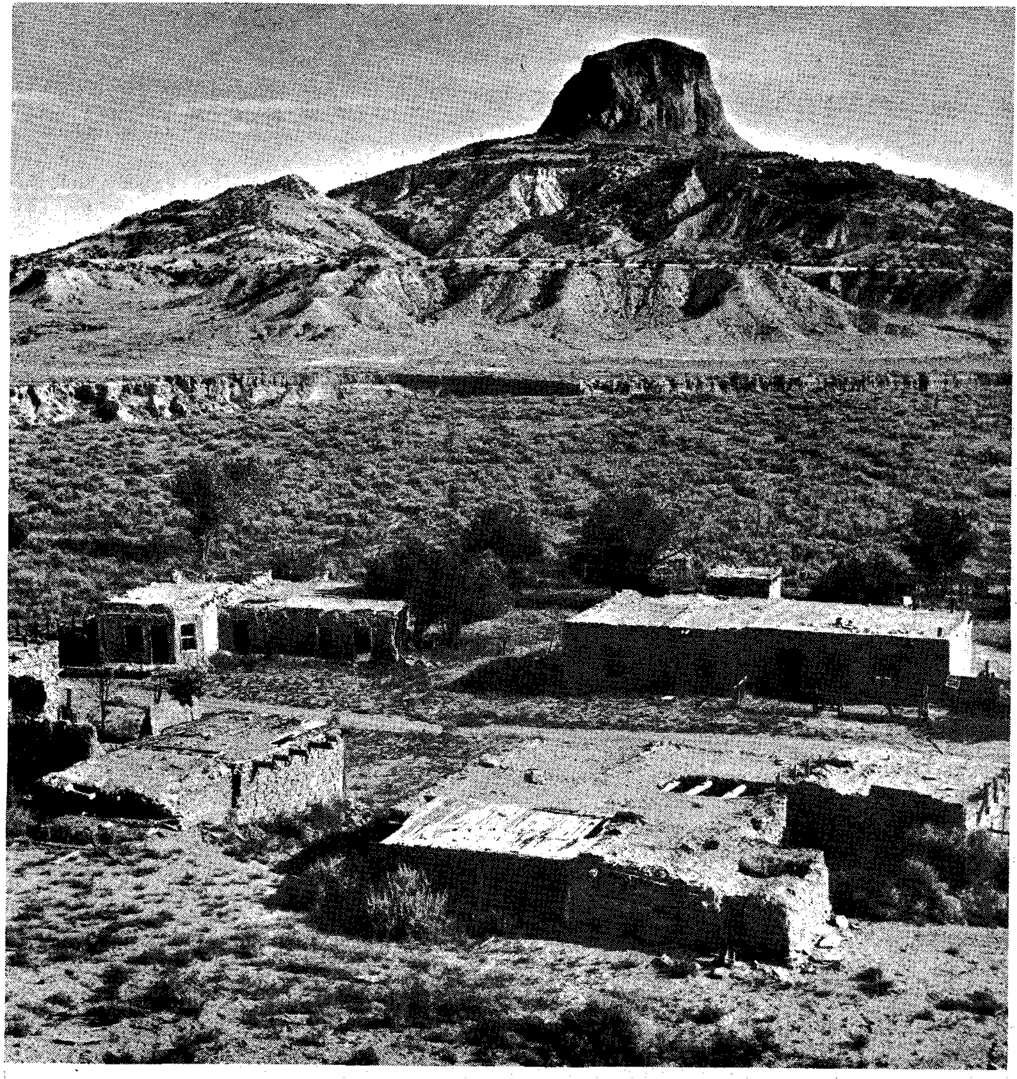


A rare photo of Charles H. Newell in his bearskin suit.

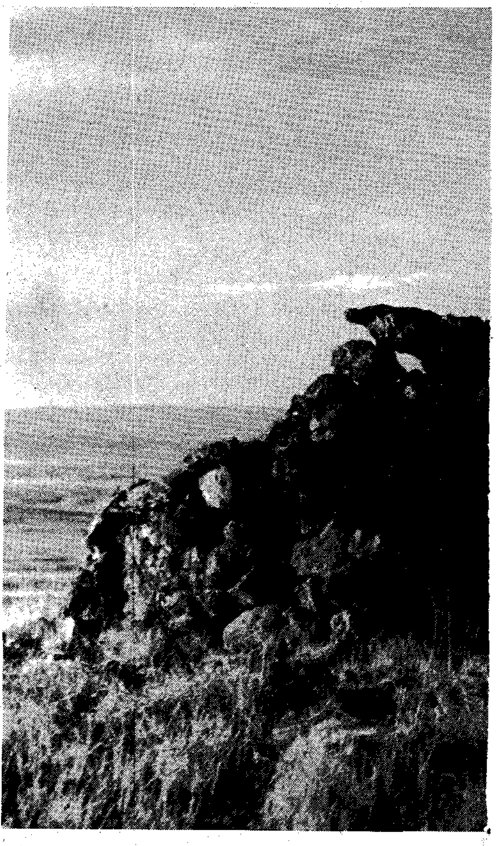




Red House, which Charlie Newell built for his wife about 1890 as the showplace of Goldendale, Washington. Photos were made in the early 1950s before restoration was begun.



Cabezon, New Mexico, today a ghost town at the foot of Cabezon Peak. Below, a roofless house at Corazon, east of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

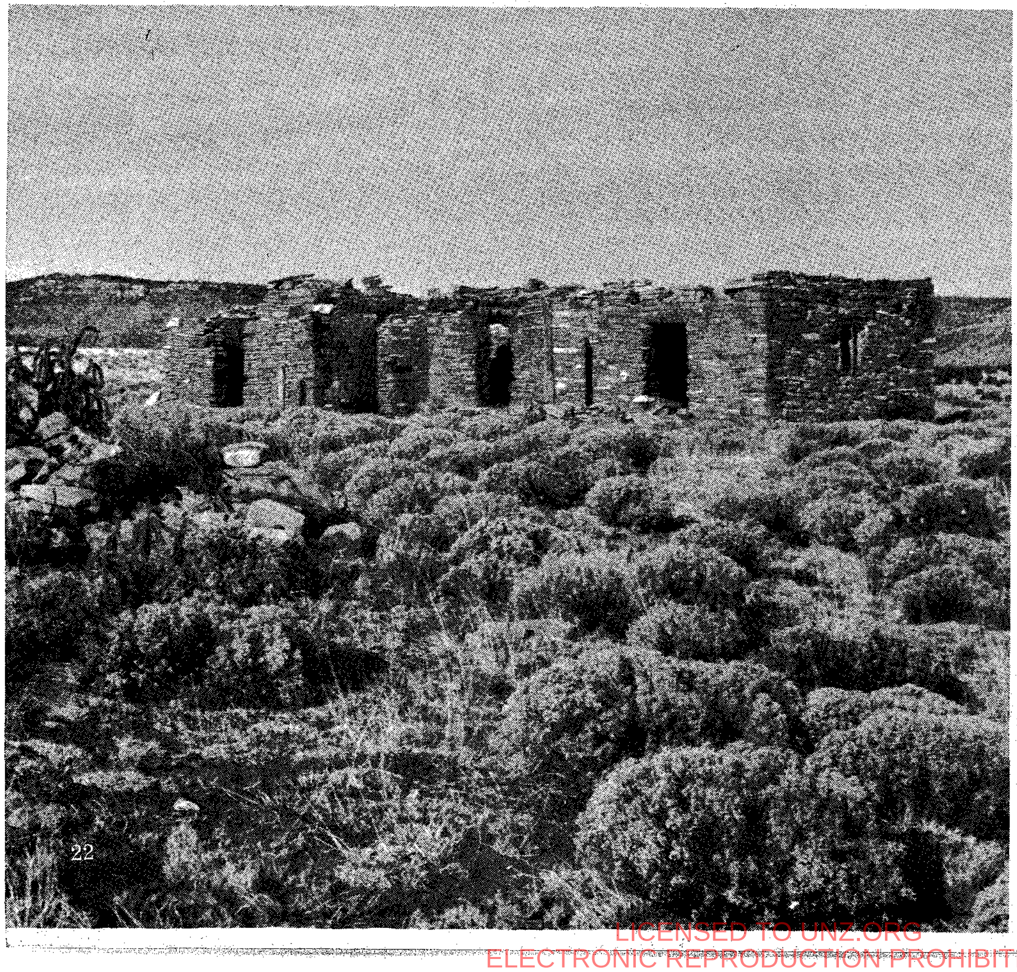


GHOSTS RIO

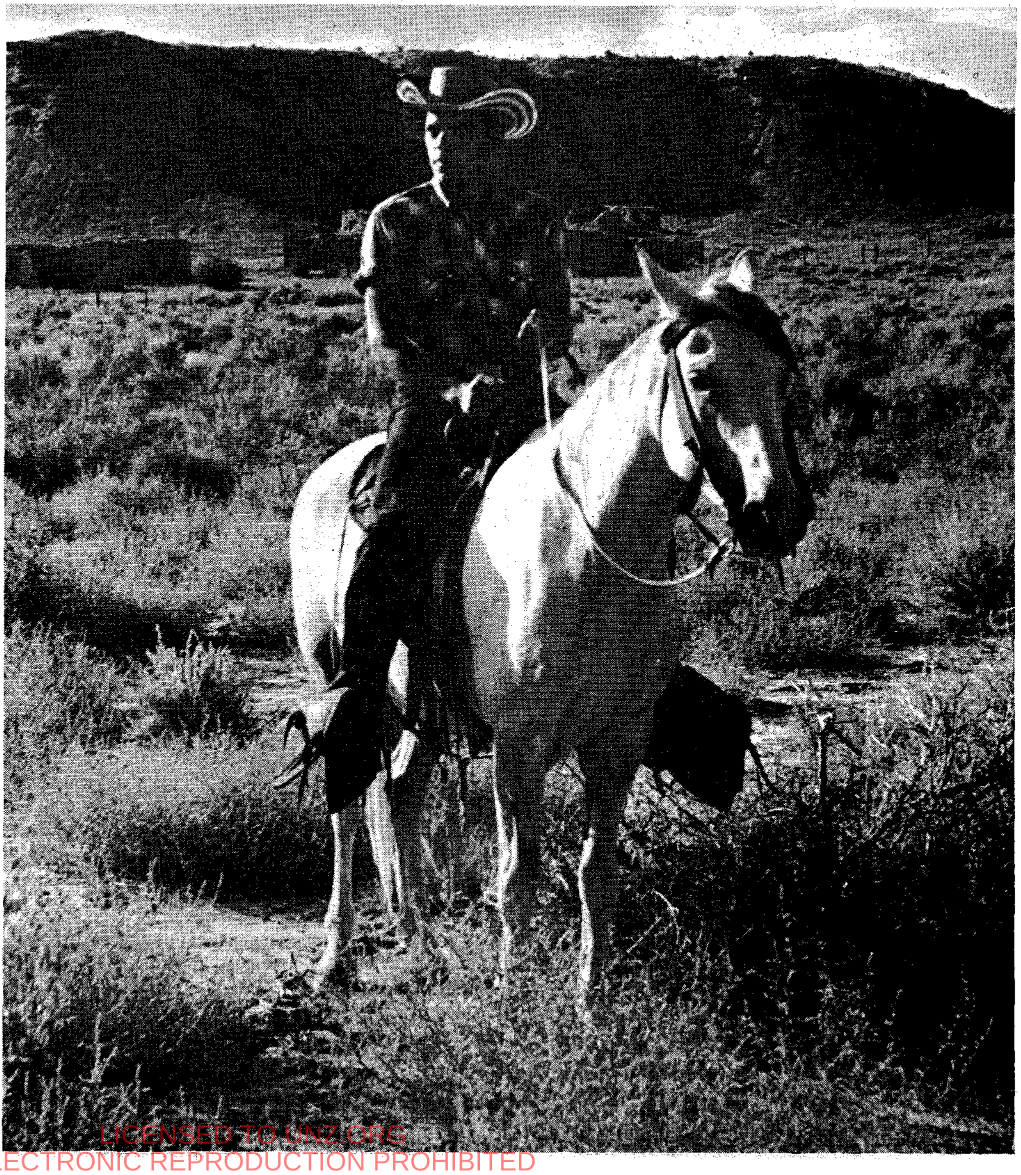
By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos by Karl Kernberger

THE RIO PUERCO trickles through northern New Mexico, a muddy stream in the bottom of a wide, deep arroyo; a stream so narrow in places it is said a horse can run across it and not get his hoofs wet; in other places are shallow pools where Brahmas and Shorthorns water; and for miles there is only rippled sand or cracked mud in the bottom of the arroyo. The Rio Puerco starts in the shadow of the forested Naciemiento Mountains, moves south through rolling grasslands browsed by pronghorn antelope; gouges between red and white rock mesas, towering volcanic peaks, the colors bold and the land rugged; then widens as the country becomes more gentle, sagelands dipping gradually to the arroyo rims. It steals unnoticed under the incessant rushing of wheels on Highway 66 and finally opens into the quiet



Photographer Karl Kernberger surveys the Puerco River Valley from the summit of Cabezon Peak. Below is Stacey Lucero, who ranches around Cabezon and lives there part-time.



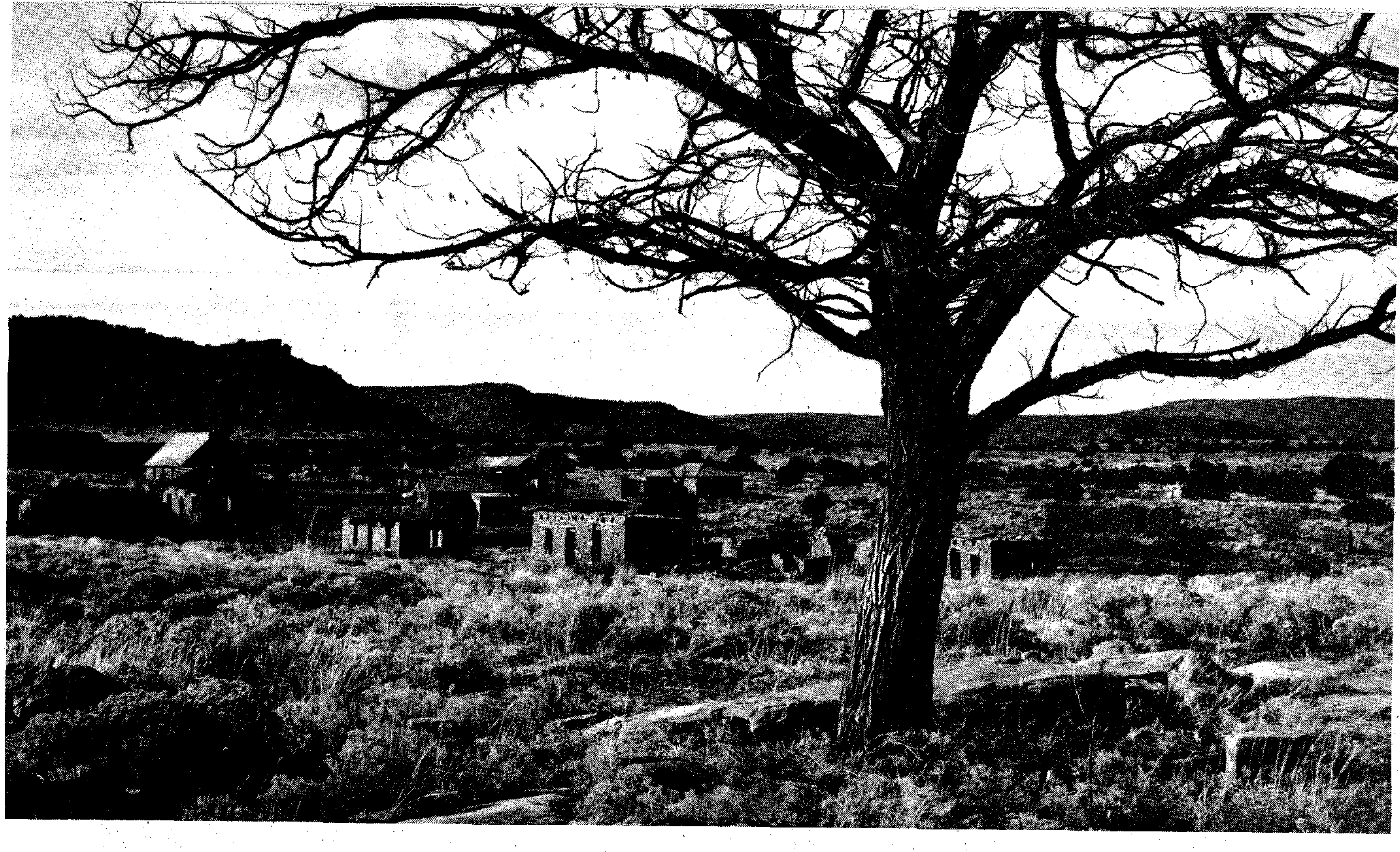
# of the PUERCO

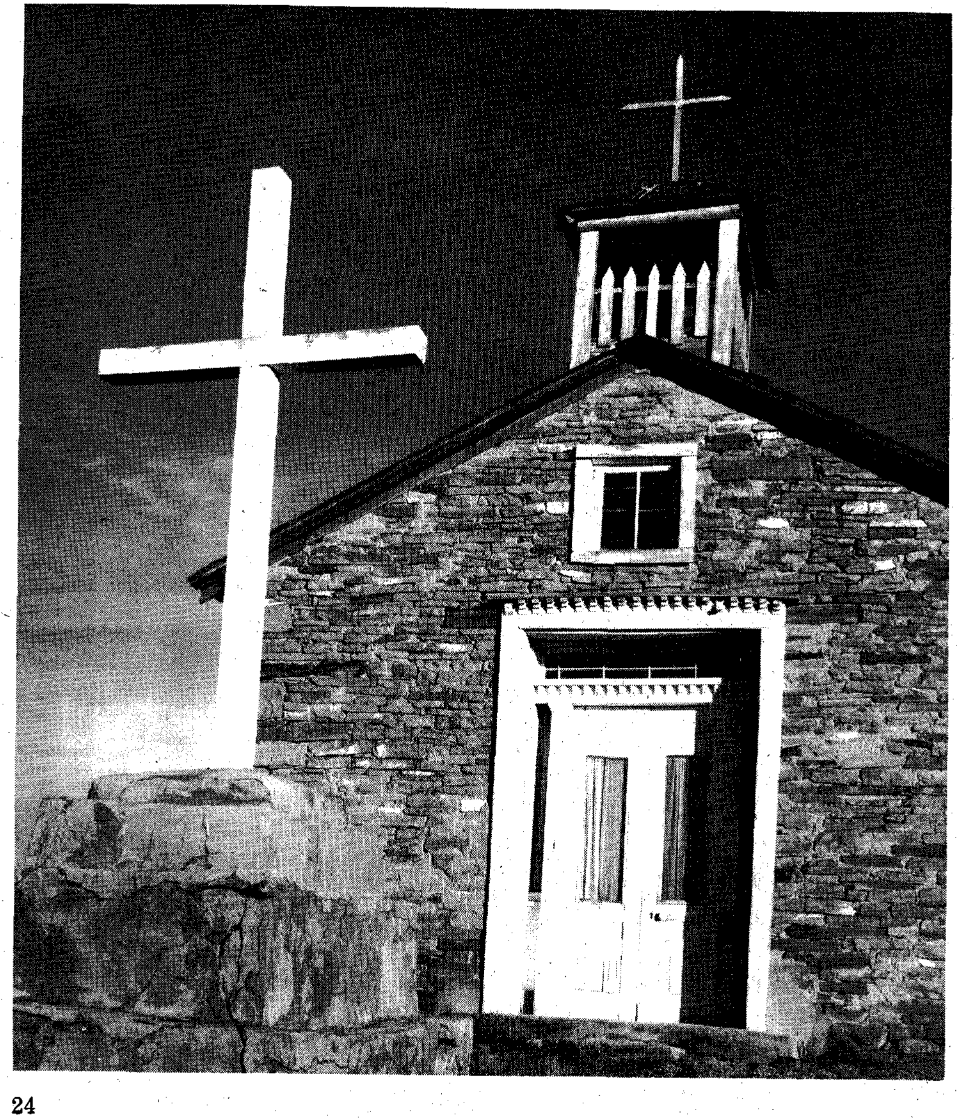
From **Ghost Towns of New Mexico**, University of New Mexico Press, Copyright 1968

flow of the Rio Grande.

The Rio Puerco is not always a feeble trickle. Sometimes, when lightning plays through the Nacimiento forests and thunder smashes about the heads of the volcanic peaks, a brown wall of water as high as a house surges through the arroyo, carrying logs and often cattle and sheep in its mad rush, an impossible barrier at the dirt-road crossings. Even when the river is a soft seep you can see signs of the brown storm rush, for at many places high upon the arroyo walls there are the broken arms of vanished dams.

Long ago, at least 300 years before Norsemen first sighted the rocky shores of "Vinland" through the fogs of the North Atlantic, there were adobe Indian villages beside the Rio Puerco. These people knew of the river's furies, but also of its gifts. In the bottomlands they planted maize, and killed the game which watered at river pools in the evening





Trementina, New Mexico, a ghost near the Canadian River. At left, an abandoned church in Corazon.

when shadows fell long and heavy from high rimrock. In the dimness of sacred mud rooms they painted murals with strange designs—masked dancers and intricate, geometric shields. Some of these must have spoken of the river, either with love or fear, or perhaps with a combination of both; but the meanings are now vague and distorted, a secret of the river and a dead people. For by the time the Black Plague had ravaged Europe, the villages stood empty in sun and wind, and no one knows where the people went, or why.

The Spaniard also planted maize in the bottomlands, as well as beans, pumpkins and wheat. He came into the Puerco country in the eighteenth century, bringing with him horses, cattle and slender, dark-eyed women. He built thick-walled houses with adobe bricks and axed the bark from pines dragged from the mountains for *vigas* to support his roof. Fences and corrals were fashioned out of drift logs, and water was moved through crude irrigation ditches in the bottomlands. The hips of the dark-eyed women broadened and their arms and bosoms grew heavy, while outside the fresh adobe walls the shouts of young children rang loudly in the clear air. Soon several clusters of houses stood on the banks above the Rio Puerco, and, as the settlements grew larger, each built a church, a store or two, and a dance hall where a man might have music, wine, and laughter. The towns dug wells to supplement the unpredictable river, and fed themselves on

(Continued on page 48)

By ROBERT S. BIRCHARD ©

Photos Courtesy Author

Fifth in a Series

Al Hoxie and Ione Reed in a scene from "Roaring Guns," a Bud Barsky production of 1927. Below left, Jack Hoxie at the height of his career as a Universal western star.

Motion Pictures Vignettes ☆

Brothers in the Saddle—the Hoxies

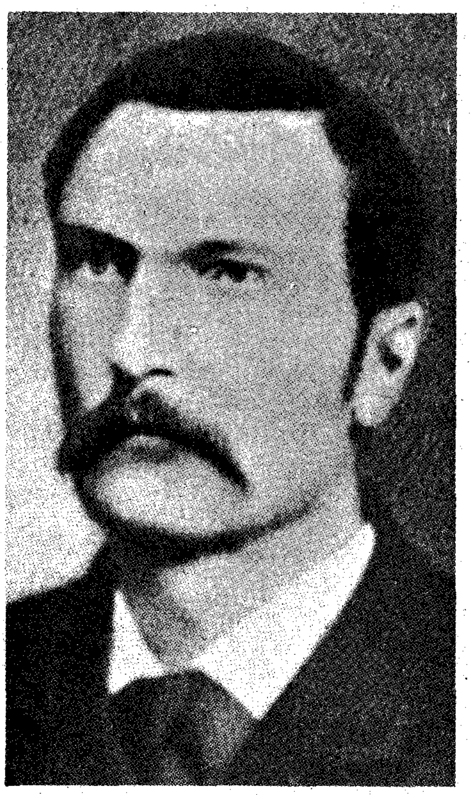
IN the history of motion pictures there have only been two pairs of brothers to achieve Western stardom. The talkies had Ken and Kermit Maynard—and the silent era had Jack and Al Hoxie. (Art and Bill Mix were briefly palmed off as brothers to Tom, but neither was related to the King of the Cowboys.)

Jack Hoxie was the older, and the first to reach Hollywood. Born in Nebraska in 1885, he was raised on a cattle ranch. He early won many trick riding championships; and like many early movie cowboys, he rode the Wild West show circuits with the Miller Brothers' 101 Show and the Dick Stanley Show.

Although he had appeared in the Kalem Company's "American Girl" series with his wife-to-be, Marin Sais, Hoxie's film career really began when he was signed by Paramount to appear in William S. Hart's northwestern melodrama, "Blue Blazes Rawden," in 1918. Under

(Continued on page 48)

Murder at Rincon



Amasa Barton

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's note: The killing of Amasa M. Barton has been clouded as to motive, site and aftermath by statements of the 1880 Bluff, Utah settlers. Their intention, understandably, was to protect the reputation of one of their own who came through the famous Hole-in-the-Rock with the company of 1879-1880. This account is taken in part from the journal of Barton's girl-wife, who went through the harrowing and tragic experience, and was supplied me through the courtesy of Utah historian Charles Kelly.

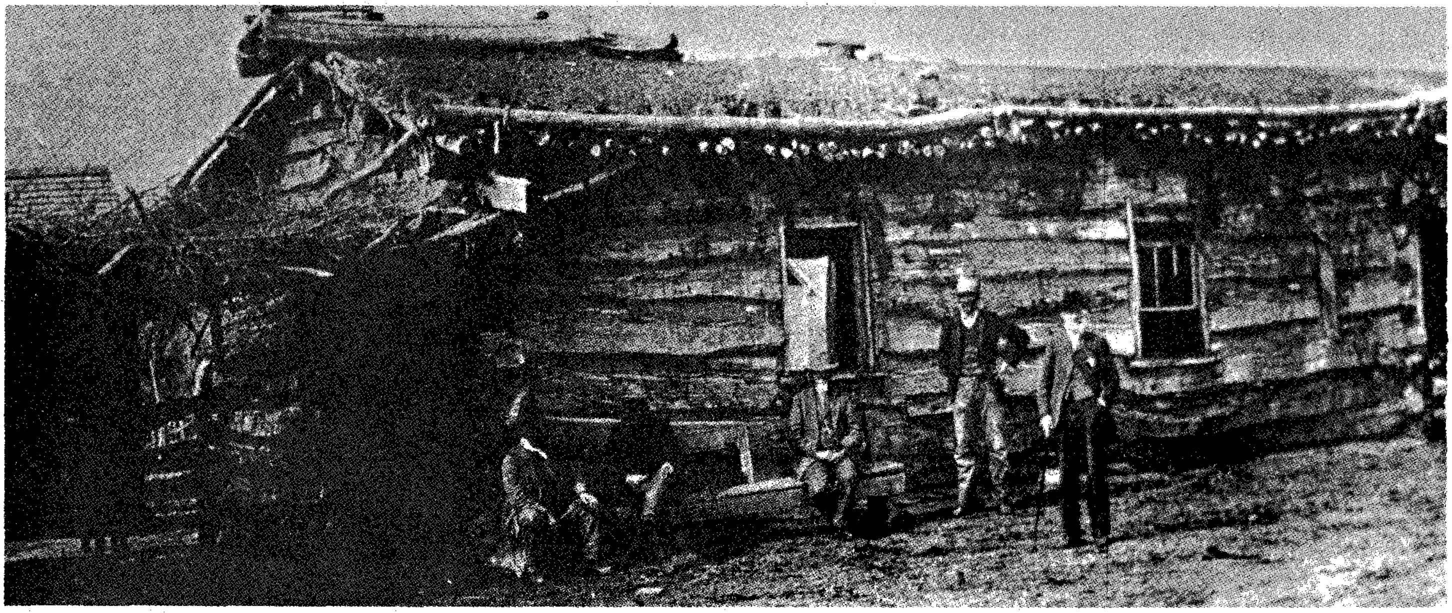
AMASA M. BARTON was tougher than whet leather any way taken. He came through a westward crossing which almost broke the backs of the brave immigrants called by Mormon Church President Brigham Young in 1879 to settle present-day San Juan County, Utah.

After incredible hardships the colonists crossed the Colorado River at the impossible Hole-in-the-Rock and finally made it to the spot where they established a village named Bluff on the San Juan River. Barton became the village blacksmith there.

In 1884 he became interested in seventeen-year-old Parenthia Hyde. She was the first schoolteacher in the colony and was better known as "Feenie." The Hyde family did not arrive with the original party which crossed the Colorado River at Hole-in-the-Rock. Her father, William Hyde, brought his family over the turbulent river at Hall's Crossing. Not obligated to settle in the non-productive red dirt country at Bluff he went on fifteen miles east to the mouth of Montezuma Creek where it entered the San Juan River.

At this point an old recluse, Peter Shurtz (better known as Pete Shirts), had erected a large stone cabin in 1870.

School house at Bluff where Feenie Hyde taught before she married Amasa Barton.

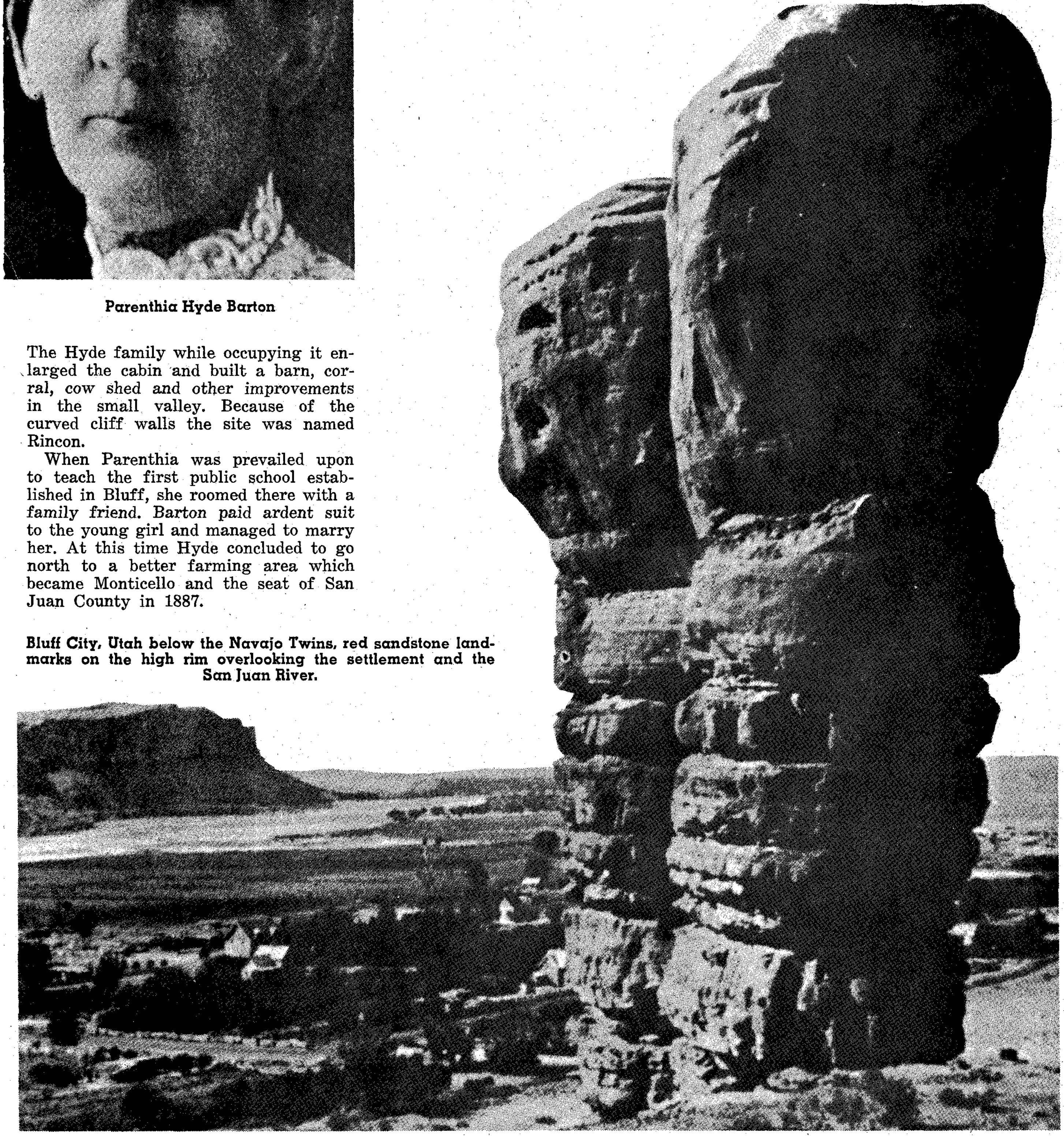


Parenthia Hyde Barton

> **'Come quick someone please. Amasa has been shot twice in the head. Ma and I are here alone with the children. For the sake of us someone come help us before the Navajos return.—Feenie Barton'**

The Hyde family while occupying it enlarged the cabin and built a barn, corral, cow shed and other improvements in the small valley. Because of the curved cliff walls the site was named Rincon.

When Parenthia was prevailed upon to teach the first public school established in Bluff, she roomed there with a family friend. Barton paid ardent suit to the young girl and managed to marry her. At this time Hyde concluded to go north to a better farming area which became Monticello and the seat of San Juan County in 1887.



Bluff City, Utah below the Navajo Twins, red sandstone landmarks on the high rim overlooking the settlement and the San Juan River.

William Posey, a Piute Indian, aided Feenie Barton when no one else would help.

Barton went to the mouth of Montezuma Creek with Parenthia and a stock of goods, opening an Indian trading post in her family's buildings. Almost from the first his violent temper kept him in trouble with Navajo Indians who crossed the river to trade. Barton's reputation among his own people, the Mormon colonists, was none too good. At Bluff he had been warned several times by the bishop about using his fists on any object of sudden ire.

One afternoon he caught a twelve-year-old Navajo boy twisting wool with a stick through the cracks of a long warehouse built behind the post. Barton then committed the act which got him killed. Enraged, his temper leaped instantly beyond control and he beat the small boy within the proverbial inch of his life.

Barton left the young Indian lying bleeding on the ground; in the store, when Parenthia protested such brutal treatment, he slapped her down. After a while the boy recovered consciousness and crawled from the premises; the Bartons were relieved, imagining that he was all right. Sometime in the night the boy managed to get down to the river crossing.

AT that season of the year the San Juan ran only a thin trickle of water. Yet the boy was too weak to cross and lay huddled on the sand. A Navajo rider coming up from the southern tribal country found him. He was picked up at once and taken back to his father's hogan on lower Gothic Wash, where he died two days later.

The father, Gray Mustache (called "The Bully" by Utah settlers), was a large and important district chief. Instead of immediately retaliating with his following of fighting young men, he consulted Hosteen Sore Eyes (who had trachoma and was known to the settlers as Bad Eye).

Hosteen Sore Eyes, the headman of that region, counseled restraint instead of violent action. He suggested that they go to Barton and solve the matter by asking for a blood payment. This was the custom if the guilty party was not to be killed in revenge.

The two Navajos crossed the river one bright morning, rode on to the trading post and tied their horses to hitching posts. There was no trade at the lonely store in the red rocks that day.

After smoking the customary free tobacco in the bull pen, the matter of the dead boy was brought up. Surprisingly Barton kept his temper down for awhile. Having learned to speak Navajo he knew enough from experience to let them talk it out. It took two hours for Gray Mustache to get his grievances off his mind.

When midday came, Parenthia entered the small store to summon Barton to dinner. Considering an extension of friendship a sure cure for the serious trouble he was in, Barton invited the two Navajos to join them. Very little was said during the meal. Especially nothing was mentioned about the dead boy for, as Parenthia later wrote, Barton did not refer to the subject at all.

Following the meal the Navajos thanked Parenthia for the food. They went ahead of Barton from the living quarters into the store. He closed the door. But within five minutes Parenthia heard his voice railing in anger at the Navajos. Fearing there might be serious trouble she concealed a six-gun under her apron and entering the store, slipped it to her husband. This was a serious mistake as Barton, unarmed, would not have been attacked with lethal intent. It would have been the Navajo custom to merely tie him up—this was considered a terrible disgrace by the tribesmen.

Parenthia's mother was at the trading post. She had come there to act as midwife, having delivered her daughter's second child who was then only six weeks old. The first born was a little more than a year of age. When Parenthia returned to the attached living quarters her mother asked what the trouble was about.

"Oh, it is nothing to bother with," Parenthia evaded her. "Something about an old and useless gun Bad Eye pawned to Amasa some time ago." None of this statement was true.

Barton grew tired of listening to the complaint of his having killed Gray Mustache's little boy. In particular, he suddenly became incensed that he should be held responsible for administering punishment to a wool thief. He ordered the two elderly Navajos from the store.

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Merchandise was freighted by wagon from Bluff to Barton's trading post.

High-Wheeling to Denver

Bikes were a status symbol in 1889

By RUTH ALMY

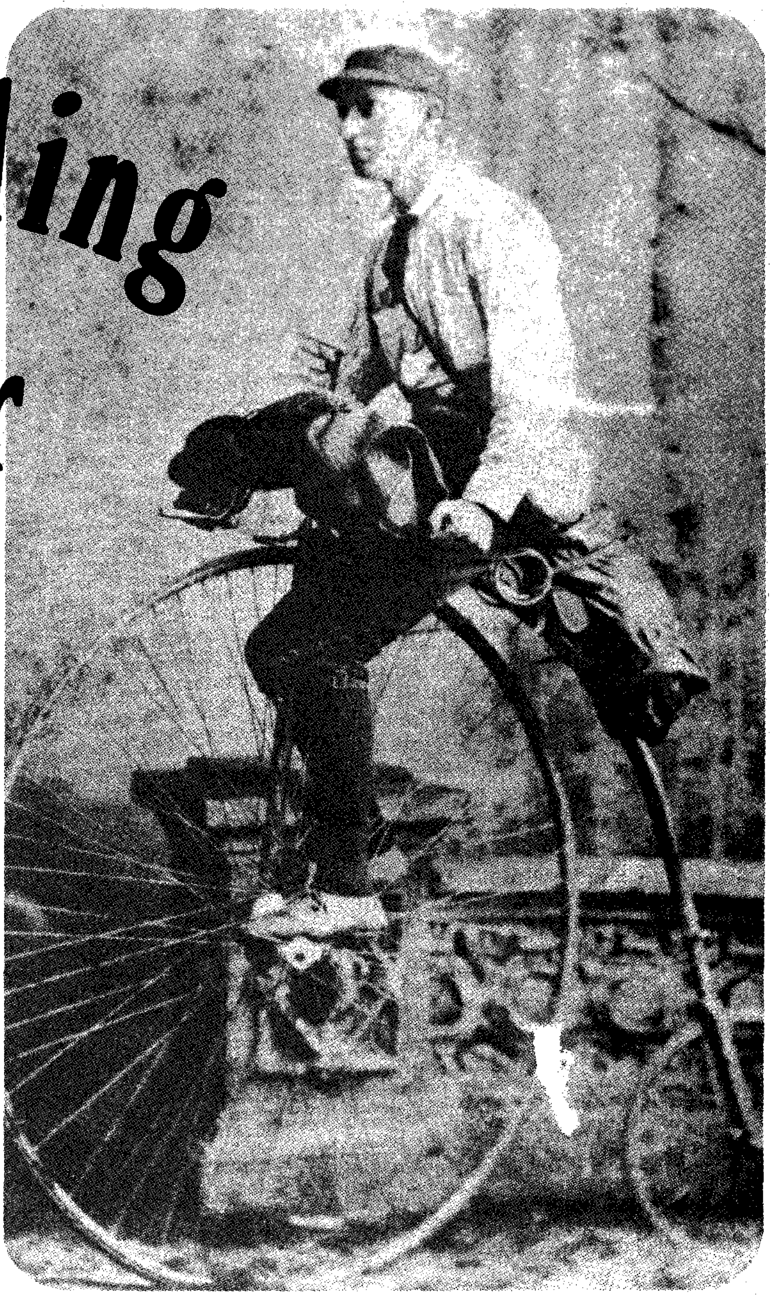
Photos Courtesy Author

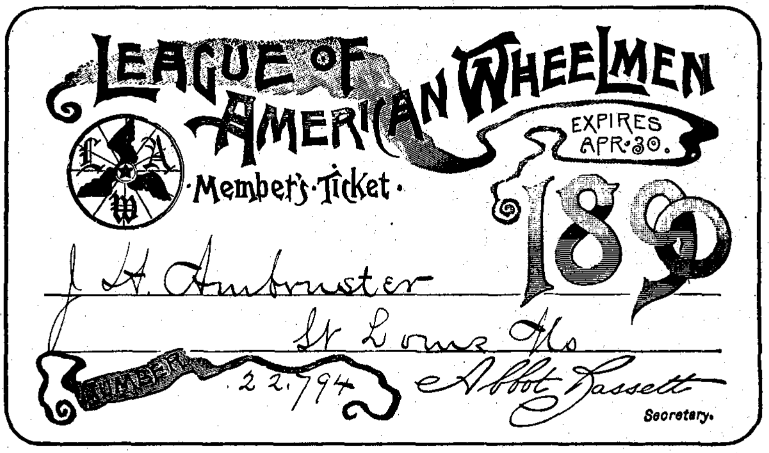
EIGHTY-TWO years ago on June 2, young Joseph Ambruster rolled into Denver on a high-wheeled bike. The front wheel was five feet in diameter and the back one about two. Ordinary bicycles were common in those days, but high-bikes were strictly for he-men and very tricky to ride, especially over rough terrain. Joe pedaled 982 miles from St. Louis to Denver in 26 days, he might have made it in less had it not rained 11 out of those 26.

It was the second time Joe had come from St. Louis to Denver in an unusual conveyance. His first trip had been made two years before. Then he had traveled in comfort and style in a luxurious railroad coach which had been custom built for the president of the new Colorado Midland Railroad, in the St. Charles, Missouri car shops where Ambruster was a stenographer. It was equipped with a kitchen, berths, bath and office room, and decorated inside and out with hand-painted scenery and fancy lettering. Joe had volunteered as personal escort when the luxury coach was attached to a freight train and headed west to the owner. He had cooked his own meals, slept late on the soft bed, and enjoyed the scenery from the open windows.

After his special mission had been accomplished and the keys delivered to President J. J. Hagerman who lived in Colorado Springs, Joe had returned to Denver and liked it so well he decided to stay. He located a job in the Colorado Midland Railroad office. Soon afterward he had met Sally and life took on a new dimension. Just as their friendship was progressing nicely, the company gave him a raise and sent him out on a promotional trip which took him into all parts of the country, distributing advertising material to freight and passenger agents.

By the spring of 1889 Joe found himself back in St. Louis, sick and tired of his traveling job. In an attempt to overcome his restlessness and dissatisfaction, he used most of his savings to purchase a handsome high-wheeled bicycle. For a while he enjoyed the prestige that came with being the only member of the St. Louis Bicycle Club to own a high-wheeler. He enjoyed, too, the long Sunday rides in and about the city, but eventually got bored with it all. Suddenly he was seized with an overwhelming desire to return to mountain country and to see Sally again. That was what made him set out on his second journey to Denver.





LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

EXPIRES APR. 30.

L A W

Member's Ticket

189

J. H. Ambruster

St Louis Mo

NUMBER 22,794

Abbot Bassett

Secretary.

Joseph H. Ambruster posed for this photo shortly after his arrival in Denver in June 1889. He carried his League of American Wheelmen membership card as his identification on the 982-mile bicycle trip.

(Continued on page 64)

A SEARCH FOR

The land was so big—the boy was so little—would they

AFTER Mother died, Father married again when I was about a year old. He always seemed dissatisfied and moved a great deal. The year 1906 found us living in Kinney County, Texas, near what was then known as Spofford Junction. It was a very dry year and after the corn we planted didn't come up, we didn't plant any other crops. We did have some very violent hailstorms—one time the hailstones were so big that my brother could hold only six of them in his big Mexican hat. We had nothing to do, there was no work to be had.

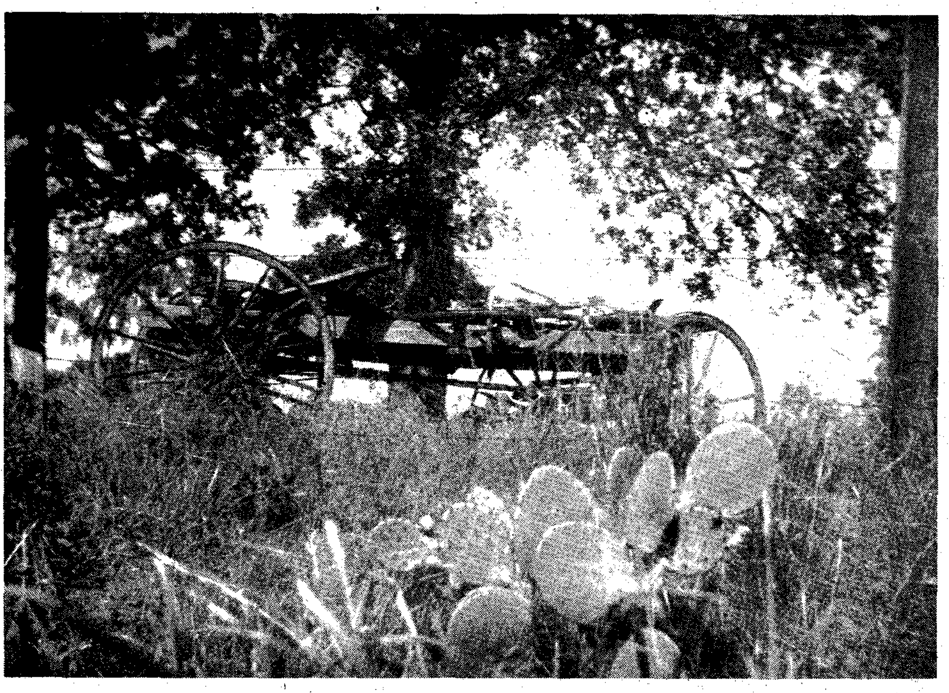
My brother, August, started trying to trap the coyotes we could hear howling at night. We called them wolves. Being originally from the eastern part of Texas, where it was settled and there being no such animals left, we believed them to be ferocious. Dad, knowing better, was a great one to enlarge upon our fears. One morning, August came riding in all out of breath, and said he had a wolf in a trap. Dad had my brothers hitch up the team to the wagon so we could all go and see the slaughter of the dangerous beast. We drove out about a mile from home where the poor coyote was caught in a trap which had been tied to a mesquite tree. The "wolf" was doing his best to get away.

About a hundred and fifty yards from the tree Dad warned us not to get off the wagon under any circumstances until he said it was safe to do so. While we sat on the wagon trembling with fear that this beast might, by his tremendous strength, get loose and attack us, Dad, with his old Springfield rifle and August backing him up with a ten-gauge single barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot, got off the wagon and approached the animal. At about fifty yards Dad knelt down and with one shot killed the coyote. Dad had told us he expected it would take at least a half-dozen shots to kill the beast. In due time we were allowed to drive up and view this terrible creature. Later we killed many coyotes with a mesquite club to save the twenty-two bullets it would have taken otherwise. I still get a good laugh when I think of the army it took to kill this first one.

As spring turned into summer Dad again became restless and disappeared for about two months. While he was gone we amused ourselves by cutting bee trees, and hunting and fishing on Las Moras Creek. There were many bee trees to get the honey from and August sold it in Spofford Junction. He also sold the fish we seined out of Las Moras Creek and the rabbits we shot. These were long dreamy days to delight a boy's heart.

Dad finally came home again and announced to my step-mother that we were moving. Our possessions were loaded onto a boxcar. One end of the car was filled with our furniture and the other end boxed off to hold the livestock—horses, cows, pigs and chickens. It was shipped off to Alice, Texas with my brothers, August and Edwin, riding along to tend the animals.

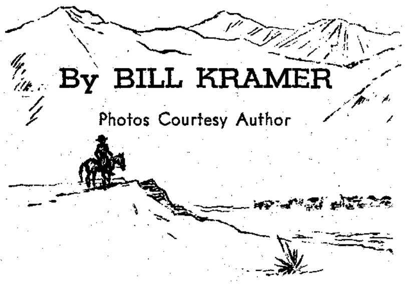
My father, and Mama (as we called my stepmother), two sisters, a half-brother and half-sister, and I, with the little black



The author and his family in front of Casa Blanca ranch house in Duval County, Texas in 1912. Those pictured include, from left, the author, Hattie, Hilda, Edwin (standing), Bill's step-mother with Betty in her lap, Arthur, Bill's father holding Lily, Edna, Emily, and Arnold. Above is the old wagon which carried the family west in 1906. Today Bill Kramer operates El Ranchocheko Rock Shop about ten miles east of Gonzales, Texas on Highway 90-A.

HOME

ever light anywhere?



By BILL KRAMER

Photos Courtesy Author

and white dog, Beaver, made the trip to Duval County in a covered wagon. We drove leisurely along, stopping early in the evening for the night camp. We were on the road for several weeks. Beaver was very short-legged and trotted along behind the wagon until he got tired. Whenever he barked we would take him into the wagon and let him ride until he was rested, then he would jump out and trot along behind us again. Every day he would chase a rabbit by the wagon and Dad would shoot it. In the evenings we would roast it for supper.

We passed through some violent rainstorms. I remember at one point we traveled through some country where there were red sandstone hills. When it rained the water looked like blood running along the side of the road. It was so thick with sand and clay, the horses would not drink it. We finally got to Eagle Pass where Dad went into town and left us in camp.

It was very hot and dry and I thought Dad would never get back so we could get out of there. I was scared of so many Mexicans, for those were all we saw. We ran out of drinking water and were forced to go to a Mexican house and ask for a bucketful. The people were very nice but I was scared to death that they would kill us. Dad finally showed up and we drove out of town where there was a stream and we made camp for the night. Dad told us the mighty Rio Grande was on a rise and was backed up into most of the tributaries that we would have to cross the next day. This would delay us some.

By this time the novelty of this mode of traveling had worn off a little and I was anxious to see our new home and sleep in a real house again. I'm glad I didn't know that almost a year would pass before that would happen.

THE next day we drove along the north bank of the Rio Grande and Dad told us that the other side was Old Mexico. It all looked the same to me. How could it be another country?

In the days that followed, the country seemed to get wilder than ever. We saw almost no people at all and the road looked like a cow trail. Often Dad had to get off the wagon and chop down brush with an ax so we could get through. The wild animals became more numerous—deer, badgers, bobcats, javalina hogs, roadrunners—and Oh Lord!—jack rabbits and cottontails by the thousands. The coyotes sang us to sleep every night; the song birds woke us in the morning. As the sun rose you could hardly hear yourself talk for the songs of the cactus wren, hermit thrush, mockingbird, meadowlarks, cardinals, red-winged blackbirds, great varieties of grass sparrows and finches and doves, and the beautiful song of the oriole.

The vegetation was mostly low brush intermingled here and there with a large mesquite tree or Spanish dagger, under which grew a thick mat of luscious mesquite grass which our horses loved. Mostly you could see over the top of the brush from the wagon. We came to the Nueces River and stopped for a day to wash clothes and to catch some fat yellow catfish which really bit on the cottontail rabbit bait which we used. The fish weighed from four to six pounds each.

Dad said we were nearing home so the next day I kept watching for our house. Finally about sundown we drove out into a clearing where a 10' x 10' pine shack stood. Dad said, "Well, everybody out, we're home."

"Oh, Lord," I thought, "how are we all going to live in that little house?"

August and Edwin came running up, so glad to see us. They had bought a large tent in Alice on Dad's instructions. We set up the tent and lived in it for the next ten months.

Roads, as such, were nonexistent. Wherever we went we had to carry an ax with us to get through the brush. We hauled our water from a stock tank, three miles distant, in three wooden barrels. We drove the wagon into the tank, and standing knee-deep in the water, filled the barrel by passing buckets up to the person in the wagon, dipping and handing up until the barrels were full. We drank the water without boiling it but were never sick. Our nearest neighbor was a Mexican family and the nearest Anglo family lived at the Childres Ranch, eight miles to the west. The nearest town was San Diego about forty-two miles away.

In time, lumber was hauled from San Diego and a large two-story house was built. It was painted white and our Latin neighbors named it Casa Blanca Ranch—now the Casa Blanca Oil Field in Duval County.

Two incidents occurred while we were still living in the one-room shack and the tent that are memorable. The first one took place about six o'clock in the evening as we were sitting down to supper. There seemed to be a deep, low rumble; the shack shook and the earth seemed to be moving beneath our feet. We all ran outside and the earth trembled again. Dad said that it was an earthquake. Later we learned that California had had a bad

(Continued on page 46)

NUGGETS

A BROTHER'S REVENGE

By Mary Hagen

MAY 4, 1876, was one of those cold blustery days typical of late spring in Wyoming. Alternating periods of snow and sleet were warmed only slightly by faint rays of sunshine that occasionally penetrated the gray mist. A cold wind out of the north drifted the snow around the log buildings of John Hunton's Bordeaux Road Ranch, where James Hunton sat around the stove with Baptiste ("Little Bat") Garnier. John Hunton was away at Fort Fetterman and Jim was intending to ride to the Coffee Ranch, fourteen miles away, to pick up a horse he had obtained in a trade. There had been Indian trouble all along the Fort Fetterman-Cheyenne Road that winter and spring; before John Hunton had left Bordeaux he had warned his younger brother to keep a close watch for Indians.

The ranch, which provided meals, whiskey, and lodgings to weary gold-seekers using the Black Hills Stage Route, was located on Chugwater Creek some thirty miles south and west of Fort Laramie. That year business had been good with whiskey bringing twenty-five cents a drink, meals fifty cents, and a bed one dollar. After a last cup of coffee, Jim went out to the corral and saddled his horse, a strong, swift, animal. Before heading out, he returned to the house for a few last words with Little Bat. While they talked another blast of snow swirled in through the half-open door. Jim turned up the collar of his jacket. "See you sometime tonight or tomorrow morning."

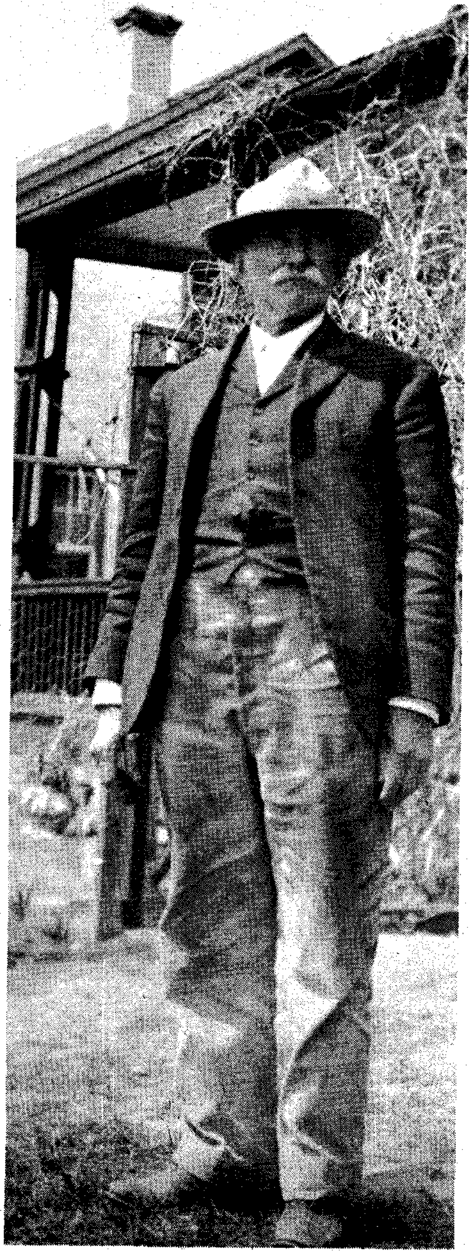
"Watch out," Little Bat cautioned.

The rider and horse hadn't traveled very far before Jim Hunton tied the reins around the saddlehorn and put his hands in his sleeves to keep warm. A small divide separated the Coffee Ranch in Goshen Hole from the ranch on Chugwater. The countryside was broken with wind-eroded sandstone cliffs; deep arroyos cut through the hillsides. In spite of the snow a tinge of green was showing and a few pear cacti were almost ready to open their yellow flowers. The willows were orange-tipped and especially brilliant against the snow whenever the sun came out. No coyote yapped, no birds sang, and the antelope were all under cover. The horse jogged along with head hung low.

By nine o'clock they had gone five or six miles and were approaching the "Notch," a break in the divide between Chugwater and Goshen Hole. The sun had come out strongly and it looked as though the spring storm was moving off. Then the horse began to whinny and his ears wiggled back and forth as though he were trying to catch some sound. Jim pulled his hands out of his sleeves and clutched the reins. The horse called again, then relaxed when there was no answering whinny. Jim, tense now, had the feeling that he was being watched. Thoughts of turning back ran through his mind.

But the Hole was not too far off. He decided to ride on, certain that his horse could outrun any animal in the country. The Hole was in a large natural basin surrounded by low sheltering hills and sandstone cliffs. It originally had been named Gochen's Hole after an Assiniboine Indian chief but whites had corrupted the pronounciation to Goshen.

Jim Hunton was well within the Notch when five Indians broke into view, whooping and yelling as they charged down the hillside. Without warning, Hunton's horse bolted, turning and heading back toward Chugwater Creek. But in his haste to get away it stumbled; almost simultaneously a slug tore through the rancher's shoulder. Probably if Jim hadn't been wounded he would have stuck with the horse, but the sharp pain left him dazed. He struggled to his feet and ran some fifty yards after his terrified mount but it was too late. The Indians surrounded him, firing eight bullets into his head and body and ripping him apart.



University of Wyoming Photo Courtesy Author

John Hunton about 1915 in front of the house he bought from the army in 1890 when Fort Laramie was abandoned.

WHEN THE INDIANS had finished, they mounted their ponies and chased Hunton's horse until they were within sight of the Bordeaux Ranch. There they lay hidden until nightfall, then broke into the corral and stole thirty-eight horses and mules. Little Bat heard the ruckus but, deciding he was no match for the savages, crept off to hide in bushes several yards from the house. Early the next morning he saw Jim Hunton's horse silhouetted against the sun on the bluff east of the ranch.

Garnier caught the horse, noticed blood on the saddle and saw Hunton's rifle was still in the scabbard. With a sinking heart he notified Fort Laramie that Hunton was missing and possibly killed. Fort Laramie notified Fort Fetterman and John Hunton on May 5. On May 6 word came that Jim was dead and John started for Bordeaux.

Fort Laramie lost no time in dispatching twenty men under a Lieutenant Allison to pursue the marauders. Hunton was a well-known, well-liked frontiersman and the army officers were confident they would quickly overtake and capture the Indians and stolen livestock. Lientenant Allison took a short-cut, thinking that the Indians might have come from Red Cloud Agency. He did find tracks but as ill-luck would have it, another sudden blinding snowstorm came up and obliterated them. John Hunton reached Bordeaux on Sunday, May 7. He borrowed a team from a neighbor and proceeded to Cheyenne. There he buried Jim on May 9, 1876.

It might have been that the murderers of James Hunton would never have been discovered except for a strange coincidence. Sometime after the death of Jim Hunton, John was invited to a feast to celebrate the end of hostilities and a new peace treaty between the whites and Indians. As was customary at Indian gatherings, the warriors stood and told of recent exploits in hunting and warfare.

John Hunton sat next to a young cavalry officer. The feasting was over and several stories had been narrated when a young Indian got up and, in gory detail, told how he and four others had overtaken Jim Hunton and then robbed the ranch of its horses and mules.

As John Hunton listened he became uncontrollably angry. "I suddenly saw red," he said. He had but one thought—to kill the Indian. He reached for his gun but the young officer next to him guessed his intentions and grabbed John by the wrist. The men struggled silently in the dim light, neither moving from where he sat. Finally John relaxed. Whether he kept his pistol for the remainder of the evening will never be known but he did stay until the gathering broke up.

Wyoming was John Hunton's home from 1867 until his death in 1928. He was the last sutler at Fort Laramie, living there long after it had been abandoned as an army post. Besides being sutler, he supplied wood, beef, hay, horses, and other necessities and hauled freight between the forts all along the North Platte River. Despite the loss of his brother, he always felt that white men had driven the Indians to desperation and they had retaliated in brutal ways in an effort to save what they believed belonged to them.

"PUT SOME CREAM IN IT"

By Ellen C. Sellars

RECENTLY a cousin was visiting me and I remarked, "I wish I could make macaroni and cheese like Mama use to make." Anna laughed and replied, "Don't you remember? She always added a cup of cream." I began to recall how many times I had heard her say, "Put some cream in it"—and I wondered how I'd lived over it. I was born on the old Comanche Pool Ranch in western Kansas before allergies were ever heard of.

The land had been opened up for homesteaders by then and the big ranches were no more. It was at that time that my father went to work for a land and cattle company. There were deserted and run down ranches in Kansas, Indian Territory, Colorado and West Texas. Father was hired to rejuvenate these old ranches. Later they would be sold at a profit and we would go on to another.

My mother had a few stipulations before she would move. There had to be milch cows, Jerseys preferred, one fresh and one bred to freshen later. There was no ice or refrigeration but all ranches had windmills, most of them pumping sweet water and cool. The first thing constructed was a wooden trough with a hinged cover where the milk could be cooled.

There was always a bunkhouse where the hired cowboys and the repair men slept. There was also a cook house for the hired men and a cook. My mother had the keys to the commissary and learned to issue a day's supply at a time. The cooks loved to get a batch of dried fruit and sugar, and out of this could make a potent brew. Mama loved to cook and manage. As I look back on it now, it was her whole life.

We always had a garden, in dry spells irrigated from the windmills. She had a time for planting which seldom varied. Potatoes were planted on St. Patrick's Day. When they had reached a size a little smaller than a golf ball, they were grappled out so as not to disturb the vines. These potatoes had to be ready for the seventh of June, to go along with the new peas and later with snap beans. They were served in a white sauce made with thick cream. The tender leaf lettuce was always served with a vinegar and sour cream dressing. Sometimes she varied this with hot bacon grease and vinegar. Radishes, onions, and a variety of greens were raised in the garden. When the radishes and lettuce were gone, fall turnips were planted. Parsnips and carrots were also fall products from the garden. Carrots were used in soups and stews, but turnips were cooked in salted water, mashed and doused with thick cream and a dash of nutmeg. Each time Mama moved she took along asparagus and rhubarb roots. Blackberries and currants bushes were also transported to the new location.

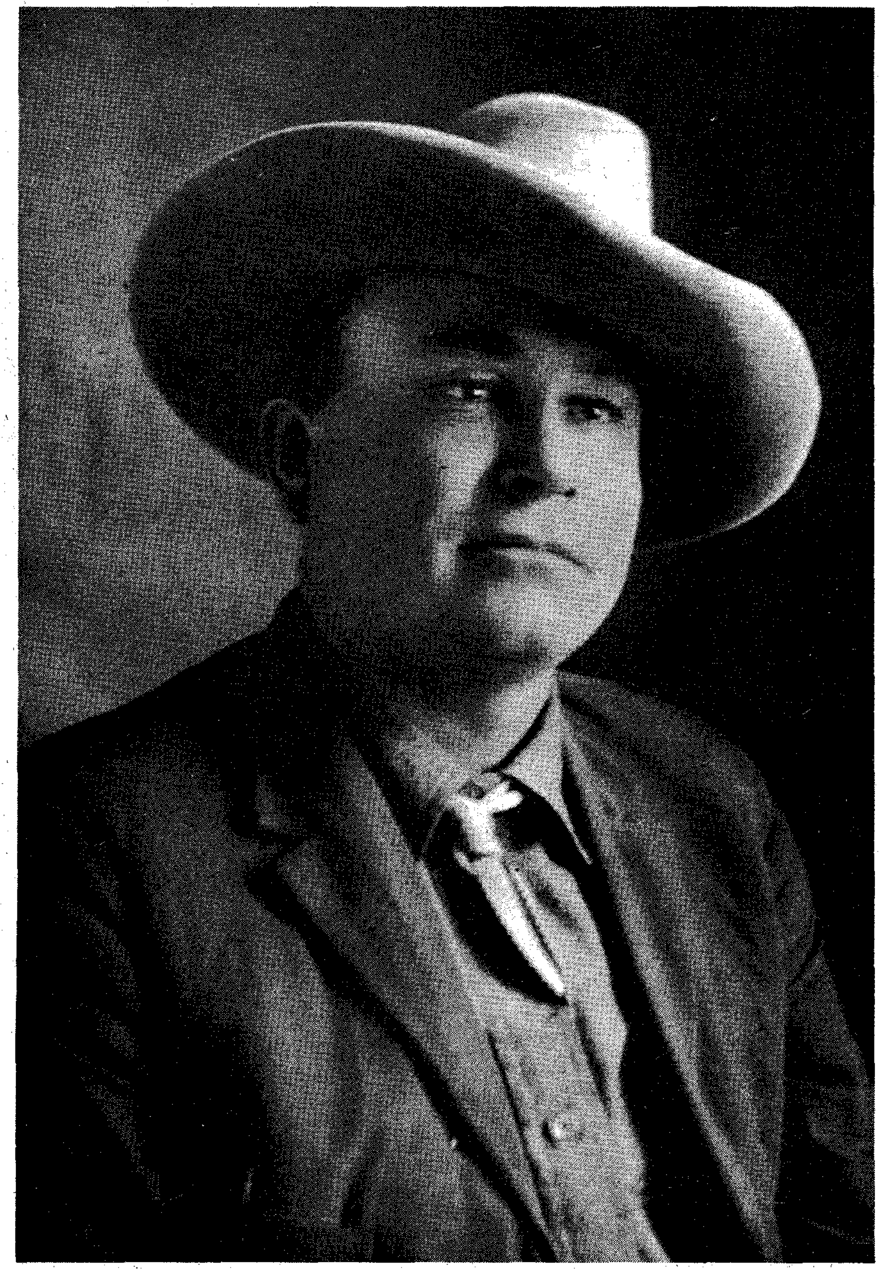
Photos Courtesy Author

Rico Ranch (top) near old Tascosa, Texas, was home for the Cavanaughs for about six months in 1905. Above, the author's mother, Florence Cavanaugh, picks wild plums near the Arkansas River in southeast Colorado about 1900.

I can recall an itinerant preacher, who had traveled extensively and who taught Mama to make a hollandaise sauce. This she called the Preacher's Sauce until the day she died. I was forty years old before I had beets in sour cream served in an exclusive restaurant, but Mama had

(Continued on page 62)

WES



Wesley Wootan Cates, born July 27, 1874 in Round Rock, Texas, lost his mother at birth, and his father, a circuit-riding Methodist preacher, died eleven years later. With that loss, young Wes left home, drifting from town to town and ranch to ranch foraging for a meager living. His first real job was in a small settlement called Jones' Store near the New Mexico border where he worked as a handy boy for a horse outfit. Before he was in his teens he was breaking young horses and colts and later recalled those were the happiest days of his life. When he was caught out on the Texas plains in winter, he always welcomed the howling of coyotes, for he knew daylight was fast approaching and the sun would thaw him out. He survived those difficult early years and grew to manhood as a Texas Ranger, as Amarillo's first marshal, and—after moving to Arizona—as a deputy sheriff in Gleeson, a rancher and deputy in Casa Grande, and a guard captain at Arizona State Prison. He was photographed above in 1915 while sheriff in Casa Grande.

* * *

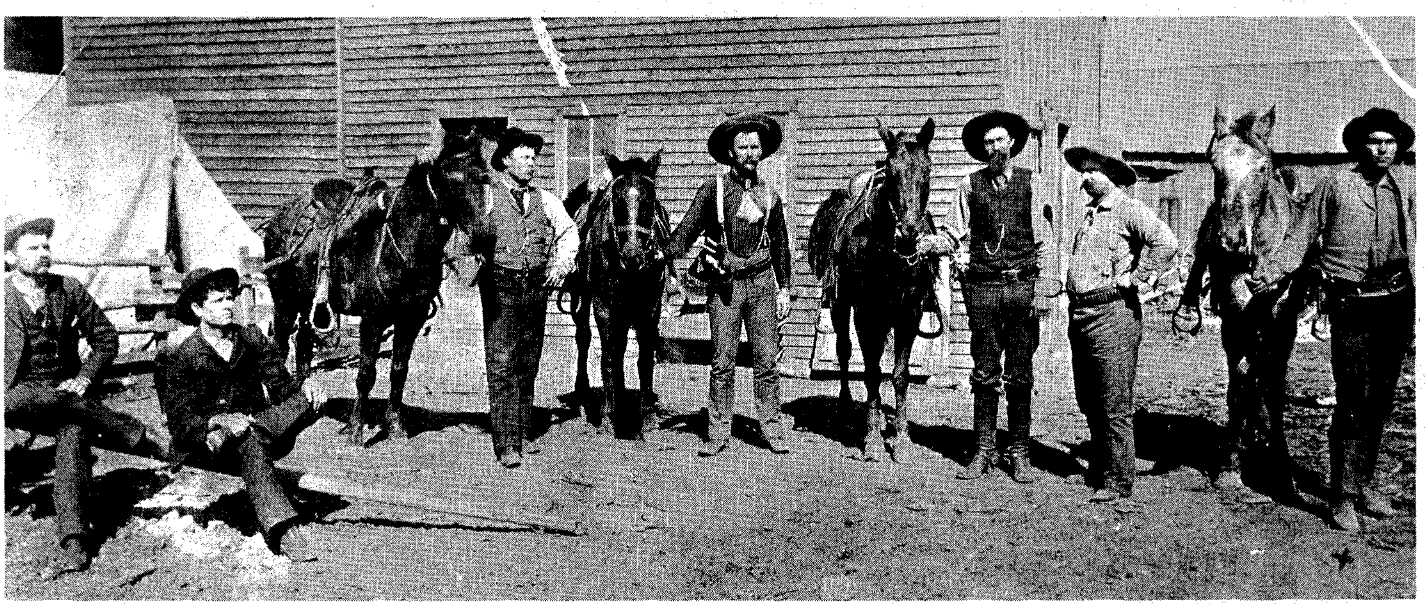
At right, a part of Company B, Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers, Captain Bill McDonald commanding. Wes Cates is on the far right. As a member of Company B, Wes earned the distinction of serving under the most widely known and one of the most fearless Ranger captains. "Bill McDonald," one man once observed, "would charge hell with a bucket of water."

* * *

At the age of sixteen, Wes Cates and a friend joined the Texas Rangers, enlisting January 24, 1893 in Captain Bill McDonald's Company B, Frontier Battalion, then patrolling along the Rio Grande. In the photo at right, Wes is seated second from right in the front row and his young friend is at far left, same row. In his memoirs, McDonald praised Cates for his bravery and his willingness to risk his life for his fellow Rangers in the line of duty. On January 24, 1894, one year later, Wes resigned from the Rangers and headed north. The seventeen-year-old lad had heard that Amarillo was looking for a marshal.

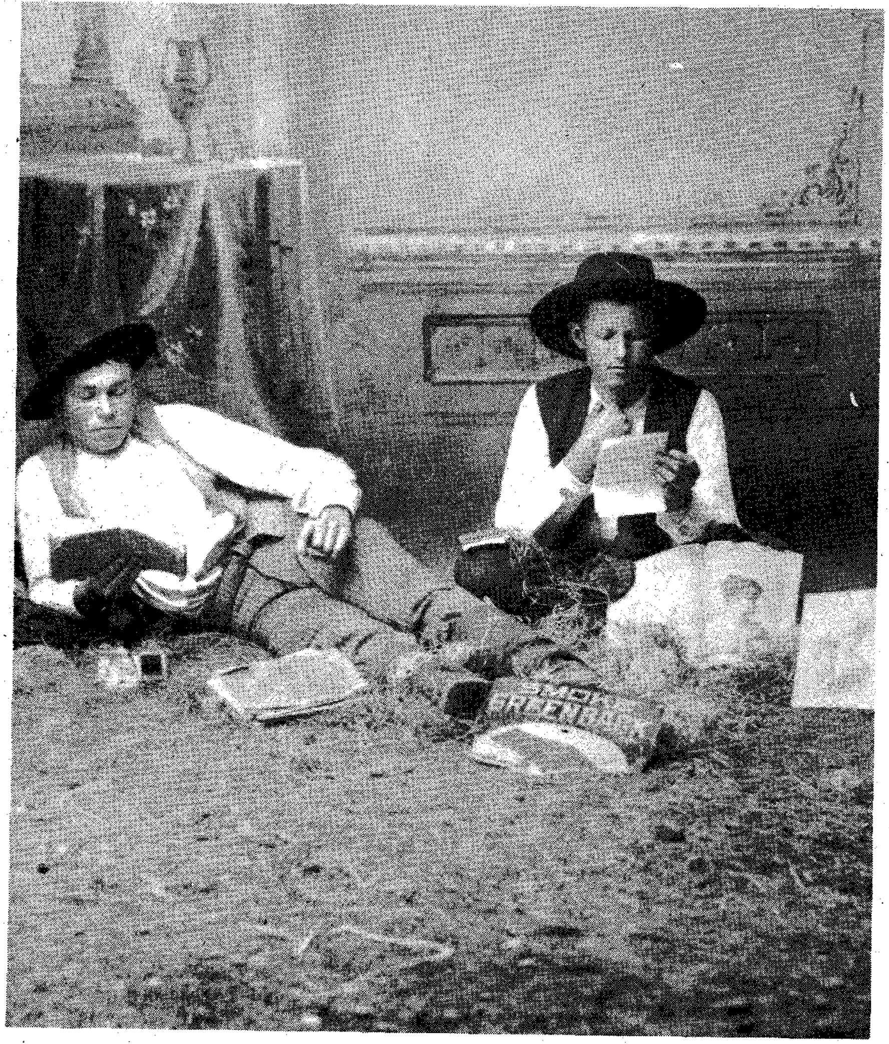
* * *

Photos and Text Submitted by Dan Woods



CATES

A Lawman's Life in Pictures



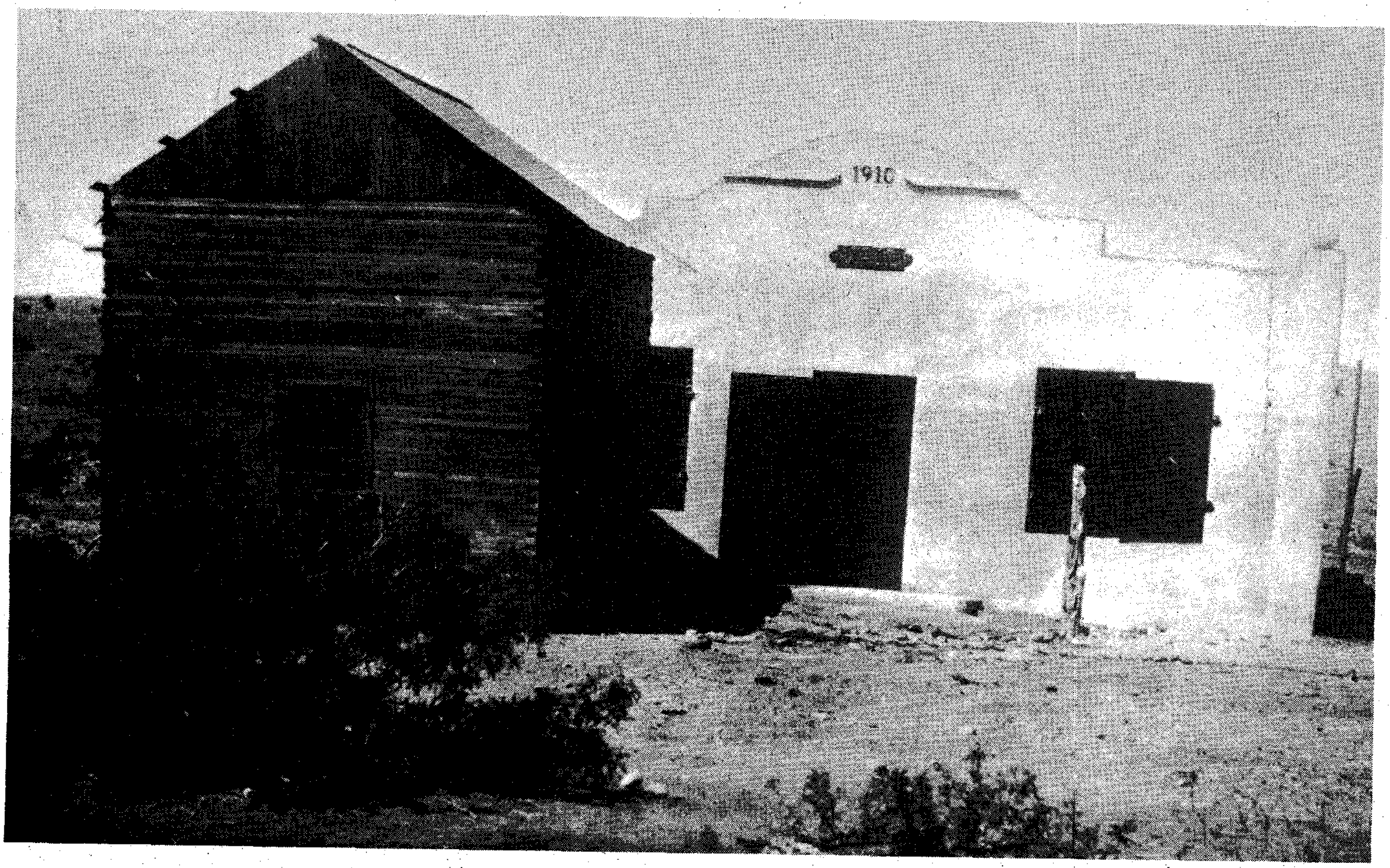
Arriving in Amarillo early in 1894—not yet eighteen but with McDonald's recommendation—Wes Cates (at left, on the left) became town marshal, the youngest ever to be appointed in Texas. He married Florence Margaret Allen in Brady, Texas on December 27, 1895.

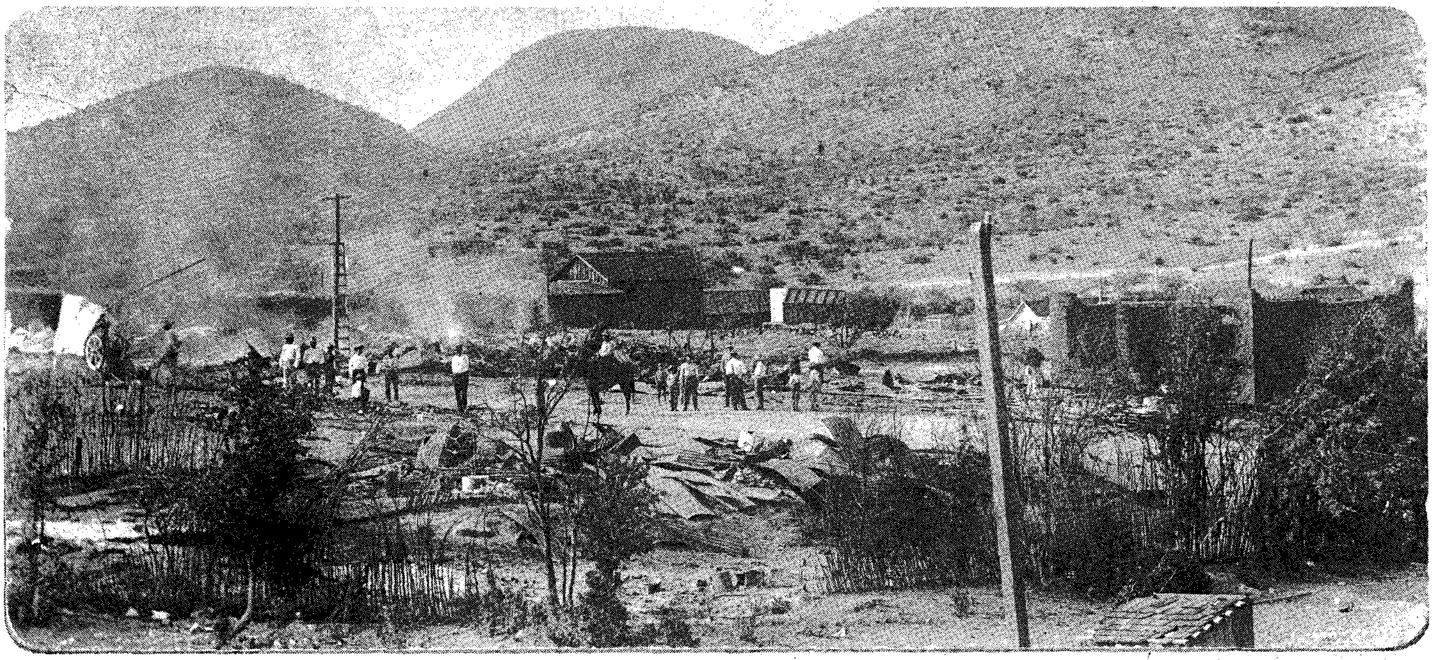
* * *

In 1901, Wes, his wife and two other families left San Saba County, Texas headed west. After a couple of years in Roswell, New Mexico as special deputy and cattle inspector, Cates moved on to Gleeson, Arizona. He became deputy under Sheriff Scott White about 1904 and received in Cochise County $2 for an arrest and 30¢ a mile, be it horseback or buggy mile. While living in Gleeson, Wes witnessed the fire which almost destroyed the town. He is on the horse in the center of the photo at right. The town was soon rebuilt (top photo, below right), although today it is a ghost.

* * *

The jail in Gleeson was a huge oak known as the "Hanging Tree." A prisoner was chained to the tree and there served his time—whether it was one day or thirty. The "jail" grew down in a wash where occasional flash floods kept it reasonably clean. Later a wooden jail was built, but after prisoners escaped that by removing half the roof, an adobe replacement was erected out back in 1910 (photo below left).

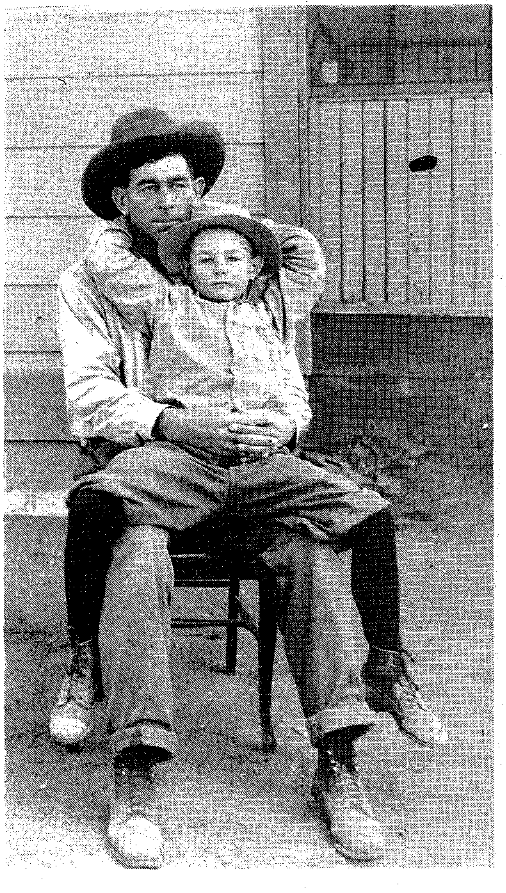




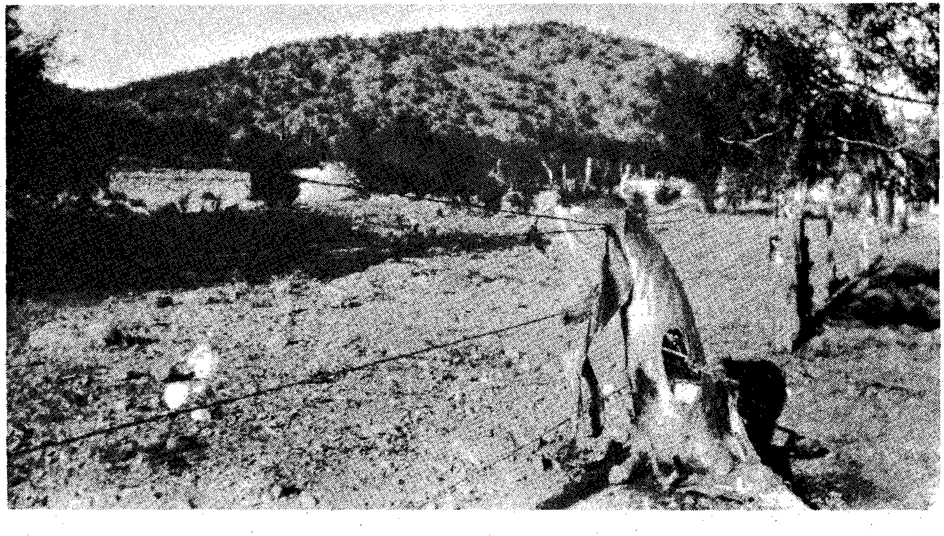
Bob Byers (below left with his son Billy), after losing his wife to a fever in Texas, sold his ranch and moved to Arizona, where in Casa Grande he met Wes Cates. Byers served there with Cates and also was a deputy in Red Rock.

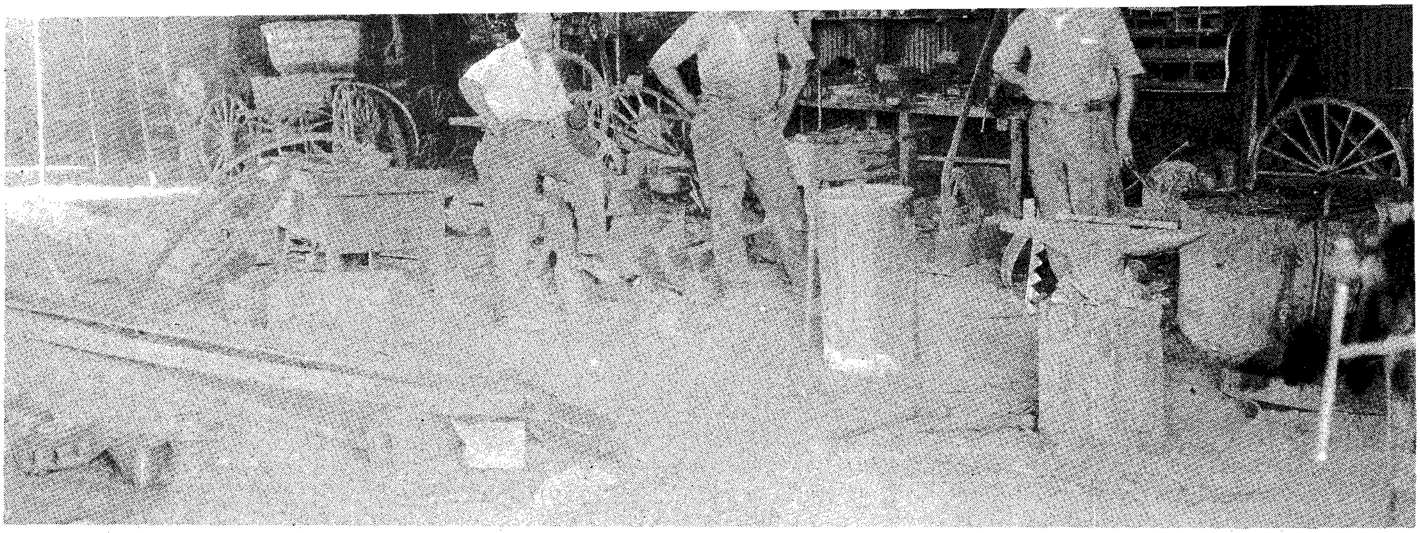
☆

About 1911 the Cates family moved to Casa Grande in Pinal County where Wes soon started a ranch, the FN Bar, at the foot of Table Top Mountains south of town. The photo below of a buck which had got caught and died on a fence was made on Wes' ranch.

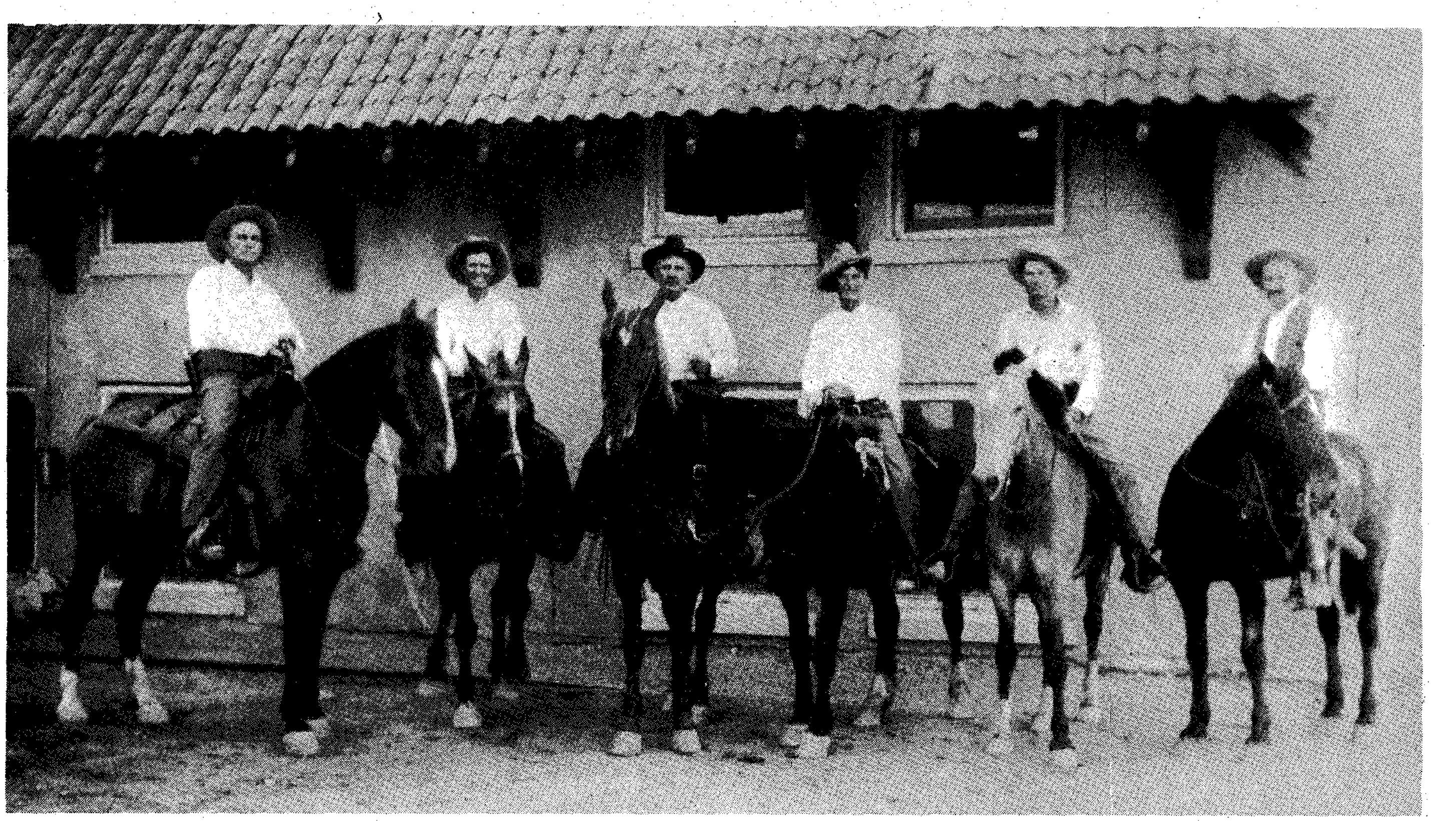


GLEESON ARIZ.





While a rancher, Wes became constable and deputy sheriff in Casa Grande, a job he held until 1927. During those years he was wounded four times. In Jinks McNatt's blacksmith shop (above) in Casa Grande about 1915 are, from left, Billy Newhouse, Big Bill Conley, and McNatt. Conley, a deputy under Cates, was killed in front of this shop about 1926. In 1928 Wes joined the mounted guard as a captain at Arizona State Prison in Florence where the photo below was taken (Wes is on the far left). He served under Scott White and Warden Henry Hall. Later, Pima County Sheriff Ed Echoles persuaded Cates to move to Tucson where he became a deputy and border patrolman. His last job as lawman was transporting federal prisoners for Captain Ben McKinney, U.S. marshal in Arizona. Wes Cates eventually put away his guns and died at home at the age of eighty. He is buried in the shadow of Santa Rita Mountains near Tucson.



TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails *have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives* who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Cisaro Bruce

My grandfather, Cisaro Bruce, was born about 1850 in Georgia. He came to Texas as a young man and taught school around Clarksville in Red River County. He married my grandfather, Tina Mankins and they had four girls: Mary Ada, my mother; Ella, Willie and Lou.

Cisaro was married before coming to Texas and had a baby boy. I believe his wife and son both died, which is why he left Georgia. He died in 1887.

My mother never knew any of his family. I'd appreciate information from anyone knowing of them.—Mrs. Geneva Fuller, 201 So. Georgia (Rear), Amarillo, Texas 79106

Allen-Duff

My grandmother was a Sioux Indian. Her maiden name was Harriet L. Allen, daughter of Issac Allen.

My grandfather's name was David Duff. The Duffs were Chippewa Indian and Scotch. My grandparents were ranchers in the Dakotas and Nebraska, and Grandma was also a mid-wife.

I'd appreciate hearing from anyone with any information.—Frances Duff Hosier, 205 Shoshone St., Camera Center Hotel, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Mahill

I would like to correspond with anyone having, or knowing of someone with, the last name Mahill. My grandfather Joseph Frank Mahill came to New Mexico from northeastern Missouri with his sister Molly Mahill Coe in 1878. There has been only one son for three generations in our family and I've run across names with similar spelling, but none spelled Mahill. My grandfather settled seventy-five miles west of Artesia in the Sacramento Mountains and there is a post office, Mayhill, New Mexico named after him. The "y" was inadvertently included when the post office was established in 1904. —John F. Mahill, Box 421, Tucumcari, New Mexico 88401

Shinkle

I am particularly interested in information or pictures concerning the Shinkle family and their last reunion held in Celestial, Iowa in 1884.

One photo would show my grandfather, William C. Shinkle; great-grandfather Benjamin Ray Shinkle; and great-great-grandfather, name unknown. I would like to hear from anyone who might be a relative.—Mrs. Richard Frank, Box 656, Chewelah, Washington 99109

Moore

Samuel Moore lived in Tennessee in the 1800s. He had a boy, John, who went to Arkansas and a son, Enoch Jasper, who moved to Texas. Enoch married three times and had children by each wife. His first wife was a McMann and they had Pamelia, Sam, George, Nathan, Jasper and Jim.

He and his second wife had Grandville and Lavada. By his third wife, Betty E. Culp, he had Emma, Albert, Charles (Dock), and Rosa Willie, my grandmother. I think Enoch died somewhere around Post Oak or Bowie, Texas. If anyone can tell me anything about this family, please write.—Mrs. J. K. McInroe, Route 4, Box 66, Stephenville, Texas 76401

Kenneth Glenn Merritt

I am trying to locate my older brother, Kenneth Glenn Merritt. He has not been heard of since 1927 and I'd like to know of his whereabouts. He would be about sixty-nine years old now. I think he was born in Horton, Kansas in 1900. My brother is very deaf and is left-handed as his right hand was badly burned when he was a very young child. He is fond of horses and cattle and may be on a ranch. He was kicked by a mule many years ago and has a large scar on his head from that accident.

If anyone can help me find him, I would thank them from the bottom of my heart.—Theodore Ivan Merritt, c/o Pacific Avenue Furniture, 16318 Pacific Ave., Spanaway, Washington 98444

Sanders

My great-grandfather was a Sanders. His children were Monroe; Hardin, who once won a duel; Lafayette, a lawyer; Marion, a doctor; Thurza; Arseneth; Cynthia; Gincy, raised near Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee, born 1830-1840. Gincy married Joseph Carter and they had ten children: Louise; Edwin; Elizabeth; Thurza; James; Amanda, who married Jim Sanders; Alie, who married John Howard about 1878 or '79; Joseph, who died young; Julia; Tom.

Alie Carter and John Howard's daughter, Laura Christine, is now eighty-seven years old and living in Evergreen Manor Rest Home in Burkburnett, Texas. I'd appreciated any information on any of the people named and will gladly repay postage.—LaVada Long, 136 Ave. F, Burkburnett, Texas 76354

Penson (Pinson)

I am looking for my mother and father whose last name is Penson (Pinson). I was born in Union, Mississippi in 1947 and was about a year old when I last saw my parents. My name then was Ruby Nell Penson. If anyone knows their whereabouts, please write or call collect, Area Code 601-435-2351. To find out about them, to see and talk with them, would mean a lot to me and to my two brothers whom I have located. I hope someone can help.—Mrs. Susan Toncrey, c/o Trade Winds Hotel, Apt. 307, Biloxi, Mississippi 30530

Clapper-Winkler-Redd-Hale

I am seeking information about Donald Le Roy Clapper or Winkler, born June 1, 1914 at St. Joseph, Missouri. His parents were Tessie Clapper and Henry Frank Winkler. Where were they married? Are they still living, and if so where?

I would also like to know what happened to John James Redd, born in Vinton County, Ohio in 1849. He was the son of Horace Redd and Elizabeth Daugherty. He married Susan Elizabeth Dispain in 1867 at St. Joseph, Missouri. Later he took the name of James Hale and was never heard from again. This man was my great-grandfather, and I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows anything about any of these people.—Elmer Evans, Rt. 3, Box 176, Columbus Grove, Ohio 45830

Buckhannon-Roden

My great-grandmother, Mary Jane Buckhannon, married Thomas Benton Roden. They had two children, Belle and Thomas Benton Roden. The boy was around twelve years old during the War between the States. I don't know where the children were born, but I'm anxious to hear from anyone knowing anything about this family.—Ethel Hatfield, 305 E. 4 St., Little Rock, Ark. 72202

John C. Hamilton

John C. Hamilton, tenth mayor of McPherson, Kansas, was born in Fredonia, Chatauqua County, New York in 1848, raised and educated there. When his health failed him, he came to Kansas in 1873 or 1874, and arrived in McPherson in 1879. He married Susan K. Guernsey of Buffalo, New York in 1875.

Hamilton, a miller, was associated with the Colburn Brothers of McPherson in the Queen Bee Mills, and later became associated with the Pearl Mills. He was Mayor in 1888-89, having previously been a member of the Council. In 1900 he was on the School Board.

Indications are that the Hamiltons may have had no children, and they moved from McPherson, probably back to the Fredonia, New York area about 1910. I would be very interested in contacting any descendants regarding a picture for the Centennial collection, and for additional biographical information.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill St., McPherson, Kansas 67640

Hicks

My line comes through one Rev. John Hicks, born 1785-1790, died October, 1842, who lived near Hartsville in the Darlington district of South Carolina. He married Susanna (Bryan?) about 1810. She was born in South Carolina in 1797, per the 1850 census, and died in 1854 at Ft. Davis, Alabama, where she and several members of her family had moved in 1851.

John and Susanna had eleven children: Mary; Lewis B., who moved to Alabama and whose children went to Texas; Elizabeth; James E., who moved to Alabama; William D., who moved to Louisiana; Robert N., who stayed in South Carolina; John, who moved to Texas; Sara Amanda; Thomas Mason, Alabama; Susanna Caroline.

My main interest lies in who John's and Susanna's parents were, dates of their births, and proof of her maiden name. It is possible that the Rev. John comes through the John Hicks line of Anson County, North Carolina (1750) who was a son of Capt. Robert Hicks of Virginia. I am offering to be a clearing house for the Hicks name in the selfish interest of finding out more about my own line.—Lloyd Hicks, 17300 SW 298th St., Homestead, Florida 33030

Shirley-Johnson

My grandfather, Andrew Jackson Shirley, had two sisters, Jane and Tennessee, and four brothers, Erwin, Cleave, Bill and John. His father was Joseph Shirley. They were part Cherokee, and from the same part of the country that Belle Starr's folks were from. I would like to find out if there is any connection.

My grandmother was Susie Johnson before she married Shirley. I believe her mother's maiden name was Webb.—Mrs. Mona Cruz, 354 Murphy Cr. Road, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526

Benton-Rathbun-Hamerly-Beddow-Lieske

I would appreciate hearing from any kin of these people:

Joel and Margaret Benton lived in the Sandusky, Ohio area about 1845 and Stephenson, Illinois about 1855. Sons included Isaiah, Anson M., Joel C., George W., and John Q.

Nathaniel and Margaret Rathbun, parents of Mary Shoesmith, Hattie Standard, Oscar and Herman, lived in the Guthrie Center, Iowa area.

Leonhard and Ursula Hamerly, parents of Samuel, Henry, William, Alfred and Leonard, are known to have lived in New Glarus, Wisconsin in 1851.

Fielding Robert Beddow, a Civil War participant from Iowa, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia about 1828.

Frederick and Wilhemina Zanders Lieske came from Marienburg, East Prussia about 1883. Brothers of Frederick may have been Lew, Robert, Ed, Herman and August.—Theo Beddow Lieske, 207 7th Avenue North, Fort Dodge, Iowa 50501

Julia Green Dickson

I would like any information concerning Julia Green Dickson who was born at Weatherford, Texas, January 1891. She was the daughter of a Weatherford and a Green. Her mother's people founded Weatherford, Texas. She married Theodore Dickson and had twelve children, eleven of whom are still living. Julia died in McCamey, Texas in 1940 and Theodore died in California in 1969.—Betty Dickson Farmer, 607 South Jackson, Fort Stockton, Texas 79735

Armstrong

My great-grandfather, Daniel Freel Armstrong, was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia in 1797. He married Sarah Nutter, born September 28, 1799, in Harrison County, Virginia. They had twelve children. In 1838 they moved to Clark County, Illinois where they lived until 1855, when they moved to Ringold County, Iowa.

When they left Illinois, the family all went with them except the oldest son, William, who married in Illinois. The family never heard from him again. I am wondering if any of his descendants are still living. If so, I would enjoy hearing from any of them.—M. C. Armstrong, P. O. Box 482, Escalon, California 95320

Gabriel Stigall

I hope someone can give me information on my great-uncle, Gabriel Stigall. He was born in Kentucky around 1858-60. He homesteaded in Montana between 1885 and 1895. He sold his land and returned to Kentucky around 1918-19. He stayed in Kentucky for less than a year, then said he was going down south. We never heard from him again. He may have not gone south, but back out west.

His brothers and sisters were Jim; John; Will; Sarah; Polly; my grandmother, Amanda Stigall Crum; Dell; Francis; Martha Ann; and step-brothers and sisters Fred Sparks; Ellic Sparks; and Nancy Jane Sparks Nichols. My mother said all were born in Kentucky.

Any information concerning my great-uncle and relatives will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. S. P. Berdar, Box 113 R. D. #2, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania 16374

Maris

Our outfit, SPU424, Motor Transport Corps, Camp Holabird, Maryland in the year 1918 was made up of men too old and too young to be drafted. Charles Marris and I were the two too young Westerners—he from Salt Lake, Utah and I from Rupert, Idaho. We kept in touch for several years, then lost track. It is quite possible that we are the only ones of our outfit still alive. I would greatly appreciate any information about Charles Maris.—Rembert Ray, 100 East Bay Avenue, Balboa, California 92661

Posey-Taylors-Funstons-Christians

My grandfather, George K. Posey, was born in Louisiana. His father was born in Georgia. My grandfather disappeared in the early 1900s, leaving my grandmother with children. So far, I can find no record of his death anywhere. We think he was part Indian. I would appreciate hearing from anyone in this connection, and from Taylors, Funstons and Christians.—Mrs. G. Funston Bilbrey, R 2 824 N. 5th, Frederick, Oklahoma 73542

Porter-Drase-Young

On November 8, 1859 Mary Porter gave birth to a baby boy at Medina, Ohio. She called him Henry Erving Young. I would like very much to get some information on who his father was, and also on who the parents of Mary E. Porter were. She had a sister, Anne, who married Henry E., and who were my parents.

I have heard that Mrs. Porter, Sr.'s maiden name was Mary Drase and that John Porter and wife, Jane, who are in the Christian County, Illinois History Book of Archives was a brother to Mary and Jane. I knew them as aunt and uncle.

Mary Porter married Michael Young, on her second marriage and they raised Henry. They were the only grandparents I knew until I looked up his army records and he only listed sons that I knew as uncles. No mention of Henry, my dad, was made.

Please write me if you know anything of this family.—Mrs. Lottie Willadsen, 2126 West "A" St., Torrington, Wyoming 82240

Amos Harrison-Bailey Anderson

I am looking for descendants of Amos Harrison, born in 1833 in Tennessee. He was the son of Richard Harrison. Amos lived in Montague County, Texas after the Civil War and had eight children.

I also wish to contact descendents of Bailey Anderson, who went to Texas in 1819 with his son Bailey, Jr. and family. They lived in the Sabine district in 1835, and he died in Harrison County, Texas in 1840.—Walter L. Harrison, 1643 No. Main, Longmont, Colorado 80501

Middleton

I need information about a Middleton, born about 1815. His first name may have been William. He had two sons, Jessie and William. William, born 1838, married Rosalina Estes about 1863. She was born in 1845 and was living at Fort Necessity, Louisiana at the time of her death, 1922.

From Mississippi they moved to Columbia, Louisiana. They had eight children, among them, my aunt, Mary Elisabeth, who lived to be 96 years old; and my father, William, called Bill.—William Hibert Middleton, Route 4 Box 156, Rayville, Louisiana 71269

Gaffney-Lewis

In 1869 a mother died in Geneva, New York leaving four small children: baby, Will Lewis; Kathryn Alice Lewis, aged four; Lawrence; and Mary Lewis. They were all put in an orphans home in Penn Yam, New York under the name of Gaffney. The father could not be located.

In 1868 or '69, Kathryn, my mother, was adopted by a family named Jennings. She was seven years old. At twelve she was sent to Illinois with some people named Sears, who were relatives of the Jennings. At fifteen, she went to live with the Horace Perrys, and moved to Mellette, South Dakota. It was there that she married my father, Howard Perry, June 4, 1882, when Dakota was still a territory.

I would like to hear from anyone knowing of the Gaffney or Lewis family.—Edith Doris Perry Dotson, 1210 S. E. Overlook Ave., Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Lara

I would appreciate very much hearing from anyone who knew the Lara family of El Paso, Texas at the turn of the century. The mother's name was Luz. The father's name was Ishmael, and he had a brother called Tony. Tony left Texas in 1916 with a son of Ishmael's named

Tom or Thomas. They went to Idaho with a work crew.—Essie H. Lara, Box 342, Lowell, Oregon 97452

Doyle

According to family history, a great-great-uncle of mine by the name of Columbus Doyle, a brother of Albert Berry Doyle, my great-grandfather, was a Texas state senator or representative. This was probably soon after Texas joined the Union in 1845. The family was known to have lived in the Denton-Kaufman-Johnson Counties area.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone having information on either man.—John H. Doyle, 6017 Xenon Street, Arvada, Colorado 80002

Leah Windham-Jonathon Graham

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about my grandparents, Leah Windham and Jonathon Graham, who married in Mississippi about 1850. They had seven sons and Grandpa died in the Civil War in 1864. My father, William Andrew Graham, was nine years old at the time.

In 1872, Grandma and six of the boys came to Burnet County, Texas, where I think I may still have some cousins. The eldest son stayed in Mississippi.—Nancy Fambro, Route 7C Box 3131, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

donkeys arrived from Texas. The people never got over that, seeing so many donkeys at once.

A few years ago on the east side of Portland—a place called Eastman Place—the new owners had a goat and he was eating some of the greenery. They discovered an old slab which had lain there for years and years. The editor of the *Oregonian* didn't know who J. Pullen was. Well, I did some phoning to Blue Lake and found out it was my grandmother on my father's side. Her name was Julia Pullen. After all these years, a goat had to find her. Well, all my folks are gone now, bless them, but we must keep their memories alive and carry on. Again, I wish to say I enjoy your magazines.—Mrs. Jessie Glaze, 1227 S.E. 86th, Portland Oregon 97216

Great Northern Souvenirs

Your article in FRONTIER TIMES for September 1970, "I Was A Brakeman on the Great Northern," was one of the most interesting stories I have read in western magazines for some time.

I happen to have an old bulletin issued by Jay Cooke Sons of Philadelphia where they were selling gold bonds to finance the building of the Great Northern. I also have from my grandfather's effects, two ticket stubs he used in traveling to San Francisco in 1870, just after completion of the first transcontinental (Union Pacific). I also have one of the commemorative stamps issued in 1869—The Railroad.

If you know a railroad buff, would like to hear from him on this subject.—V. H. Ullom, Ullom's Games, Inc., Rogersville, Pennsylvania 15359

Happy Hours With Jimmy Durkin

I enjoyed your Spokane saloonkeeper article in May 1970 FRONTIER TIMES very much. I had to backtrack and read it again, as we lived in Spokane in the late 1920s and early 1930s. We moved to Seattle, Washington in 1941.

We spent many hours in the Durkin and Ulrich establishment for entertainment. It was a clean and orderly place. We would play cards or pool and liked Mr. Durkin very much. Many people missed him when he passed on in 1934. If we had any complaint, we could always go to Mr. Durkin and get a fair deal.—Simon Koch, 13028 175 Avenue, S.E., Renton, Washington 98055

Chasing a Poor Little Fly

Your article, "Doc Crumbine of Dodge City" by I. L. Pfalser in the November FRONTIER TIMES really got my attention for last December while in Larned, Kansas, Isabel Campbell told me that she had recently acquired a "Don't Spit on the Sidewalk" brick. I didn't get to see it but was familiar with the fact they are being collected.

Also, Hal Evans, until recently editor of the Larned, Kansas *Tiller & Toiler*, said that Dr. Crumbine's "Swat the Fly" campaign inspired the first thing he ever wrote which appeared in public print. He was twelve years old at the time.

The Topeka *Capital* was soliciting limericks at that time and Hal wrote one about Doc chasing a fly with a lethal fly-swatter in his hand:

I saw Dr. Crumbine go by
He was chasing a poor little fly
He whacked on his head
Until he was dead
And said 'What a good boy am I!'

—Wendell E. Smith, 1635 Alpine Terrace Road, Alpine, California 92001

Praise From England

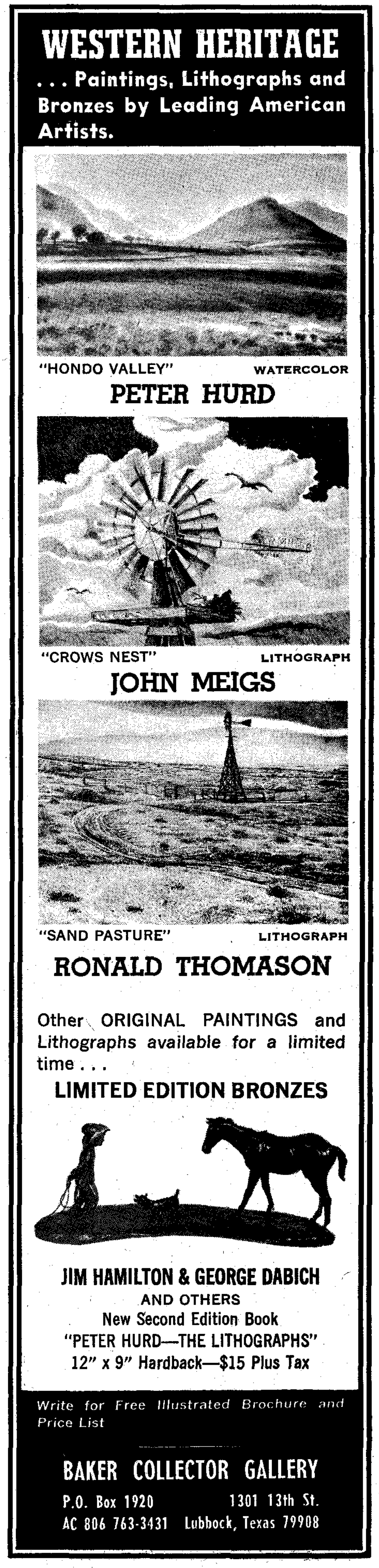
One often reads praise for a story in FRONTIER TIMES or TRUE WEST. I write to let you know how much I enjoy these stories and the grand illustrations of Al Martin Napoletano. His drawings really make these stories live for me. The horses and western folk are super.

I enjoy writing to people who like the West and those who are interested in preserving ghost towns and deserts. Thank you for your fine, *true* magazines.—R. W. Tyrrell, 14 Caystreward, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk, England

Panama Canal Veterans

Perhaps your readers could aid me in reaching old-timers who worked on the Panama Canal and Railroad, or in any part of Central America during the early years of the century.

I would love to hear from any of them, or from their children and friends regarding living and working conditions, housing, humorous incidents—indeed, anything they remember about the early days there. I'm trying to compile a history of the people who went to work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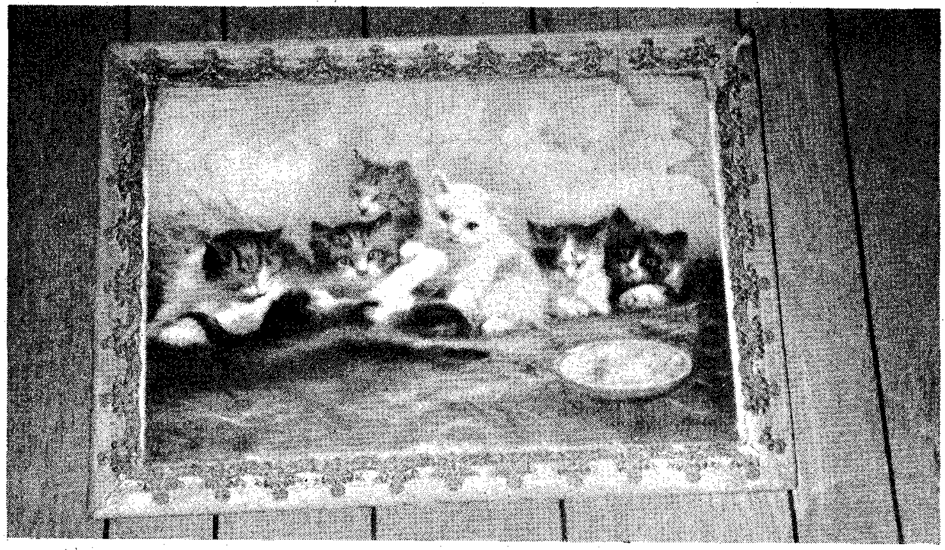

Merie Goose Newcome

I have a very good portrait that was given to me by my wife's grandmother right after World War II. The old picture has been in my reading room for years, where I keep a few odds and ends.

The portrait is as you see it. The painter is Merie Goose Newcome. Her name and the date (1892) are in the bottom right corner. I am wondering if any of your readers can tell me anything about Merie Goose Newcome—who she was and if she painted more than this one portrait?—R. C. Owens, 103 Elm Street, Baldwin City, Kansas 66006

Origin of Races

People are really interested in your magazines and in true history not often found in history books. In addition, I am curious about the origin of races, nationalities, languages, religions. I've written to some of the highest authorities, and there is still much we don't know involving much research. I'd like to hear from others interested in these things, and to know what sources they've explored.—Elmo A. Nelson, Route Box 154, Crystal Falls, Michigan 49920

Get Away From It All!

Well, I just made up my mind to write you to see if you, or some of your readers, could help me. I am a Missourian who would like to know where I could go in the West to get away from the people who make up the world today. I'd like to get with an old-timer in some out-of-the-way place and live my life as I want to, hunting, prospecting, and enjoying the great outdoors.

I read anything about the West as it used to be, and FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST and OLD WEST are truly fine.—Billy McGatha, R.R. 2, Stockton, Missouri 65201

Early Oregon News Available

I have an old leather-bound ledger that someone of years gone by used as a scrapbook. I thought it might be helpful to people trying to trace ancestors. The information dates from 1890 through 1909; all of the towns or townships are, or were, located in Oregon. Most of the newspaper accounts are of marriages, births, deaths in Coquille, Empire City, Gillman, Beaver Hill, Coos City, Coos Bay, Brandon, Myrtle Point, Beaver Slough, Marsfield, Oakland and Riverton.

They are from the following papers: *Brandon Recorder*, *Coquille City Herald* and *Coos Bay News*. There are full accounts of "Quantrell and his men" and many poems.

I'll answer any letter that has a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We read FRONTIER TIMES with such great pleasure, and your photo coverage is excellent.—Mrs. Dixie P. Walters, 2946 Leland St., Redding, California 96001

When Did Lordsburg Go "Dry"?

I would like some information on the day, month, and year Lordsburg, New Mexico went dry. I was on the Lordsburg flats, working for Isaac Van Meter in a roundup at Charley Fuller's, about ten miles from Van Meter. I'm trying to get a story together and have forgotten the date. I guess all of New Mexico went dry under the Volstead Act.—Sidney A. Jordan, Thunderbird Guest Lodge, 7830 N. 59 Ave., Glendale, Arizona 85301

Never Finished His Chess Game

Approximately fifty years ago (1920s) this article appeared in the *Anaconda Standard* paper, Anaconda, Montana. It has bothered my father, who cut the piece out, all these years. Perhaps there is someone who can shed some more light on it:

"Skeleton of Man Found At Unfinished Chess Game"

"Los Angeles—Members of the E. C. LaRue Expedition, recently returned from exploring the Colorado River, came upon a skeleton of a man seated at a table in a mud cabin in a remote section. Hand-whittled chessmen still held their positions in an incompleted game on a rough chess board on the table. Opposite the skeleton was a vacant chair, pushed back, as if the opponent in the game suddenly had left his companion and the game.

"This is the strange story brought back by Bob Barber, correspondent of a New York newspaper, who accompanied the expedition.

" 'We discovered the skeleton in a mud cabin 350 feet above the river, twenty miles below Lee's Ferry,' said Barber. 'Shreds of clothing hung from the bones of the skeleton at the chess game. The chess men, whittled from the light, porous fiber of the Joshua tree, indicated that the game, started years ago, never was finished.

" 'Beyond a few weather-worn letters, a check book issued by the First National Bank of Durango, Colorado, cooking implements, pots and pans, nothing was found to account for the apparent sudden death of the man.

" 'Personally, I believe he was murdered, for in those days—we figured it was about 1894—every prospector in that region packed a gun. No gun was found and I believe his assailant took his weapon with him or possibly threw it into the river. A quarrel may have ensued over that unfinished game of chess.' "—Mrs. Darrell Rumley, Star Route, Coulee Dam, Washington 99116

Supper With Buffalo Bill

I had an uncle who traveled with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show for many years, a Mr. Charles E. Bennett. I have a picture "original" of his show taken in New York in 1911 or 1912, the train schedule for his show for 1912, a picture of Bill taken in 1904, two of his payroll checks and a leather pouch he carried when he rode Pony Express. My uncle and a Mr. Wilby Maddox, who was also in the show, and Buffalo Bill were at my parent's home for supper in 1910. I was only 14 months old, but I have eaten with Buffalo Bill! How's that? Maybe someone who was with the show will write to me.—Jesse Parkinson, R.R. 6, Box 368, Muncie, Indiana 47302

Little Acorns and How They Grew

When the story, "Sixty Years Ago on the Kootenai," by Eyra Sievers appeared in September, 1970 FRONTIER TIMES, I added a few "tidbits" which appeared in *The Western News* (Libby, Montana). Even newcomers here, reading the story, might be intrigued to learn how far the "stump-jumpers" in the picture of Swamp Creek schoolhouse have come. According to Grace Kenelty, one of Lincoln County's pioneer daughters who took her own eighth grade examinations in this rough schoolhouse—all of these students, and several in particular, have gone far. For instance, the smallest boy in the picture (near the dog) visited Miss Kenelty some time ago and reported that he was building a fifteen-story building in San Francisco, drawing the blueprints himself, and mentioned parenthetically that he had just bought a million-dollar business (insurance) for his daughter. His brother, Sam Schneider, at last report was running the crack train between

Sacramento and Las Vegas. He is the boy standing on the outside on the other side of the dog in the picture accompanying Mrs. Siever's story.

The girl standing in the middle position behind Will's shoulder, Lena Ayotte, was unofficially adopted by people named Listo. Albert Listo was noted chiefly for his fine horses and sizable diamond ring. His father was a Virginia plantation owner (tobacco)—and his father in turn had been a U. S. ambassador to Holland. Little Lena's mother had been the sole Indian girl survivor of a white man's massacre instituted to get the Indians to move their lines back. This Indian girl later married one of the pioneer white men, Lena's father.

This, however, was not an open ticket to bliss. There were times when this dear lady, always spotless in dress, visited neighbors—commented on being "sick" and was given, usually, some token gifts of the fruit of the land, which always seemed to improve her spirits, as she could be heard whistling joyously on her way home.

Prior to Lena's adoption by the Listos she lived with this family and its sod floor, and when "the rains came" the children brought in stumps so that they could hop from one place to another within the small house where the beds were tiered one above the other along the wall. And, of course, it is not surprising that later on in Lena's adult life, desiring to obtain a position as postmistress in a New Jersey town, she found herself, as other pioneer men and women have, minus a birth certificate. The approximate time of her birth had to be verified, finally, by a store owner in Libby.

Mrs. Siever's story, for the most part, seems to concern itself with the area around what is probably now Blackwell's Trailer Court or thereabouts, and Libby where a typical teacher has typical adventures that not only could have happened but did happen there over a half-century ago. —Gladys Hill Naasz, Secretary, MIA Writers, Libby, Montana 59923

Visited Johnson Institute

By chance I found out about FRONTIER TIMES. I was telling a friend about going to the old Johnson Institute, now a Boy Scout camp this past Fourth of July. I went with my granddaughter to pick up her son, who goes there each summer for four weeks. I went to Driftwood where my grandfather and grandmother, the Joe Rogers, are buried and to see their old home, a big rock house owned and well kept by Oldham Rogers. I was born nearby. My mother was Anna Rogers. My father's old home is in Bastrop, Texas. I also visited the old cemetery there where his folks are buried.

In telling this story to a friend, she said she'd read about this and bought me a copy of your March 1970 issue of FRONTIER TIMES. I came from that country to Plainview in a covered wagon. —Kate Price, 1810 West 10th, Plainview, Texas 79072

Memories of Prowers Ranch

I was interested in reading the story of Amache in the September 1970 FRON-

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TIER TIMES. When I was young I lived close to the old Prowers Ranch headquarters across the Arkansas River, north of the mouth of Caddoa Creek. My brothers own most of this land now and it is a thriving irrigated ranch. The headquarters land is now government owned, acquired to get stone for riprapping on the nearby John Martin Dam. This dam was completed in 1947.

The government was very short-sighted though, as usual. They have this area in a government park now for fishing and picnicking. When they acquired this land the stone walls of the old Prowers Ranch were still in good repair and some of the stable roofs were still on but there was no wood, as I remember it, in the house part. I do not know whether this was due to fire or to homesteaders hauling the lumber away to use on their own land. Anyway, the stone walls along with the rocky hill that protected the buildings from the northwest blizzards in the winter are all rip-rap in the dam now.

What a drawing card that would have been to have restored this old ranch which was really the oldest building in the area. I have never seen any pictures of these buildings but it is possible that someone may have one. My memory may not be right as it has been fifty years ago I trapped around and even *in* these old buildings.

I do not believe John Prowers trusted his Indian friends too much though, because the buildings were really a fort. There were rifle ports all the way around, about seven feet above the ground on the outside but with stone blocks on the inside to bring you up to shoot easily through them. There was no sign of a gate left, but I imagine it was massive and was shut at the slightest hint of danger. The bluff on the backside would have been easily held if the white man was on it first, but it looked to me like it would have been bad if the Indians ever got there first as then they could shoot down into the buildings.

The old-timers used to tell that Prowers built the first barbed wire fence in what was then Bent County. The way I understood, it ran northwest across the open prairie for about twenty or twenty-five miles. It was a drift fence to bring the cattle back to the ranch in the big blizzards that used to plague this country. Someone didn't like it and reported it to the government and they sent soldiers to take it down as it was on goverment land. This could have been when Agnes Wright Spring tells about the soldiers holding Prowers and his cowboys prisoners for the two days, as it would not have taken them any longer than this to ruin the fence. The soldiers went along the fence and cut the wire on each side of the posts. I would like to find some of that wire now. Anyhow, after digging postholes and stretching wire, the cowboys needed a little restraining when someone decided to ruin it.—Floyd Verhoeff, Holly, Colorado 81047

Gandy Dancer on the Big G

The story by Victor White in the September FRONTIER TIMES about experiences on the Great Northern Railway was interesting as I worked for eighteen years as a "Gandy Dancer" on the "Big G" and many of the names and places he mentioned are familiar as I've traveled over most of the Great Northern system (now Burlington Northern).

I've also been a collector of railway photos and history for almost thirty years and I believe I'm right when I say that Mr. White consulted me at one time, asking for information on where to obtain historical photos for his railway story.

It's quite possible that the late veteran Great Northern engineer, "Jack" Farrell, was related to J. D. Farrell mentioned in the story, as they both came from Canada. Jack was engineer on the local passenger train #253-254 between Wenatchee and Oroville, Washington for many years. Other late engineers included Harry Dean, Ernie Hummer and Jack Devis. Another is Sam Houston, now retired and living in Spokane, Washington. Another late veteran of Great Northern service was brakeman (and later conductor) Lee Pickett of Index, Washington. He took many early day railroad photos and some are in the public museum at Tacoma. The railway company (Burlington Northern) has some and his wife still has some.

During construction of the Great Northern over the Cascade Mountains in the winter of 1892-93 a great many photos were taken by A. B. Wilse, who later went back to his home country of Norway and became photographer for the royal family. Almost forty of these photos found their way into the hands of a young fellow named Archie Barnes Martin, who later became an official of a large business firm in San Francisco. When Martin died in 1945 these photos were stored in an old trunk and not discovered until about two years ago. Now I have thirty-nine more historical photos to go with those I already have. These photos show construction camps, laying track, clearing snow from the roadbed by hand and other scenes.

I also fired an old steam derrick #1777 for about a week during a relay job, and for a greenhorn fireman I did quite well. Garland "Gabe" DeChenne was engineer and Don Applegate or Jim Culverwell was pilot or conductor. We used "Sand Coulee" Montana coal which was full of slate and iron pyrites so keeping up steam was quite a chore. On the last day I fired it, I got a bunch of klinkers stuck to the grates and that ruined my steam pressure. We managed to get back to headquarters and that's the first and last time I ever fired an engine or derrick for the railroad. Many years later a greenhorn operator reached too far to one side to pick up a heavy load and tipped over the derrick and killed a man, so it was scrapped.

I have two photos showing the engines of two trains buried in snow at the scene of the Wellington disaster in 1910. There have been other wrecks or disasters on this line, but none as bad as Wellington.

The "Big Mallet" shown on page 14 was one of their first really *big* engines and this one is quite likely a 4-6-6-2 "compound" type. Later these engines were rebuilt in the Hillyard and Willmer shops and enlarged to become 2-8-9-9's and 2-8-8-2's articulated type with a Belpaire firebox—one of the best and largest fireboxes ever built for any railroad. The engine numbers were also changed from the 1900s to the 2000s.

These big engines were slow getting started but could pull a long string of loads and it was always a thrill to hear one snortin' up a grade. When they were converted to oil burners, the brakehead (fireman) shoveled the fuel with a valve! I've watched many of these Mallets snortin' up the grade eastbound out of Shelby, Montana or up Trinidad Hill between Rock Island and Quincy, Washington. All but one or two on permanent display have been cut up for scrap. The old Oriental Limited is now the Empire Builder.

Trains #27 and 28 used to be the fast mail and used the 2100 or 2500 series engines of 4-8-4 wheelage. They had high drivers and once they got out on the line they really scorched the ballast, while the fireman kept a white feather on the safety valve and the hoghead hung on the whistle cord for the various crossings, switches and sidings. I rode the blinds (as a hobo) on these trains and it's an experience you never forget.

In later years one of the world's largest juice hogs (electric engines) was built right here at Appleyard (South Wenatchee) and when the Great Northern changed to diesel power this engine and several other #5100 electrics were sold to the Milwaukee Railroad and some to the Pennsylvania Railroad. I think all have been scrapped by this time although the Milwaukee still uses electric engines through the Bitterroot Mountains.

The engine "William Crooks" is still on permanent display in the railroad's Union Depot at St. Paul, Minnesota. Other and later-model steam locomotives are on permanent display at Willmar, Minnesota; Minot, North Dakota; Wenatchee, Washington; Seattle, Washington; and maybe Havre or Glasglow, Montana.

The old and the newer Appleyard Hotels are still in use but no longer used by railroad men except by choice. Leavenworth, Washington is no longer a railroad town as it died when the terminal was moved to Wenatchee. But special snow trains in winter come through there from Seattle and during the "Autumn Leaf Festival" special trains come over from West Coast points and also from Spokane. The photo at the bottom of page 14 looks very much like Skykomish, Washington as that's where the juice hogs hooked on to take trains through the Cascade Tunnel. How I'd like to see the glory days of steam railroading come back again.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Adolph Nevares

In regard to the article by Harriett Farnsworth on Adolph Nevares in your May 1970 issue, I thought you would be interested to know that I was associated with Mr. Nevares off and on in 1907, '08 and '14. We have kept in touch all these years. He died March 26, 1969.

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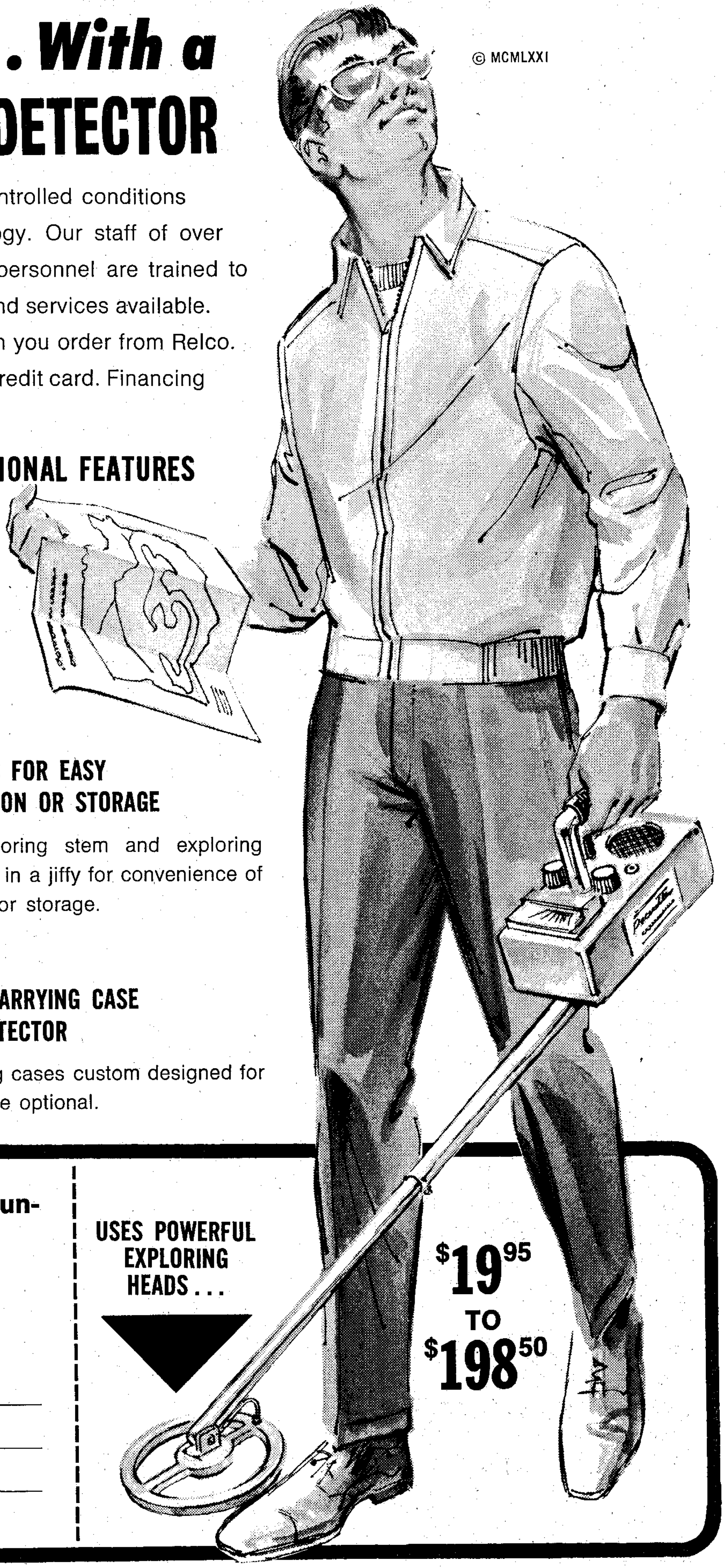

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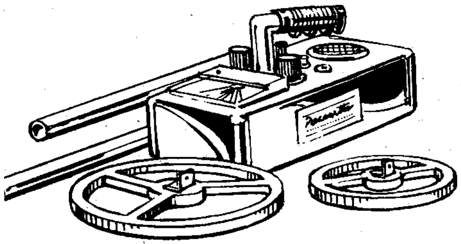

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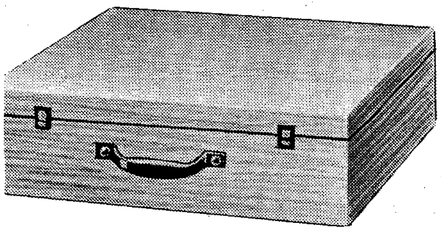

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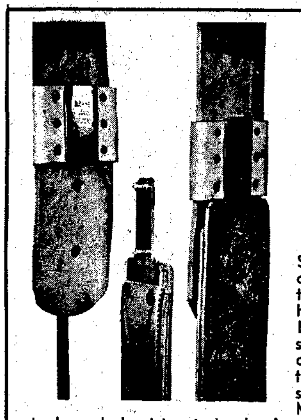

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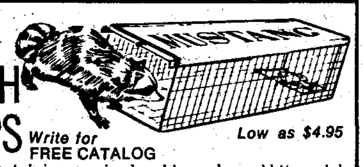

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He fell in his home in San Bernardino and injured his head, causing him to be paralyzed and unable to move or call for help. He sat there and dehydrated and was nearly dead when found. He was taken to the hospital where he died.

He was a very remarkable man, a good man and 103 years old when he died. He was in perfect health and would probably be alive today if it had not been for that unfortunate fall.—Harry Hoefler, Mi-Wuk Village, California 95346

Pioneers in Brazil

You may be interested to know that we have received more than 100 letters and are still hearing from readers of FRONTIER TIMES in response to our letter which appeared in your issue of about November 1964—proof that your readers do not discard old issues! We have, we think, answered every letter.

To all those who have expressed such an interest in pioneering and frontier life: We are now permanent residents in the Brazilian Amazon Valley area and we are actually starting out on our long-dreamed-of venture of breeding cattle in the wilderness. This country is as wild and challenging as we described it six years ago, but it is opening up rapidly.

It has been most heartening to us to know that so many people share our feelings, and we would be delighted to continue correspondence with those who are interested in our life in this vast country that is literally the last frontier.—Shelley S. Swigart, Caixa Postal, 486, Cuiabá, Mato Grosso, Brazil

Denton, Texas Shooting

I would like to hear from anyone that has information on the shooting of a man who was trying to break into the home of Mrs. Margie Smith, widow of Jacob G. (Jake) Smith. This happened at or near Denton, Texas between 1888 and 1894.

Mrs. Smith shot through the door and did not know she had killed the man. He was later found in a field. If there was a trial, she was not convicted. I'd like to know who the man was, or anything else about the incident.—Mrs. Alta McKenzie, 805 East Broadway, Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401

A Search for Home

(Continued from page 31)

earth tremor and we had felt it in Duval County. The second incident was the appearance of Halley's Comet. It appeared on a beautiful evening and we could see it streaking through the western sky with its long beautiful tail. Dad said that it would not be seen for another seventy-seven years.

In the fall, Nora Childres took the position of schoolteacher in our district. School was opened in one of the rooms at the Childres ranch house. My two sisters, my brother Edwin and I, were the only students. We drove eight miles to school in a buggy and I loved every mile as we saw lots of wild life on the way in the early mornings. I loved our teacher—Miss Nora, as we called her. She was very kind and considerate and would let me play their Edison phonograph during recess. Some of the songs that I remember are "Silver Bell," "Come, Josephine, In My Flying Machine," and "Redwing."

DAD decided about this time to build a large tank so we wouldn't have to haul our water. We couldn't have well water because it was too alkali to drink. The tank was built across an arroyo on the side of a hill about a mile from the house. A big rain came when it was finished and filled it.

Dad had put an inch-and-a-half pipe through the levee and capped it. Now he said we would move the house below the tank, and pipe the water into the house and to the corrals. This project took six months to complete. We cut and trimmed mesquite logs about ten inches thick and three feet long for rollers. We put down 2" x 12" x 16' boards under the rollers and let the house down on the logs. Then we hitched a team of mules onto the house with long chains. Away we went, picking up the rollers and boards in back and placing them in front as we went along. We went up a little rise and had to block the rear at every stop to keep the house from rolling back. When we went down the hill, we had to hitch the mules to the back and let them back down the hill slowly to keep the house from getting away from us.

Everything worked fine until we got down in the valley and it started to rain. Boy, what a mess! We bogged down and had to stay there for three weeks until it finally dried up. Everyday we had to go back to the old homesite and feed the hogs and chickens which had not been moved. Then we had to go back to where the house was to be moved and milk the cows, feed the rest of the stock that had been moved, and then back to where the house was now standing to sleep and eat. Finally the move was completed and we had running water wherever it was needed. One of the places that we had water was the garden right back of the levee and there, with the aid of irrigation, we raised the most wonderful crop of garden vegetables you would wish to see.

One night about dark it began to rain. By two o'clock in the morning, it was pouring down—no lightning or thunder—just pouring down rain. Dad got Edwin out of bed and with a lantern, pick and shovels, they went to the tank to cut the levee at the lower end to keep the water from coming over the top and washing the whole dam away. Dad was afraid it would come in faster than it could get out, once the dam was full. Well, by doing this the levee held.

By noon the next day it had rained twenty-three inches. The country around us looked like a sea with only the hilltops sticking out like islands. We had the largest body of water for twenty-five miles around—twenty-four feet deep in some places.

Then a drouth set in and for thirteen months it didn't rain enough to add more than six inches or so to the tank at a time. Most of the other tanks in the area dried up altogether or became so stagnant the water was unfit for human consumption. People began to haul their drinking water from our place. Wild animals—panthers that usually stayed on the Nueces River, as well as smaller animals—began to congregate at our tank for water. Herbivorous animals could find nothing to eat; cattle and horses began to die. There was so much carrion that the flesh-eaters got so fat they just lay in the shade all day and never moved if you came in sight. Flies bred in the carcasses until the whole countryside hummed like a swarm of bees. Old mossback steers ate the raw prickly pear until their mouths and tongues were sore and hung out like those of a hot, panting dog. They couldn't close their mouths. Things eventually got back to normal when the drouth broke.

NOW things which had been unsettled in Mexico for some time began to brew in earnest. Trouble broke out along the border. Pancho Villa was in the saddle with his raiders. Mama was afraid of all Latin Americans and began to work on Dad to sell out and move somewhere else.

Rumor had it that Villa was raiding and killing as he went. This may have been true in part but not altogether as we soon found out. While federal troops of two nations were looking for him he was peacefully riding through south Texas waiting for things to simmer down so he could cross back into Mexico.

The day was very hot and dry. The temperature was already hovering around 95° and it was only ten a.m. It would probably reach 110° before the end of the day as it frequently did in the summer in that part of south Texas.

It was always a red-letter day when company came in such an out-of-the-way place and all work automatically ceased except for the necessary chores. So when some two hundred men hove into sight all work stopped. Mama was sure they were a raiding party from Mexico and urged Dad to get everyone into the house, load all the guns, and be ready for them when they got there. Not so, as far as Dad was concerned. He told us to go on as if nothing unusual was happening.

About three hundred yards from the house they had to come through a gate into our trap (as the acreage surrounding our house and barns and pasture was known—an area of about one hundred acres). Two men were left at the gate; the rest approached the house riding two a-breast. Dad set his Winchester .30-30 rifle inside the door in easy reach, fully loaded, then sat in his rocker on the front porch and smoked his pipe. When the riders got to within a hundred yards of the house, the four front ones came straight on and the rest divided one column to the left and one to the right and continued until the entire ranch grounds were encircled.

They all appeared to be Mexicans of various ages. All wore one or two full cartridge belts. Most of them had two pistols and a rifle in the saddle scabbard. All had a blanket roll tied in back of the saddle. One had a guitar slung over his shoulder, and various other items were tied to some of the other horses. Private possessions, no doubt. The horses looked good though tired. One of them was slightly lame. The horses probably had been feeding on the enormous crop of mesquite beans we had that year. A horse could fill his belly under any tree. The beans are as nourishing as corn.

The four front riders came straight on until they reached the yard gate where they stopped. The one on the left addressed Dad, bidding him the time of day and telling him that the man on the right was General Pancho Villa and that we had nothing to fear from them. Pancho merely nodded his head. The other man went on to say that General Villa had a few favors to ask which he hoped Dad could see his way clear to grant. This man spoke good English and may have been an American. (A few days in that hot sun with a stubble of beard made any man look like a Mexican.) The one introduced as Villa was a rather large heavy-set man—in his forties, I thought, as I watched all this from an upstairs window of the house. Directly behind him rode a smaller man, leading a horse with a bed roll and two large saddle bags stuffed to the bursting point. The other man was the same as the rest except he had his Winchester held as if ready to use it at an instant's notice if necessary.

Well, Dad said it depended upon what the favors were.

First, the spokesman said, could they water their horses at our tank? Dad said yes but no one was to go swimming in the tank as it was our only source of drinking water.

Next, could they camp there for the rest of the day and the night and rest their horses?

This too was agreed to.

Next, they had a lame horse. Would Dad trade them a good horse for him and take the difference in cash?

Again Dad agreed.

Next, would Dad sell them two steers to butcher, two sacks of cornmeal, two sacks of potatoes, two sacks of onions, a sack of beans, some chili pepper and salt, and a little coffee and sugar (for General Villa)?

Here Pancho interrupted the speaker and pointed to our bee hives of which we had about a hundred, and said nothing.

And maybe ten or fifteen gallons of honey, the speaker concluded.

WE had made a good crop of potatoes and onions that year but right at the last it had rained on them and the potatoes were rotting faster than we could eat them. So Dad was glad to sell some of them, as well as the onions. We ground our own corn by an ingenious device rigged up by brother Edwin which made a windmill do the job. Dad told them that they could get everything but the beans and the chili pepper as we only had a few beans and no chili pods.

They also wanted to borrow our big wash pot which was sitting in the yard. At that point Dad asked them if they would camp about a quarter a mile from the house so as not to disturb his family. They agreed and went on to the

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campground. Men came and got the grub and the wash pot. Dad pointed out the beef that they were to have and went into their camp where he was paid from the saddle bags in silver dollars—under the watchful eyes of old Pancho himself. A blanket was stretched in a tree for Pancho to rest under while the rest of the men lounged about until the assigned cooks had the grub ready. Every two hours the guards at the gate were changed. This went on all through the night, as far as we could tell.

They ate and slept the rest of the afternoon. A little before dark two men brought us a huge chunk of roasted beef with the compliments of General Villa. That evening guitar music and singing was heard under the moon until near midnight when everything quieted down. The next morning the wash pot was returned, all scrubbed and clean.

They seemed to be waiting for something or someone as they were all saddled and ready to ride. About eight o'clock a rider appeared down at the gate. After a few words he was admitted and ushered into the presence of Villa. In a short while all mounted and the same four men of the day before rode up to the house and thanked Dad for his hospitality. Dad told them to be sure and hook the gate when they went out so the cattle would not push it open. Then he sat on the porch and watched them go. But when the last man went through the gate he just let it slam shut, never hooking the chain.

Now Dad was a small man but a brave one. He jumped up ran to the barn, saddled Old Dun, and raced across the field and cut them off as the road made a big band. He told Pancho to send some men back and close the gate. I never was so proud of the little runt in my life. Pancho cursed, Dad said, and passed word down the line that the last two men were to go back and close that gate and hook it.

General Villa said something to his sidekick who translated to Dad, "General Villa says you are a very brave man, Señor, to stop Pancho Villa and all his men on a little matter like this when you could have sent your boy to close the gate. He admires you for this thing." Then the whole band laughed, including Villa, and rode on.

Well, there are still rumors going around in Duval, Jim Wells, and Webb County country that Pancho buried two saddle bags of silver in the brush country before he crossed back into Mexico again. If so, no trace has ever been found of it to my knowledge.

Time passed and the border troubles increased. Mama put more and more pressure on Dad to go live somewhere else. My oldest sister and Brother August had already left home and so, finally, in 1916 Dad sold out and we moved away. It was a sad day for me. I did not want to go but was still too young to do anything about it.

I saw the old ranch again in 1938. The ranch house had been cut down to one story and was being used as a hunting camp. The old wagon that had brought us there stood rusting among the mesquite and cactus. The dam was filled up with silt and the field was so overgrown with second growth brush that you couldn't recognize it. The air was polluted with the smell of waste oil and gas, as there were a number of oil wells scattered all over the land. What a sorry end!

Motion Pictures Vignettes

(Continued from page 25)

the name, Hart Hoxie, he appeared in several pictures for Paramount and Vitagraph before he landed the starring role in the National Film Corporation serial, "Lightning Bryce" (1919). A well made, if somewhat unexciting, chapter-play, this effort led Hoxie to a contract with the Arrow Film Corporation, where another serial, "Thunderbolt Jack," and a series of features followed.

Al Hoxie was born in Nezperce, Idaho on October 7, 1901. He worked with cattle all of his early life, and then in 1919 he too came to Hollywood to appear with his brother in "Thunderbolt Jack." He went on to appear with nearly every major Western star of the day.

By 1922 Jack's star was on the rise. He signed with Anthony J. Xydias for a series of features for Sunset Productions. The Hoxie series was directed by Robert N. Bradbury, father of Western star Bob Steele. These films had style and made excellent use of locations, but they were exceptionally slow-moving—almost devoid of action. The series, however, was popular, and by 1923 Hoxie was riding for Carl Laemmle's Universal Pictures. The Universal series was equally slow-moving, though there was certainly more action injected into the proceedings. Typical titles in this group were "Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande," "The Man in the Raw," and "The Border Sheriff."

JACK HOXIE rode the crest of popularity for only a short time. By 1926 he was working for lesser producers, and by the end of the '20s he no longer starred in pictures. He made a brief comeback in 1933 with a series of eight talkie Westerns for Majestic; and in the later 1930s, following the examples of Tom Mix and Buck Jones, he set out with his own Wild West Show. In the early 1940s, after falling back into supporting roles in pictures, he left the movie colony altogether.

Oddly enough, as Jack's star began to decline, his brother Al came into some prominence. The later '20s saw a great upsurge in the development of Western "stars." The continued popularity of Westerns and the sure profits to be gained in their production caused this "stampede." Names like Fred Gilman, Don Coleman, Fred Humes, Bob Custer, and others will be familiar to fans of another age.

Al gained attention as the heavy in several Fred Gilman oaters, and in 1926 he was signed by Anchor Productions for a starring series. The next three years saw him with three different producers; Anchor, Bud Barsky, and William M. Pizor. But Al Hoxie's starring career, too, was short-lived. The talkie revolution, with its impossibly unwieldy sound equipment, brought about a brief moratorium in the production of Westerns, since sound was difficult to record out of doors. After 1928 Al Hoxie never again had a starring role.

Another phenomenon of this era was the independent "all-star" Western. Indeed, though there were extremely few Westerns being made, and those few were silent, there was still some market for Westerns in houses which had not yet been wired for sound. In the face of the stiff competition from the novelty of talking pictures, several producers, among them the Davis Distributing Division, raided their vaults for footage from their past features which included now popular Western stars. Pictures similar to "The White Outlaw" were the result. In this film, three stars who never appeared on the screen together—Art Acord, Al Hoxie, and Jack Perrin—are seen, through clever editing and the addition of some matching long-shots, to be starring together!

As the Hoxies faded from the screen, it was the beginning of the end for the Western star who had also been a cowboy. Even today, there are still only twenty-four basic Western plots (some might ask, "What are the other twenty-three?")—but much that brought the West to the Western is gone. Jack Hoxie died at Keyes, Oklahoma in 1965. Al Hoxie, long retired from pictures, lives in Southern California.

Ghosts of the Rio Puerco

(Continued from page 24)

corn and beans, pumpkins and wheat, cattle and goats.

SUCH a town was Cabezon. At one time over one hundred families lived there and worked their fields at the tapered feet of Cabezon Peak, a sheer 7,000-foot volcanic plug rising above the town. Cabezon's age is like that of a proud old lady—no one knows for sure. One account reports it was a stop on an early-day stage road to California, while others say it was going strong as early as 1775. In any case, it is safe to say that it did not mushroom suddenly, as did many of the mining camps. It is certain that adobe houses stood at Cabezon long before there was a name or a dirt street; and probably a padre on horseback visited simply furnished rooms at Cabezon long before a row of candles burned on the altar of a church there.

In the 1920s — while in New York stocks and speakeasies flourished, in Florida real estate sold as if it were choice lots of heaven itself, dress hemlines rose and retreated like the waves of an incoming tide, and a young flyer's face was burned into the mind of the nation as he climbed victoriously from the cockpit of the "Spirit of St. Louis" —life in Cabezon moved in much the same rhythm that it did when the first settlers came to the river with horses and dark-eyed women.

The wheat grown in the bottomlands was taken by wagon to a millwheel on the Jemez River, where worn stones ground the grain into flour. Wild turkeys were still bagged in the brush across the river from the settlement. There were now—in addition to the church—four stores, a restaurant, a rooming house, four saloons which doubled as poolrooms, three dance halls and a post office. The stage between Bernalillo and Farmington stopped overnight at Cabezon, and Spanish was still the language of the townspeople. The Navajo lived in the rimrock country west of town, and the store which served as a trading post was often filled with silent Indians. Occasionally, a brawl erupted in one of the *cantinas* where bootleg "white mule" was sold; lamps smashed against a wall or the floor, flaring up the interior. In general, however, Cabezon was a peaceful town, a good place to live when summer rains come to moisten the crops; a town where a man was always his own boss and time moved with an easy rhythm.

Weddings and fiestas were the big events in Cabezon. A good fiesta would last three or four days and people would arrive from a hundred miles around. Guitar music and singing came from the dance halls, from porches, from open windows of the houses. In many of the homes there were long tables heavy with food, and the stranger was welcome to come in for a meal and conversation.

Peddlers with horse-drawn carts filled the street as if summoned by magic, selling watermelons, trinkets, candy and ice cream cooled by burlap sacks and chipped ice. Sometimes a wagon brought in a portable casino of sorts, and the owner would hastily erect a gaudy canopy under which boards laid over two barrels held the object of honor—a battered roulette wheel. Horse racing was popular, especially with the Indians. On occasion the contestants waited patiently for as much as three hours while the bets continued to come in—bets which included sheep, goats, saddles, and wagons.

BY THE 1930s the town had started to wither, and there were often moments of complete silence in the afternoons. The big dam upriver had washed out, and one never knew when the crops in the bottomlands would be parched and dying in a flaky dust, or when the brown rage of the storm river would smother the young plants with silt and rubble. Many of the young people had left Cabezon forever because they had no need for a land which could not grow Buicks and washing machines. There were many vacant houses, and spiders went about their quiet business in dark adobe corners.

Today you ease your car around a sharp bend and see Cabezon before you. Beyond the town, rising like a great, dark altar, is Cabezon Peak which the Navajo claim is the head of the giant killed by the Twin War Brothers on Mt. Taylor, his spilled blood marked by the lava beds at Grants. Crowded along a single street, the town is large and in fairly good condition. You half expect to catch a glimpse of a face at one of the windows. It is only when you drive into town, park, and walk slowly down the street that you realize Cabezon is completely deserted.

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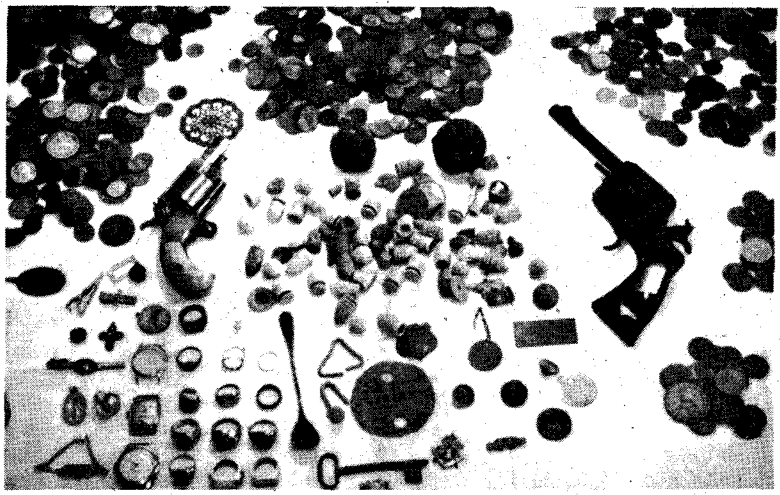

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Swallows nest in crannies of church and *cantina* alike. The clean schoolhouse stairs lead into an empty, roofless building. Piled here and there are weathering stacks of adobe bricks for houses that will never be built. You examine the old pigeon loft above the porch of the historic Heller store, and look at the rusted steel bars of the store windows. Up the street are scrawled signs on some of the buildings: "KEEP OFF CHERTTS ORDER," and "P.S. KEEP OFF THIS PROTPAY $500 FINE."

The church is without pews and its bell tower is empty, but the altar and wooden rows for votive candles are still intact. The pink cracked adobe walls of the building have been scrawled on by vandals, and there is an oblong hole in the packed-dirt floor to the right as you enter. You have been told that the woman buried there was secretly dug up by treasure hunters.

As you come out of the dimness of the church into the dazzling glare of the sun, you hear hoofbeats close by, and look up to see a broad-backed, shyly smiling Spanish youth swinging off a spirited roan. He is friendly, but speaks slowly in the way of the Puerco country. You find out he is Stacey Lucero, and that he and his brother own the land that Cabezon is on, running cattle on the ranges beside the river.

Later, in the night, you sit with Stacey in the Cabezon house where he lives part-time while attending to affairs on his ranch. It is furnished simply but well, with an iron stove, a quilt-covered bed that has high metal endgates, and with religious ornaments upon the walls. The room is lit by an old-fashioned kerosene lamp. Stacey tells you of livelier days in Cabezon—of the spirited cowboy, who when feeling his liquor, would ride his horse right into the bars and dance halls, and who once rode into the schoolhouse and roped the teacher. He speaks of an old man who long ago lived across the river, a solitary man who buried gold under the posts of his corral. The corral is still standing today and perhaps the gold is still under one of those decaying posts.

He gets a laugh out of a clipping you have brought with you from an Albuquerque paper. It shows a wind machine, a propeller and a motor rigged upon an old airplane fuselage, which was used to blow tumbleweeds through Cabezon for the filming of a television automobile commercial. It is growing late as you hear of the fifteen-foot rattlesnake which cowboys claim to have seen at the base of Cabezon Peak. As you are leaving, Stacey tells you he plans to enter the rodeo circuit, hoping to make enough money so that he can come back to the Puerco country someday and buy a ranch with fences stretching from horizon to horizon. It is black outside with few stars, and you hear horses moving restlessly behind the house.

You drive slowly past the dark, dead buildings, a hollow village beside the trickle of a river—then suddenly you realize that in the talk and eyes of Stacey Lucero something still remains of the men who came to the Puerco long ago with horses and dark-eyed women—something living even now as the wind and rain eat into abandoned adobe.

SOME one hundred and fifty miles to the east of the Rio Puerco is a land which seems flat as the prairies, with short grass and lonely windmills. Cattle are seen in the distance, as seemingly unreal props on an endless stage. It is deceptive, for in places the plains break over steep rimrock cliffs, and there are twisted cedars in the canyons along dry creekbeds. Beyond the rimrock are mesas, and in one of the draws water drips in the winter to form an icicle over twelve feet high and as thick as a man's waist.

It is also here that there are two other deserted Spanish towns. The remains of Corazon, the smaller of the two, are strung along a rocky creekbed. Here the walls are stone, and most of the more fragile roofs have fallen in, or the timber has been taken away and used elsewhere. The church is in perfect condition, but stands strangely alone in a pasture without a road to it.

Trementina, only a few miles from Corazon, is much larger. The town sits on a rocky bluff above Trementina Creek, and at one time had fifty or sixty families. As in Cabezon, the villagers began to move out in the thirties, traveling to the cities: Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Tucumcari, and Albuquerque; or to richer farmlands in the west and north. Cattle from the big ranches drifted into the fields, streets and gardens. The last resident moved out in 1955. Much of the story of Trementina is recorded in the stone-walled cemetery beside the creek, for these were a people without newspaper or historian. Many of the headstones are smooth, engraved sandstone, while others are simply flat slabs with crudely scratched names, crosses, hearts and stars.

Many buildings are standing in Trementina, and the skyline is topped by the green church steeple. The houses stand in a dry, red soil, and cholla cactus grows in the rubble of doorways. Inside the church are a piano and some benches, while many of the other buildings are filled with bits of furniture, rusty bedsprings, and oddments such as old horse collars and pick heads.

In the evening, the twisted trees and ruined buildings give Trementina a sinister effect. Most of the shadowed shapes are roofless, but the few rusted tin roofs which remain bang and screech in the night wind. The church tower, with its bell tilted as if frozen in mid-peal during some forgotten religious celebration, stands out blackly against pale moonlight.

A low wind sweeps across the darkened plains, rushes over the rimrock, stirs cedar boughs, and wails around crumbling stone as if mourning.

A Test of Courage

(Continued from page 13)

the past. Under Crazy Horse, second in command, and White Bull, the braves rode back and forth returning the fire a distance of about a sixteenth of a mile. In this twenty braves were wounded and a lesser chief, Many Lice, killed. To the head chief this was "just aimless shooting," needless and futile.

To demonstrate his disapproval Sitting Bull dismounted ahead of his line of young men on the brow of a knoll facing the soldiers in shooting distance. Without arms he walked to the highest point, sat down, and lit his pipe. There on the open rolling prairie he remained as if in his own teepee. Turning momentarily he called: "Any of you who dare to smoke with me, come and sit down."

Never before had the Sioux witnessed such courage. Bullets were striking all around. Yet here was a challenge that could not be refused. His nephew White Bull, Get-The-Best-Of-Them, and two Cheyennes disarmed and took their places beside him. When Sitting Bull had finished an unhurried pipe, he rose, cleaned the bowl with a sharp stick, turned his back on the enemy and walked out of range accompanied by the brave four. In face of this exhibition the Sioux refrained from further attack, allowing Colonel D. S. Stanley's escort to proceed with the surveyors.

As one by one various branches of the Teton and other Sioux laid down their arms in acceptance of reservations, Sitting Bull realized the cause of an Indian united front against the army was hopeless. Continual retreat was forced before the steady march of greatly outnumbering soldiers. Indian losses were heavy.

With hunger increasing, moving continually through snow and assailing blizzards, the Sioux divided their number. Retreat was more rapid—and to the north.

In May 1877, Sitting Bull arrived in Canada. In his address to Inspector J. N. Walsh he played his trump card: "We were originally the Shaganosh. Our forefathers were told by the Great White Father [King George III] that we were his subjects. Now, how can we understand that our land and lives have been given to the Americans, when in the teepees remain today the medals we were given for fighting with your people? We have come back now to the land of the Great White Mother!"

This was something difficult to answer. Superintendent Walsh acted in the best possible manner for the time being, faced as he was with thousands of refugees encamped around Wood Mountain and as far north as the South Saskatchewan River.

With great dignity the Mounted Policeman stated: "While you remain in the land of the Great White Mother, you must not kill man, woman or child; you must not steal, or inflict injury upon anyone; you must not recross the border into American territory or commit depredation upon settlers or continue the war with American soldiers. You must promise to respect these laws of the Great White Mother while you remain here." The refugees were only too eager to agree to anything. Superintendent Walsh then permitted the Indians to receive ammunition for hunting and to barter with the established traders.

The Indians were impressed with the kindness of their reception by the Red

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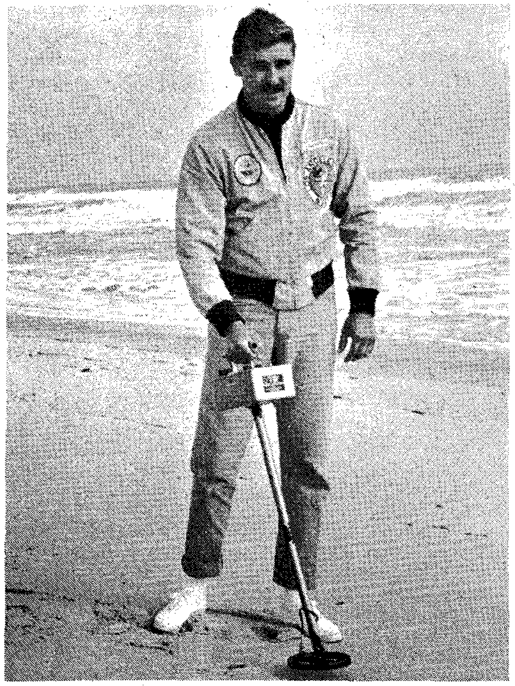

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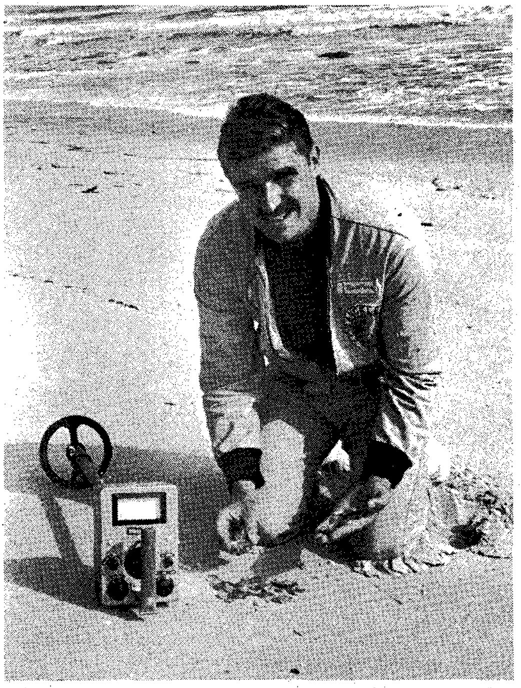

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Coats after years of broken promises which caused the wars with the American soldiers, called by them "Long Knives."

However, though the Sioux had taken refuge under an old claim that they were British subjects, the Canadian government and Mounted Police faced a difficult situation. On May 30, 1877, Commissioner James F. MacLeod of the Mounted Police recommended in a letter to Canada's then Premier Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, that an effort should be made to induce Sitting Bull and his people to return to the United States. This was partly due to the fact that other Canadian tribes in the region—Blackfeet and Crees—mistrusted the Sioux who were also greatly depleting the game belonging to these tribes. Also caring for so many nearly destitute American Indians was a heavy burden to the Canadian government.

FROM 1877 until 1890 Sitting Bull received more publicity than any other Indian in history. His greatest test was undoubtedly the time during which by evasive strategy he bravely attempted to remain on Canadian soil. Leagued against him were three governments, the United States, Canada and England.

The Americans at first wanted Sitting Bull and his people returned as a matter of right and, above all, to impress other Indians of the refugees' wisdom in accepting allotted reservations. On Canada's part the burden of Sitting Bull's people grew greater with every passing month. The buffaloes were vanishing and Canadian Indians were being deprived of natural food sources. Yet, neither coaxing by Canada nor efforts by military and clerical missions from the U. S. were of avail for five and a half years!

During this time leading members of the Canadian Government tangled with those of England. There were icy exchanges between David Mills, then Canada's Minister of the Interior and Francis R. Plunkett, British Charge d'Affaires. At Washington there were still more unpleasant meetings between Mills and Secretary of State William M. Evarts. At first the American Government insisted the Canadian Government should expel the Sioux, by force if necessary. Then came a strange and abrupt change. Evarts stated that since the Canadian Government had admitted the Sioux as refugees, they must be regarded as political offenders seeking asylum. As such the American Government had no legal right to demand their extradition. In a word—the Canadian Government should keep them!

To add to the frustrating arguments and legal maneuvering between Canadian and the U. S. diplomats, the British Charge d'Affaires in Washington butted in. Mills had gone directly to President Hayes. He pointed out how different had been the treatment of Indians in the U. S. and Canada. The U. S. Government had constantly used its power in the West on the side of the invading whites. Dishonest agents, ruthless traders and adventurers of all sorts, eager for fun, land and gold, had continually violated the first treaties made with the Indians. Mills suggested that better terms be offered the Indians; that showy uniforms and medals be sent to all the principal chiefs; that the Indians be allowed to leave Canada carrying their arms, denoting not a surrender but an honorable return to the United States. President Hayes was impressed and took the matter under consideration. Carl Schurz, Secretary of Interior, however, recognizing the American spirit of independent action, bluntly asked: "How the devil can we keep our whites in order?" At this juncture Francis R. Plunkett's dignity was offended. How dare Mills, a member of a colonial government, act directly instead of going through the proper channels—himself!

Courtesy Archives, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa

North West Mounted Police at Fort Walsh about 1877.

As a result of Plunkett's reporting the matter to London, Lord Carnarvon sent a strongly worded protest to the Canadian Government at Ottawa. A part of this read: "Canadians must recognize that 'Imperial Considerations' are always involved, and that Her Majesty's Government Embassy in Washington should be consulted before deciding on 'local' [Canadian] matters!"

While the then liberal Canadian Government of MacKenzie apologized, the ire of many Canadians was aroused. So much so that two years later the new Conservative Government of John A. MacDonald warmly upheld the action of Mills. These matters are cited to show how long and drawn out was the fate of Sitting Bull and his people; why their remaining in Canada or returning to the United States was marked by recrimination not only between Canada and the United States but Canada and England.

Out in the vastness of Canada's wilderness North West the drama of Sitting Bull's Sioux moved slowly yet inexorably to its final curtain. The high moment, before that later inevitable surrender, took place at Fort Walsh.

IN the middle of October 1878, an American military mission under Brigadier General Alfred H. Terry arrived at the Canadian border near the Sweet Grass Hills. The United States cavalry remained on its side of the border, while a Mounted Police force of twenty-eight men escorted the general and his small staff to Fort Walsh.

The Mounted Police at Fort Walsh had been astonished that General Terry was to meet with Sitting Bull. Terry was undoubtedly the wrong man! Sitting Bull hated Terry above all other American soldiers. Major Walsh called in two famous interpreters, both great diplomats, Louis Leveille and Joseph Cajou Morin, to persuade Sitting Bull to talk with Terry. When they failed, the two French metis, Antoine Ouillette and Larwee, were appealed to by Walsh. Both had the confidence of the Sioux. At last Sitting Bull agreed to the meeting with Terry's party and two press representatives, Jerome B. Stillson of the New York *Herald* and Charles Dehill of the Chicago *Times*.

On October 17, 1877 the members of the conference assembled. Opposite the white men, across the room on the floor, were spread buffalo robes for the Indians. The room was so small only a few civilians were grouped behind the principals; among these Father Genin, who had long been known to the Indians.

Sitting Bull was impressive. His long black braids fell proudly over his shoulders. He wore a black wolverine cap, black shirt, breechclout; he was draped in ceremonial blanket, and wore beautifully beaded moccasins. In complete silence he took his seat. He was followed by Spotted Eagle, the very handsome chief of the Sans Arcs, naked to the waist, and hanging from there a buffalo skin delicately scraped and tanned to the texture of fine cloth. Some of the other chiefs were Flying Bird, Bear Cat, Rain in the Face, White Eagle, Four Horns, and Bear-That-Scatters. The latter had brought his wife. An Indian woman sitting at a meeting of chiefs was most unusual. It may have been intended by the Indians as an insult to the American officers; also that her statement should be a crowning symbol of how cruelly the Americans had harassed the Indians.

The Mounted Police representatives consisted of Commissioner James F. MacLeod, Major Walsh, Inspector Crozier, Sub-Inspectors Dalrymple Clark, McIree and Neale, Surgeon Kittson, and interpreter Provost. Provost was an expert Sioux linguist, believed more neutral in his attitude than the other four interpreters. At the entrance of the Mounted Police, Sitting Bull shook hands with all. As he did so he cast a withering look at the American delegation. Thus the setting of the conference—Indians facing Americans, Mounted Police at one side.

INTERPRETER PROVOST then stepped a little forward on the floor between the two parties. General Terry arose, a huge man, six feet three inches, with broad shoulders. He had a flowing mustache, and army-cut beard called an "Uncle Sam." He spoke quietly, briefly.

"The President desires to make a lasting peace with you. If you return, a full pardon will be granted for your past hostilities. Your band remains the only one which has not surrendered. The others have been supplied with food and clothing, as you will be. The President invites you to return if you will give up your arms and horses. Cows will be given you that you may have herds as the buffaloes are nearly gone."

During the talk the Mounted Police realized from the Indian's expression that General Terry should never have been selected as emissary. When the General returned to his chair, Sitting Bull rose, threw off his blanket and took the middle of the floor. Slowly, bitterly, intensely, he recounted how the President's men had continually broken treaties when the Indians desired only peace. "Always we were kept on the move, compelled to forsake our land until we came to the land of the White Mother."

Sitting Bull paused, dramatically crossed to Commissioner MacLeod, again shook hands, then spun about. "This is the way I know these people. Here I propose to live." His voice rising he continued: "The home of the English is a Medicine Lodge [abode of truth]. You go back. Take your lying promises with you. The country we came from belonged to us; you took it from us!"

After Sitting Bull resumed his seat on the buffalo robe, Chief Bear-That-Scatters rose with his wife, the sensation of the conference. A tense hush descended on the room. The chief signaled his wife to speak. Interpreter Provost was dumbfounded. He stared wonderingly around the room, at a loss for words. Finally in an equally low voice he directly addressed General Terry. "She says your troops chased the Indians so hard they had no chance to raise their children."

Again the General stood up. To the interpreter: "Do they refuse?"

Quietly Sitting Bull snapped: "I told you what I meant."

Thus ended the first and most important effort of the United States to effect the return of Sitting Bull's Sioux; the only meeting in which army officers conferred directly with the Indians on Canadian soil.

Undoubtedly, Commissioner MacLeod and the entire Mounted Police force at Fort Walsh had great sympathy for the Sioux. They were fully aware of the justice of the Indians' claims, of the ruthlessness by which they had been robbed of their land. At the same time, Commissioner MacLeod frankly warned the Sioux that their acceptance in Canada was by no means a certainty.

The United States Government then suggested to the Canadian Government that all the American Indians on Canadian soil be allowed Canadian citizenship and be located far in northern Canada. Since the buffaloes were rapidly vanishing, the Canadian Government politely declined, adding that it would not accept some 6,000 foreign tribesmen when game was already short for its own.

The months dragged on with dispatches being sent to and from Fort Walsh to Ottawa, Ottawa to London, London to Washington. Prime Minister J. A. MacDonald directed Indian Commissioner Edgar B. Dewdney that the Indians must be returned to the United States as the Canadian Government could no longer feed them. Regardless of this, it was not until April 1880 that Walsh convinced Sitting Bull his people must return south.

The Indians made their movement to their homeland during the first two weeks in July 1881. On July 19 Sitting Bull surrendered at Fort Buford.

Thus commenced the final nine years of Sitting Bull. He was nearing the age of fifty, if 1831 be accepted as his correct birth date. During his seven years at the American Standing Rock Agency he still remained in the eyes of most of his people the Great Chief, this despite the intrigue of the agent, Major James McLaughlin, who was determined to destroy Sitting Bull's authority.

During 1884 Sitting Bull was allowed to leave the agency to travel, first under the management of Colonel Alvaren Allen. In fifteen cities he appeared in dignified Indian costume, making short speeches in Sioux in which he professed his belief that friendly relations would now always remain with the white people. In 1885 he joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He was toasted by mayors and other top officials in the United States and by members of Parliament in Canada. On his tours, seeing examples of so much wealth beside great poverty, he made one of the many classic remarks of his career. "The white man knows how to make everything, but does not know how to distribute it! I fear they will not do much for the Indians when they let many of their own people go hungry."

Buffalo Bill gave him a beautiful gray circus horse trained to do many tricks. Sitting Bull brought it back to the Standing Rock Agency. One of the horse's tricks, during the noise of the big ring in the circus, was to sit down and wave one foot back and forth. This gay gesture was to mark the most sorrowfully tragic last moments of Sitting Bull.

THOUGH he made considerable money with the Wild West Show, he gave most of it away to poor people he met on his tours.

In 1888, at Grand River, forty miles

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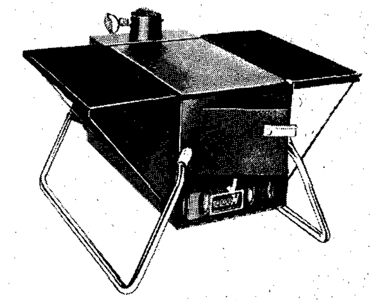

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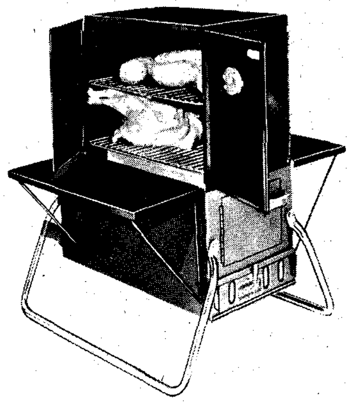

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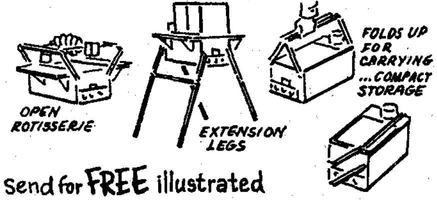
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from Standing Rock, he built a log house, farmed, raised cattle and chickens. For the first time, being in this quiet setting, he was happy. Yet Fate was moving dark forces to destroy him. Malice, intrigue and planned humiliations had been building up, gaining strength over the years since the great chief surrendered. Both white and Indian rivals awaited a pretext to take action against him.

This pretext was found with the development of the strange Indian movement called the Ghost Dance religion. Incredible though it was, it gripped the imagination of western Indians on the reservations. An Indian prophet, Wo-voka announced the Messiah would return. He was going to destroy the white man and return the land to the tribes.

All that was required to bring the Messiah was for the Indians to perform the Ghost Dance, and although Sitting Bull did not believe the ridiculous statement, he took part in it. At last McLaughlin went to Sitting Bull and asked that he bring the Ghost Dance to an end. The chief replied: "You and I will go to the first place where this Dance started and is now going on. We will watch. If the Messiah does not appear, we will return, and I will tell my people there is no truth in this. Then my people will stop." This proposition was refused.

On December 12, 1890, McLaughlin received from M. Barber, Assistant Adjutant General, St. Paul, an order to arrest Sitting Bull. McLaughlin was faced with a terribly difficult situation. However, among the police were some other Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet whose command was given to Lieutenant Bull-Head. The latter's impatience with Sitting Bull was well known. Under him were Sergeants Red Tomahawk and Shave Head, with police officers Weasel Bear, Red Bear, White Bird, Running Hawk, Iron Thunder, Black Pheasant, Little Soldier, One Feather, Eagle Man and many others. This force was called Metal Breasts.

While McLaughlin was gathering his forces, word reached Sitting Bull on Grand River. All night of December 13 in the house of Sitting Bull, an armed bodyguard sat: Catch-The-Bear, Eagle Boy, Blue Mountain, Strike-the-Kettle, Old Crow, Brave Thunder, and Bull Ghost. And Sitting Bull's son Crowfoot, aged seventeen, was there too. At sunrise Sitting Bull reassured them, and they went home to attend their stock.

Alas for Sitting Bull that he had sent away his bodyguard! Just before daylight on December 15 he was rudely roused as the door flew open. Weasel Bear and Eagle Man dragged him from the bed and held him erect. His wife sprang up and threw a blanket around her. Another policeman lit the big kerosene lamp, and the great chief saw a roomful of young officers, excited and unsure. Several began trying to dress him. On other formal occasions it had been an honor to do this. Now it was shameful.

There was no order among these green policemen, all anxious to get Sitting Bull out of camp. With amazing swiftness the dawn silence was an uproar of varying sound. The barking of dogs, loud crying of women, the neighing of policeman's horses mingled with the excited voices of the police and the senseless commands of their leaders.

AT that moment as the three policemen brutally punched, hauled and pushed the chief outside, his bodyguard swung around the corner of the cabin. First came Catch-The-Bear, rifle in hand. In the sudden quiet all heard the click as he sent a cartridge into the firing chamber. Close behind him were Strike-the-Kettle, Brave Thunder, Spotted-Horn-Bill, and a score of other battle hardened warriors.

One brief fraction of time. Sitting Bull, who would have gone peaceably if approached in honorable fashion, had suffered humiliation and cowardly blows. In the gathering daylight there at his side were once more his loyal warriors. With loud command, which so often before had sounded the cry to battle, Sitting Bull raised his voice.

"Take action!"

Catch-the-Bear fired. In the bad light his bullet went low into Sergeant Bull-Head's thigh. As Bull-Head fell, he too fired, but upwards, the bullet hitting Sitting Bull in the back. As Sitting Bull reeled Sergeant Red Tomahawk at close range shot the chief again. Two bullets struck within inches of each other killing him instantly. Rifles began wildly firing on both sides, followed by hand-to-hand combat.

With death striking all around amid the rising dust—fierce yelling of reservation Indians turned savage, the crackle of rifle fire, and the screaming of women and children—the noise roused in Sitting Bull's old gray horse memories of the huge circus ring. This was the time for his act! He sat down on his haunches, raised his right front foreleg, as he had done so many hundred times in the past, and began waving it to and fro at the mad circus.

In the weird light of strengthening day this sight caught the eyes of some of the Indian police whose superstitious nature brought belief that the spirit of Sitting Bull had entered the horse. They fled.

As the horse continued his gay trick, the fighting ended with strange abruptness. In fifteen minutes fourteen Sioux lost their lives. It was a carnage strangely reminiscent of the field of ancient Troy. Close about Sitting Bull lay his defenders: Catch-The-Bear, Black Bird, Spotted Horn Bull, Brave Thunder, Jumping Bull, Chase-Wounded and Crowfoot. Six of the Metal Breasts were killed: Little Eagle, Hawk Man, Broken Arm, Bull-Head, Shave-Head and Afraid-of-Soldiers.

In the ninety years which have ensued, controversies about Sitting Bull's warring and "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles of long ago" are mostly forgotten except in a hundred writings, filled with contradictions. This we do know, he dedicated his life to what he considered the best interests of his people.

The situations Sitting Bull faced throughout his mature years made him the very stage for tragedy. "My father has given me this nation. Struggling against odds, I carry on!"

Last of the Horseback Outlaws

(Continued from page 15)

street. All of the gang were in the Murray-Ransom Saloon except for Arkansas Tom, who was in a room on the first floor of the Pierce Hotel.

Dr. Pickering, who was present in town during the gun battle and who dressed the wounds of the injured afterwards, kept a diary of events as he saw them. While it does not agree in every instance with what other eye-witnesses saw—or later "remembered" seeing—from other vantage points, the diary is valuable as it is the only known contemporary account. Over the years the gunfight at Ingalls has become a mixture of myth and fantasy based vaguely on fact, but Dr. Pickering's diary, carefully stored by his daughter and eventually presented to the Oklahoma Historical Society, tells what one trained man actually saw. He was none too careful about his spelling, especially of proper names, but he recorded the events as he saw them, and that is what matters.

Before the lawmen had properly positioned themselves around town, Bitter Creek Newcomb strolled out of the Ransom-Murray saloon and mounted his horse. He started to walk it up the street just as Deputy U. S. Marshal Dick Speed stepped out of a barn. The lawman asked a passing boy the name of the man on the horse and the lad identified him.

The outlaw saw the deputy at the same moment and both men grabbed their Winchesters. Speed's shot smashed into Newcomb's rifle magazine and the outlaw's shot went wild. Part of the magazine was torn away and ripped into his leg. He fell out of the saddle.

At the sound of the two shots, Arkansas Tom, Winchester in hand, leaped to the window of the hotel room just in time to see Bitter Creek fall. As Dick Speed brought his Winchester up to finish the outlaw where he lay, Arkansas Tom raised his rifle and fired at Speed.

The bullet hit the lawman in the shoulder and sent him scurrying for cover. Before he could get into a barn, Arkansas Tom levered another shell into his rifle and put his second bullet into the deputy's head. Speed fell dead inside the doorway of the barn.

The saloon disgorged four outlaws running low and shooting fast. In the general melee Dell Simmons, the youth who had identified Bitter Creek for Dick Speed, was killed as he ran for the sidewalk. Bystander N. A. Walker was hit by a stray bullet and a horse running loose was shot dead. Both Ransom and Murray, inside their saloon, were injured by shots which pierced the thin walls.

DURING the battle Bitter Creek lay wounded and pinned down. Shots poured back and forth across the street as the lawmen and outlaws traded shot for shot. Eventually, disregarding the flying lead, his pals half-dragged, half carried him to safety.

Up in his room at the Pierce Hotel, which had a window at each end, Arkansas Tom was busy. He used his rifle butt to smash holes in the roof of the clapboard building on the two blind sides so that he could command a bigger field of fire.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Thomas J. Houston had moved around a wagon by the granary to get a better shot at the livery stable when Arkansas Tom first saw him. Houston had his back to the Pierce Hotel and the outlaw lined up his victim over the sights. He squeezed the trigger and sent a bullet crashing into Houston's left side. A second slug hit the lawman in the stomach as he spun around.

Deputy Lafe Shadley took up a position behind the dead horse and opened fire as Bill Dalton and Tulsa Jack Blake rode out of the livery stable's main door. The officer's first bullet hit Dalton's horse in the jaw and another shot broke its leg. Dalton rolled clear and ran. Shadley, changing his position, was crawling under a wire fence when Dalton ran up and began cutting through it with a pair of clippers to let the horses pass.

Shadley and Dalton were unaware of each other's presence for a few seconds and then the outlaw saw the lawman. A gun roared and two bullets ripped into Shadley's back. He half-turned and saw Dalton dashing away.

Doolin and Dynamite Dick, who had left by the livery stable's back door, raced up to help Dalton cut the fence and the three of them forced their way through. Dalton jumped up behind Bill Doolin and as their horses broke into a run the defiant outlaws fired a final volley of shots. Frank Briggs, a fourteen-year-old boy, was hit in the shoulder.

A relief posse from Stillwater galloped in seconds later, and rode out after the outlaws straight away. Meanwhile, members of the original posse concentrated on the Pierce Hotel when it was realized that one of the outlaws was still inside. Mrs. Mary Pierce, the owner, told the posse that the lone man was Arkansas Tom, locally known around Ingalls as Tom Jones.

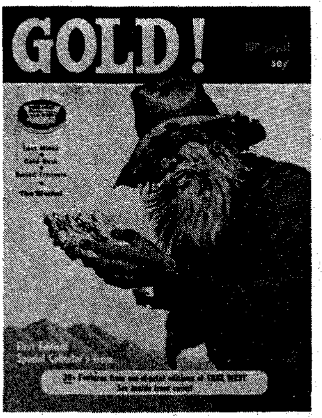
The *Oklahoma State Capital* noted Arkansas Tom Daugherty's key part in the battle: "He [Arkansas Tom] finding himself alone upstairs when the firing began, punched a hole in two sides of the roof with his Winchester, and this with the two windows, one at each end, gave him command of the whole town, the building in which he was, being the only two-storey structure," the paper said. "Some wonderful shooting and daring deeds were done on both sides but this man out of sight in the building did most of the shooting that killed and wounded. He picked his man wherever he wanted to, and for one hour from 10 to 11 o'clock, poured down shots on the beseiging party, and on citizens who appeared."

While one posse chased the fugitives, and the other concentrated on the hotel and its occupant, the town's three medical men—Pickering, Selph and Call—began patching up the wounded and checking over the dead. Deputy Lafe Shadley was dying and had dragged himself into a cyclone shelter where he was found.

"A great many people believed that Dalton shot him," Dr. Pickering wrote in his diary. "In fact he thot so [himself] for when I and Dr. Selph was working with him in the cave he said Dalton had shot him 3 times quicker than he could turn around, but I think I know better, taking the lay of the ground in consideration I saw Dalton most of the time & never saw him fire once & Shadley was hit in the right hip & all the balls tended downward. If Dalton had shot him he would of been shot in front & balls ranged up."

DR. PICKERING'S account makes no mention of Rosa Dunn, who was later said to have run out and given Bitter Creek his gunbelt and pistols as he lay wounded in the street. She has gone down in history and folklore as "Rose of the Cimarron" and hers is a very attractive story, supported by the verbal acceptance of such men as Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen (who were not there) and Orrington "Red" Lucas (who was). It has been argued about, pro and con, by historians, old-timers and folklorists ever since.

When Pickering had helped the other doctors he went to see how the battle at the hotel was proceeding. Arkansas Tom was holding his own against the posse. He had two pistols and a Winchester, as well as sufficient ammunition, and had no intention of surrendering. When Pick-



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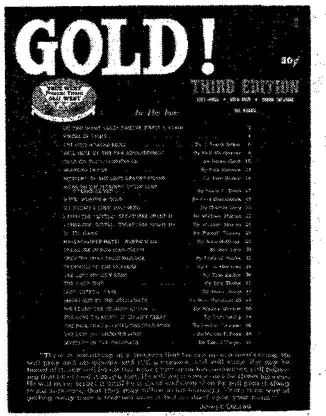

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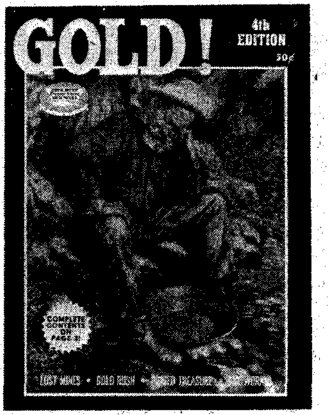

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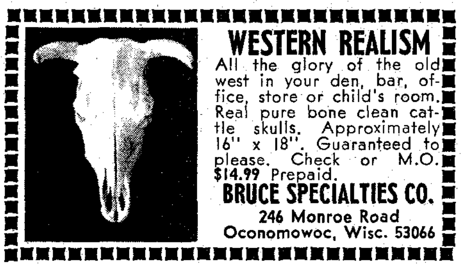
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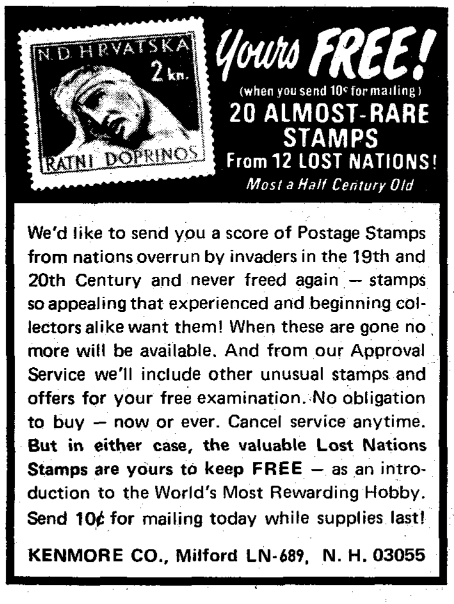
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ering arrived the posse asked him to try to talk the outlaw into giving himself up.

"About this time I was called aside and told to go to the Hotel, that Jones was up their either wounded or killed," Dr. Pickering wrote in his diary. "I and Alva Pierce & [a] boy by the name of Wendell, boy about 12 years old, went over. I went in and called but got no answer & was about to leave when he came to top of stairs & says 'is that you Dock?' I told him it was. I asked him if he wasn't hurt & he said no. He said for me to come up & I told him if he wasn't hurt I would not but he insisted. So I went up. He had his coat and vest of[f] also his boots. Had his Winchester in his hands & revolvers lying on the bed. I said Tom come down and surrender. He says 'I can't do it for I won't get justice'. He says: 'Where is the boys?' I told him they had gone. He said he did not think they would leave him. It hurt him bad. I never saw a man wilt so in my life."

The outlaw remained in the hotel for some time, thinking it out. Every now and then he fired a few shots at the deputies and they fired back. Finally, after his accurate shooting had driven them to cover again and again, Jim Masterson shouted to the outlaw that if he did not walk out of the door unarmed and with his hands up they would blow the whole place up with dynamite. Mrs. Pierce promptly had hysterics.

Shortly after 2 o'clock, following an appeal made to him by Preacher Mason, Arkansas Tom surrendered. Deputy U.S. Marshals Ike Steel and W. C. Roberts took him to Guthrie. Deputy John Hixon accompanied the two wounded officers, Lafe Shadley and Tom Houston, back to town along with Dick Speed's body. Shadley and Houston lived long enough to see their relatives but died during the night.

Arkansas Tom was booked in at the jail at Guthrie under the name of Tom Jones. Later he was taken to Stillwater, Indian Territory, and held in jail until he could be brought before Judge Frank Dale on a charge of killing the three lawmen.

STERLING PRICE KING, prosecuting attorney of Payne County, prepared his case very carefully and left no loopholes. That Arkansas Tom would be convicted was certain. The best that he could hope for was a stiff prison sentence, rather than the death penalty.

"The trial was one of the most dramatic that I ever witnessed," King recalled nearly half a century later. "Drama, tragedy, and pathos were all combined in that case. The trial was held under a strain that caused the whole town to live in dread and fear. The Dalton gang had declared that Jones would never be tried; that everyone connected with the prosecution would be killed; and that the whole town would be set afire, if necessary, to carry out the desperadoes' purpose."

Accordingly, when the trial opened, it was in a town which had almost as many lawmen present as citizens. Heavily ironed, Arkansas Tom was taken into court, while officers with binoculars and high-powered rifles sat astride the courthouse roof. Armed deputies patrolled the streets twenty yards apart. All places where numbers of men might hide were guarded.

King sewed up a neat case against Tom. He named him as the killer of Lafe Shadley, accepting Dr. Pickering's contention and denying the officer's dying belief that Bill Dalton had done the shooting. King told the jury that Arkansas Tom, an excellent marksman, had "shot Lafe Shadley . . . at a distance of nearly 400 feet, and a silver dollar covered both bullet holes."

He clinched his case when the jury went on a trip to Ingalls and saw the holes the outlaw had punched in the roof of the Pierce Hotel so that he could shoot at Houston. The result was a foregone conclusion. The defense did not even put Tom on the witness stand. Judge Frank Dale gave him fifty years. On May 21, 1894, Arkansas Tom Daugherty entered the state prison at Lansing, Kansas.

After the Ingalls fight the hunt for the Doolin gang was intensified. Arkansas Tom, wearing his striped suit and working in the prison quarry, periodically heard about the end of the various gang members.

Bill Dalton and Dynamite Dick Clifton were dead before the year was out. Tulsa Jack Blake, Charlie Pierce, Bitter Creek Newcomb and Little Bill Raidler were run down during 1895. Only Raidler survived, though he was shot and critically wounded in a gunfight with Bill Tilghman.

Red Buck Waightman was killed by Chris Madsen early in 1896 and Heck Thomas put an end to Bill Doolin in August. Little Dick West lasted until April 1898, and then tangled with Bill Tilghman with fatal results.

With the Doolin Gang broken, The Three Guardsmen disbanded and went back to lone detective work against the bandits and killers of the Territory. In time United States Marshal Nix resigned his commission and went into private business.

Arkansas Tom, sole survivor of the gang, still had forty-six years to do in jail. In 1908 he was moved from Lansing to the prison at McAlester, Oklahoma, and after serving a total of seventeen years, four months and twenty-two days he was paroled on November 26, 1910.

Bill Tilghman got him a job as a clerk in a grocery firm over in the eastern part of Oklahoma. Later he ran a small restaurant at Drumright, but it was a failure. Then Everitt Nix offered him a job in St. Louis.

In 1914 Bill Tilghman, Nix and Chris Madsen decided to make a film about Oklahoma outlaw days. They formed the Eagle Film Company and made "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws" in which they played themselves and Arkansas Tom played himself. It was sold to various theatres and Tom and Tilghman traveled with it on promotional stunts. The film, however, was not a success.

Arkansas Tom knew that the Old West was finished, but he could not settle down. After he returned to St. Louis he began to mix with a tough element and police began to keep a close eye on him. He was out of town when the bank at Neosho was held up in 1916 and when he returned he was arrested for the crime. There was very little evidence against him but he was sentenced to eight years for burglary and larceny in Newton County, Missouri. He was taken to the state penitentiary at Jefferson City and on March 12, 1917, the gates clanged shut behind him. Prison records listed him as "'Arkansas Tom' alias Tom Jones, alias Roy Daugherty" and he received prison number 19251.

"Mr. Tilghman was inclined to think that the local officers, not being skilled detectives, just picked on Tom because of his record," said the marshal's widow, Mrs. Zoe A. Tilghman, many years later.

Governor Hyde commuted Tom's sentence after he had served more than half of it and he was released on November 11, 1921.

After his second prison term Tom tried hard to keep out of trouble and settled on a farm near Joplin, Missouri. Eventually, he went back to clerking and worked for a number of firms and business houses in the area. Then, early in August 1924, a bank at Ashbury, Missouri, was held up by a lone bandit. Word went out that he was Arkansas Tom. On August 16 the police located him in Joplin. A young policeman had spotted him on the street.

Whether Arkansas Tom had committed the robbery and expected arrest, or whether he feared that he would be framed, was never known. For when the patrolman called to Tom on the street, and asked him to go to the station for questioning, the old-time outlaw who had lived too long pulled a gun. The policeman was faster.

A shot rang out and Arkansas Tom Daugherty, last of the horseback outlaws, died with a gun in his hand.

Murder at Rincon

(Continued from page 28)

When they were slow in departing, he ran around the counter into the bull pen.

Gray Mustache, as Navajos sometimes did, had been wearing a coiled lariat over one shoulder. He had left it in the bull pen before going to eat at the white man's table, and had paused to pick it up preparatory to leaving as ordered. He had just reclaimed it when Barton grabbed Sore Eyes bodily, rushed the old man to the door, and kicked him through.

Then turning towards Gray Mustache, Barton dropped one hand to the gun stuck behind his belt buckle. As Barton rushed at him the Navajo loosed the lariat noose and with one quick, whining cast dropped it over the white man's bare head. Barton's hands went to the rope but it had already tightened around his neck and he was jerked down.

Pulling the struggling Barton through the door onto a width of sand, Sore Eyes sat on him while Gray Mustache removed the rope to keep it from choking him to death. But the Navajos did not disarm Barton, which soon proved a bad mistake.

THE commotion in the bull pen brought Parenthia and her mother running into the store. They were at the door in time to see Barton released. He staggered to his feet rubbing his throat with both hands as the two Indians walked toward their tied horses. Parenthia ran on out to Barton who could breathe freely again. Wheeling half around he jerked the six-gun out into firing position.

Parenthia, trying to grab it to prevent him from making matters worse, screamed in protest. Her cry brought the Navajos around fast. Both were armed with holstered guns on cartridge belts. Sore Eyes made no attempt to draw his gun to defend himself but Gray Mustache did.

Perhaps because the old man stood nearer, Barton shot at him first. The bullet pased into his body near the heart and as he staggered in retreat Gray Mustache shot Barton in the head.

Barton fell sideways to the wind-blown sand. Sore Eyes, fast dying, got as far as the end of the stone trading post building before he dropped lifeless to the ground. When Barton struggled partly upright Gray Mustache walked closer and put another bullet into his head.

Parenthia and her mother stood stricken. They felt sure the entire family would be slain. At Bluff and at the trading post she had learned to speak the Navajo and Ute languages. Their customers came from both tribes. Walking near her Gray Mustache said, "I am sorry, Little Sister. He caused all this. You need have no more fear. You and your children will not be harmed. Your man was a bad one."

Parenthia listened dully. Gray Mustache had to repeat what he said before she understood. Then, having holstered his smoking gun, he went to where Sore Eyes lay. Picking up the body Gray Mustache lashed it across the saddle of the old man's horse. Then mounting his own, he gathered the bridle reins and led the burdened animal south across the San Juan into Navajoland.

The courageous Parenthia, with her mother's help, got Barton inside the living quarters onto a bed. He was still alive despite the ghastly wounds in his head.

An hour later several wandering Piutes arrived at the trading post. Parenthia gave one of them two dollars to take the following note to Bluff: "Come quick someone please. Amasa has been shot twice in the head. Ma and I are here alone with the children. For the sake of us someone come help us before the Navajos return.—Feenie Barton."

A little later, feeling that she might not have made her appeal strong enough, she wrote a second note and dispatched it by another Piute to Bluff. It was fifteen miles straight across country to the settlement but the winding trail was more than twenty-five. The two notes were late getting there.

Only a few old men were in the village. A boy was sent out on the range to the nearest able-bodied men who were working cattle. From the cow camp other messengers were sent out. It was

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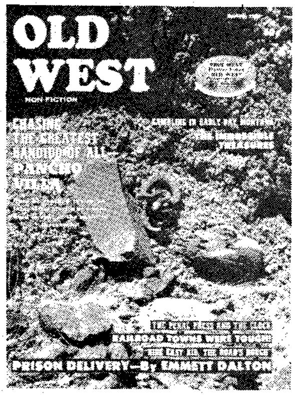

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noon of the following day before any considerable number gathered in Bluff. Not one of them went immediately to the Barton trading post. All probably had visions of hundreds of armed Indians surrounding the settlement and destroying it. They assumed that a general war had broken out with the Navajos and reasoned that surely by that time all those at the post had been butchered. Their first duty, therefore, was to guard the settlement and their families until more men arrived. Many explanations and apologies for the men of Bluff have been given. In recent years it has even been claimed that a big citizens-posse rushed immediately to the trading post and remained there despite hordes of Navajos on the rincon rims. But the sad truth is that no one went to the aid of Parenthia and her mother. Barton lay unconscious for three days, slowly dying.

ON the third day no less than William Posey, the renegade Piute war leader, happened along. Until then not a single Indian had appeared at the post or had been sighted in the distance. The Piutes there the day of the shooting had departed immediately for Blue Mountain.

Failure to receive help was driving Parenthia half-crazy with apprehension that the Navajos would attack the post. Hardly knowing what to do under the circumstances she related the details of the shooting to Posey.

"Give me written words to the Blue Coats," he said. "There is a camp of them at Mancos. They will not be afraid to come."

While Parenthia wrote the note Posey climbed to the rim and sent up a signal smoke. He returned to the post after receiving a distant answer and picked up the note. Then the outlaw Indian rode straight through into Colorado, not sparing his pony.

A cavalry captain, John Cooper, recognized Parenthia's name as that of a young girl he had danced with often in Salt Lake City. Mounting up a patrol he headed west.

The night of the day Posey left the post, Barton breathed his last. The body was laid out by Parenthia and dressed in the best clothes he had owned. The next morning he was buried between the post and the cornfield without benefit of coffin. (Later Barton was reburied at Bluff.)

No sooner had the courageous young widow finished rounding the grave than five Piutes approached from the north. They informed her that a number of them at Posey's behest had come to stand guard against Navajo attack.

Cooper later rode in with his troopers and a pack outfit, but it was then too late to do much for Parenthia. After consoling her to the best of his ability, he took his patrol south over the San Juan. It was not difficult to contact Navajo leaders who took him to Gray Mustache. The truth he learned there was kept to himself except for the report to his commanding officer.

Platte Lyman and Kunen Jones, disgusted with their fellow settlers, rode to the post the day after Barton was interred. Behind them appeared a few more men, ready to act when no Navajos opposed them. In after years they described how day by day and week after week they had to guard the Barton family. They said that hordes of angry Navajos collected on the trading post side of the San Juan. But for some reason the tribesmen did not charge in and destroy them. One historian described how Navajos rowed boats across the river to rob the trading post by force. This never happened.

The cowardice of the Bluff settlers in not aiding her disgusted Parenthia. She went north with her mother to Monticello, and in a few years married a man named Dalley. Later she wrote the story of her life on the San Juan River.

About 1915 Posey was arrested and confined in a federal jail at Salt Lake City. Parenthia, then living in Salt Lake City, had not forgotten his kindness to her in the long-ago tragedy. She went to see him. Through her efforts Posey was tried in a lower court and freed. Some years afterward he was fatally shot by a southern Utah posse.

Today not a stone remains on the site of the old Barton trading post in the rincon. Sightseers are sometimes taken to part of a ruined wall which is claimed to be the site of the Barton shooting, but this relic which tourists visit is in the wrong direction from the mouth of Montezuma Creek.

Horse King of the Northwest

(Continued from page 21)

Toppenish, auxiliary to that at Fort Simcoe, but he was lenient in putting it to use.

CHARLIE NEWELL did not come to Toppenish to live until his Klickitat holdings suffered reversals. News that a large body of reservation land would be put under water gave him inspiration to rebuild his fortune. The first need for a growing town—with everyone out to grab the ripe plums of the opened reservation—would be a place to stay. Charlie put up a simple hotel of lumber. As Fort Simcoe, thirty-five miles away, was the business center for all land deals, he added a livery stable.

The fast growing settlement soon justified Charlie's building a three-story, cement-block hotel at a cost of $50,000. The Hotel Toppenish, completed in 1907, was described as being "furnished and appointed throughout in first class style with all the modern appliances. . . . On the ground floor is a handsome lobby furnished in dark oak, and the large dining room capable of accommodating about fifty guests. Sample rooms for commercial men are supplied. The wide veranda and balcony along the front of the building furnish comfortable and popular lounging places. On the second floor of the building is the drawing room, a handsome room patronized chiefly by the ladies. A fine piano is provided there for those musically inclined. The floor is reached by a wide oaken stairway leading from the lobby. Several large rooms are situated on this floor provided with baths and other conveniences. Other rooms almost as large and also furnished with tubs are situated on the third floor. On the roof is situated a platform from which a fine view of the city and surrounding country can be had. The platform is provided with benches and is visited by nearly all who come to Toppenish [for] the first time."

Old-timers remember feeling sorry for Charlie's son who went to school in such fine clothing that other children teased him or stood away from him; and they remember how the men admired, and the women envied, beautiful Mrs. Newell in her fine gowns. Yet everyone was drawn to the irresistible Charlie who was both shrewd and gullible.

Born in Ohio in 1847, Charlie had lost his father at an early age and had come with his mother, step-father, and brothers and sisters, to Oregon by covered wagon in 1864. Here he finished school and started farming on shares. In 1870 he bought some cattle and the following spring drove them north into the verdant pastures of the Klickitats across the Columbia in Washington Territory. Young Charles Newell was in business.

Though he continued to acquire land and cattle, horses became Charlie's trademark. He collected a sizable herd of his own and bought Indian horses for almost nothing. Riders and buckaroos were ever available.

In 1884 Newell drove 700 horses to Kearney, Nebraska where they were loaded on a train for the East. Then the Northern Pacific came through to the Yakima Valley, and in 1885 he shipped the first trainload of horses from the area. During the Boer War in South Africa he furnished hundreds of horses to the British. These animals went to a recruiting station in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Once when a trainload of his horses arrived in California and the sale fell through, Charlie took in exchange several carloads of oranges and lemons. Overnight the resourceful trader became a fruit vendor, shipping his wares to Seattle and Tacoma for distribution.

While he was living in the Klickitat area Newell built the famous Red House in Goldendale for his beautiful wife; it became the showplace of the small city. "We had grand times in that house," a pioneer remembered.

"A lot of ghost stories were connected with the house after the Newells moved away and it remained vacant," another added. "People said there was a tunnel from it to another old house on the hill. Strange lights were seen and there were queer noises. You know how folks make up things." Certainly the tall old house with three stories and an attic, stained glass windows, and an unusual design under its front eaves, could fit well into a mystery tale.

Charlie's brother in the early days took a homestead several miles away in the bottom of Squaw Glass Creek and in spite of rattlesnakes and isolation, made a park of his home. There were fruit trees, figs, berries, nuts, and flowers in abundance. Much of it was hauled by wagon to Yakima City. Even today, in spite of desecration by man and beast, the giant walnut trees still yield, and the fruit trees hang on to life in that canyon.

The Red House is being restored, hopefully to become a museum. In all probability, it draws more artists and photographers than any other building in the Northwest.

CHARLIE NEWELL'S method of buying Indian horses was rather unique. The Yakimas ran their many cayuses on the open range and built roundup corrals at various points. Daring riders on swift mounts scoured the hills and timberlands for the bands. If Charlie had need for a big shipment, he contacted the "roundup bosses."

His biggest horse camp rendezvous was on Satus Creek at the mouth of Logie Creek. Top price for the best cayuse was five dollars, with the minimum whatever Charlie chose to give. Accompanied by his riders he went from camp to camp carrying a sack of silver dollars on a pack horse. Charlie would sit at the gate with his money and when he selected a horse he would notify the boss who would point out the owner. The Indians who owned horses set cross-legged in a circle. Charlie would throw the amount he would pay for an animal at the feet of the man indicated by the boss, keeping his average payment as low as possible. In later years Charlie's fancy riding buggy and horses were exchanged for an expensive car, an Apperson; and as automobiles became popular, horse sales dwindled.

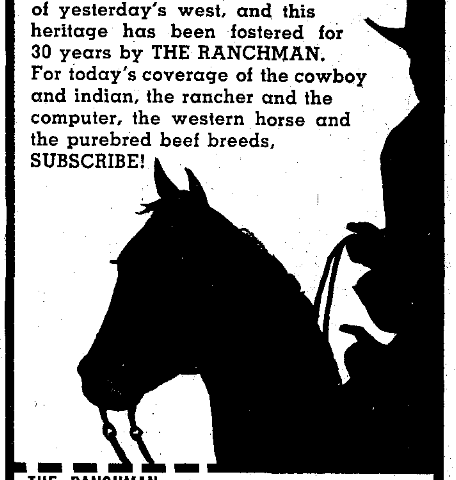
"Charlie never turned anyone away who was down on his luck," an oldster remembers. "He was a shrewd man but he was human."

Though he lent money to the Indians he usually redeemed it through his "legal" authority over them. He invested in farm land, having considerable holdings, so no doubt he could talk his Indian friends into selling as well as leasing. Although this was the time when Indians were being stripped of their lands by any method a white man could devise—sometimes for no more than a bottle of whiskey—we have no record that Charlie was guilty of such conniving.

He loved to regale his tenderfoot hotel guests with bloodcurdling coyote calls, and he was not above practical jokes. His friends got even with him at least once when they led him to believe an oil claim, in which he had invested sight unseen, had hit a gusher. He spent money lavishly on the strength of the reports, only to find the whole thing—and even his investment—had been a hoax.

Shrewd and alert as he was, the Horse King's dreams were always greater than his achievements. He did not die rich, though his son went on to become an important man in his own right and is now living at the age of seventy in New York State.

Today the spirit of Charlie Newell lingers about the Red House and the Toppenish Hotel in spite of their loss of grandeur, and he is remembered by many who mourned his death in the thirties when the world's largest single horse buyer faced his last big corral.



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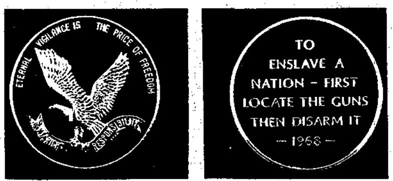
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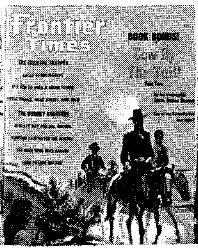
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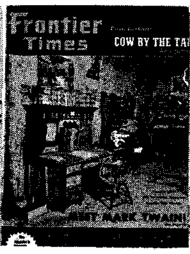
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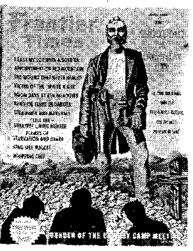
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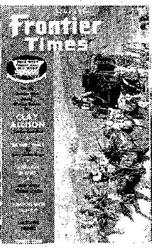
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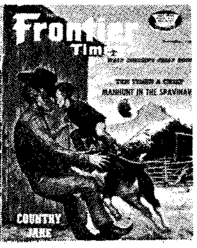
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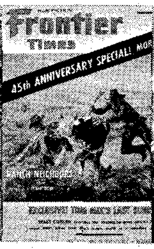
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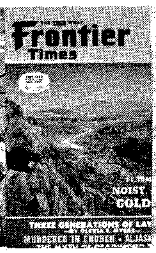
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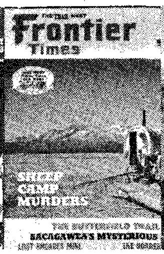
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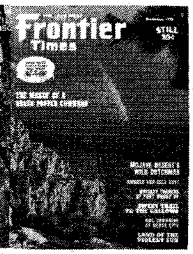
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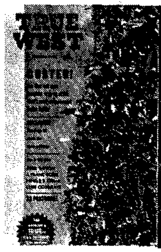

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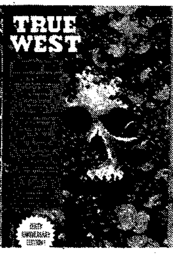

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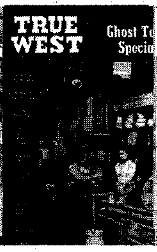
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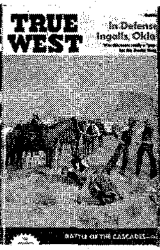
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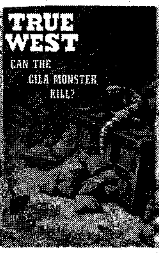
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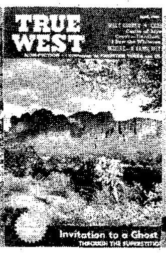
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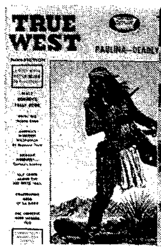
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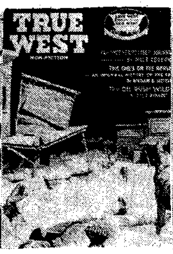

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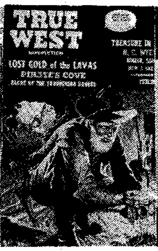
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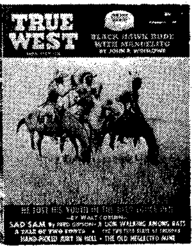
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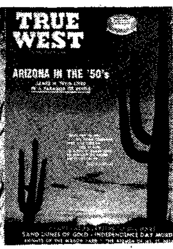
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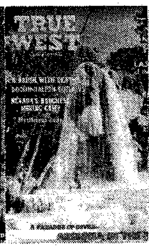

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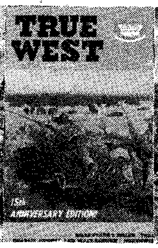
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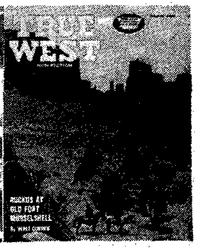

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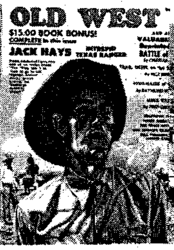
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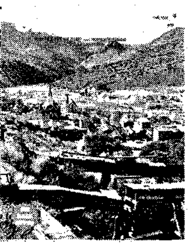
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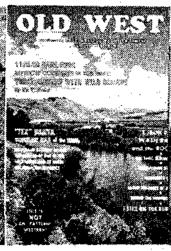
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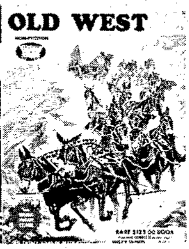
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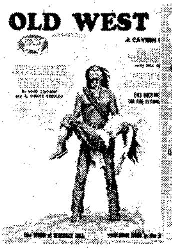
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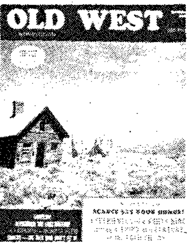
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Nuggets

(Continued from page 33)

served this dish often.

When I was about six years old my mother made a trip alone, in a buckboard, to a ranch thirty miles away where she had heard they had pigs for sale. This took twelve or fourteen hours with a good team. She drove back at night, for the benefit of the three little pigs she had purchased. From then on she had the kind of meat she loved—pork chops and pork roasts. Lard was her only shortening for frying and pie crusts.

Mama had frying chickens most of the year. Her favorite chickens were Plymouth Rocks. They laid enough eggs and the young chickens grew fast and made large-size pieces of meat. Chicken was usually served with hot biscuits and cream gravy—a dish to remember.

WE moved on an average of two to two and one half years. The run-down house was rebuilt and all newly papered by Mama. With the garden flourishing, flowers growing in profusion, and the ranges restocked, a buyer would soon be found.

The next ranch would maybe be one hundred miles away. Our move took from ten days to two weeks. The household goods were packed; jams, jellies and preserves were carefully wrapped in burlap. Pigs and chickens rode along in low wagons. Mama's big old-fashioned crock churn and up-and-down paddle had to be packed ever so carefully. The cows, or cow, supplied milk for the road and I have seen Mother churn early in the morning before the day's trek began.

After arriving at our new home the first order of business was getting the windmill greased and running so the roots could be planted and tended. The liveable part of the house was scrubbed with Mama's own lye soap. This was made twice a year, cooked in the yard in a big iron pot which always went along. This pot was also used for boiling our clothes. Mama made a soap out of old butter, flavored with rose leaves or mint. It was the only toilet soap we knew.

Late in the fall, just before the first snow, the supply wagon would arrive. It brought us flour and cornmeal, fifty gallons of lard, potatoes, sugar, salt, numerous cases of dried fruits, dried navy beans, and blackeyed peas. There was also a case of salt pork. Mama would parboil this to get the salt out, then dip it in cream, roll it in flour, and fry. In the South, where Mother came from, she said the colored people called this "Southern fried chicken." This case was a year's supply.

One year Mother asked for a case of red fish. This was, of course, salmon, which she really loved. She often related that after the death of her parents, she and her sister and two brothers were taken into the home of an uncle near Blanco, Texas. Uncle Lige had a big cotton farm and eleven children of his own. They worked all year and Mama's request, when they took the cotton for sale to Austin, Texas, was a can of red fish. She received this for a year's work.

She made the salmon into patties, served with a cream sauce, or baked it in a loaf with the cream sauce poured over it at serving time.

Peach and apricot cobblers were made of the dried fruit. These were served, too, with thick cream. She made an excellent whipped prune fluff, also served with cream.

DURING the twelve years when we were moving so often, my brother and I were not neglected as to education. An ad was always placed in the Kansas City *Star* early in July. This ad was invariably answered by New England spinsters. They were of all ages, all wanting to see the West. Only one returned to Vermont unmarried. By Christmas Mama would be happily preparing for the wedding. Mama thought everyone should be married. This was her way of life and she encouraged it in others.

After the wedding, my father would go to the nearest little cow town and hire a remittance man as a replacement. These were the forerunners of the modern hippies. They were all highly educated but because of alcoholism, or some other vice, were paid by their families to stay away from home. They taught us much of the world and instilled in us a desire for travel and adventure. Five months on an isolated ranch gave them a chance to dry out and several were in condition to make a trip back east, with new clothes and money in their pockets. We were taught good manners, and one in particular spent a week teaching my brother and me how to order from a French menu. Our first four and a half months were strictly devoted to the three R's. During the last period we read books beyond our years and learned of the big world outside our little area. I have never regretted any of this.

When I had my thirteenth birthday, it was agreed that both my brother and I would do better in boarding schools. The brochure sent from a young ladies academy required three dresses, two of navy blue and one black for Sundays. All over the ranch country we had traveling dressmakers from the small towns. They were usually widows or old maids supporting a mother or father. Their patterns were latter 1890 vintage and goods were purchased in advance. A dressmaker usually stayed three weeks to a month, making all of our underwear, night clothes, pinafores for me, shirts, everyday dresses, and one for Sunday or when there was a party.

I arrived at boarding school with a basque waist and long skirt, floor length, and wearing one of my mother's hats. This was a beaded torque with a faded red rose perched on the side. How I must have looked to the sophisticated young ladies! This was soon remedied when I wrote to my father.

I had been a sickly, puny child, having frequent stomach upsets. With the bland and plain food of the academy I began to grow and was never ill. There was no cream, only skim milk which I learned to avoid. I was seldom home after this. I rode in rodeos in the summer and returned to the academy in the fall.

When my father's employer, Mr. Malley, died his heirs were not interested in old ranches. This was the end of an era. Father was forced to seek out other occupation.

Through good times and bad, Mama managed to have her cream and pork. She was a true Southern lady with a strong pioneer spirit. Her table always had a white tablecloth and napkins, and I cannot recall when there was not a nice set of dishes.

Mother died at the age of eighty-three. She never admitted there was such a thing as being allergic to milk or cream, or that pork wasn't good for everyone. It was only a few months before her death that her diet was restricted. This was real agony for her and I wish it could have been avoided.

MIRAGE

By James O. Wodahl

I'LL bet you a drink of alkali water there isn't one person in a thousand who has seen a clear mirage. Most of us have heard stories about people lost in the desert who see an oasis just ahead of them, but these experiences usually are regarded as hallucinations.

When my wife and I came to north-central South Dakota we were introduced to a wide open country, sparsely populated but rich in folklore and prairie mysteries. Among the latter were abandoned homesteads, old Indian campsites, arrowheads and buffalo bones. Some folks knew about mirages but they were said to be hazy, upside-down pictures in the sky and as scarce as whooping cranes.

One summer Eunice and I were working at the Thunderbird Ranch. We lived in the main ranch house where Eunice cooked for visitors and hired hands. One week end the visitors had gone back to the city, the hired hands were off until Monday, and Eunice was savoring the thought of sleeping late on Sunday morning. That Saturday evening I stood in the kitchen doorway and studied the late August scenery. The back porch faced southwest and I can remember that the long shadow of the windmill stretched across our vegetable garden.

Just beyond the weed-lined fence at the end of the garden was a hundred-acre field of alfalfa. The second crop had been cut and baled a week before, but the widely scattered haybales still lay on the short stubble waiting to be picked up. The hay field sloped gently downward, and just beyond it were eighty acres of bottom-land corn. The corn had done well in spite of the dry summer, and its rich green color vitalized the landscape which was fast taking on the barren look of fall.

South of the corn field the land rose slightly. Several large grain fields had just been harvested and the gates thrown open to the cattle. For several days a herd of nearly a hundred Black Angus had gleaned the grassy undergrowth.

In the evening they headed toward an old windmill where a large wooden tank was usually overflowing. After pushing and shoving for positions around the

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tank, the strongest took their sweet time drinking while the small ones bellowed in protest. Finally, their thirst satisfied, they all bedded down for the night.

AS I looked out the window the next morning I could tell that it was going to be another day without rain. The sun was just over the horizon and every second new waves of light were pushing the pre-dawn grayness westward.

I looked for a touch of red in the eastern sky which would be a sign of rain, but there was none. Instead a thin fall-like haze hung over the land to remind me that I would have to get the corn binder ready.

When I shoved open the screen door I thought, "Wow! My imagination sure is trying to get my attention. That looks like Abilene, Kansas on the day the first big cattle drive came through." It took a few seconds to recover and then I yelled, "Eunice, come here! There is a town in our corn field and there are cattle all over the place." She came quickly and together we watched this strange landscape which was superimposed over the real.

From about twenty-five miles away, half the cattle of Potter County and the town of Seneca (population 161), had come to say good morning! The buildings were so clear we could see the doorways of the houses. One large structure seemed to be made of red brick and the many windows told us it was the schoolhouse. The town grain elevator stood erect and tall as if it knew the economic role it played. Farms, ranches, and whiteface cattle were concentrated around the town as if they were being reflected in an oval-shaped mirror.

Even sounds seemed to be amplified. Our Thunderbird Ranch cattle were slowly stretching from their grassy beds. The bawling of hungry calves and the mooing of anxious mothers put life into our picture and helped to make it unforgettable. Down at the corn field a pheasant rooster crowed; another answered from our garden fence. On this signal the day officially began, and by the time the sun rose another six inches above the horizon, the mirage was gone.

High-Wheeling to Denver

(Continued from page 29)

TRAVELING at his own expense and furnishing his own power on two wheels was much rougher going than the first time. His traveling gear consisted of a water canteen, one blanket, and a bundle of clothing. For protection against animals, he had a Smith & Wesson revolver; for identification he carried his membership card in the league of American Wheelmen, then a national organization.

At the end of the first day he rolled into Union, Missouri and dismounted in front of the hotel. A crowd quickly gathered to stare in wonder at the newcomer and his strange conveyance. A young man on horseback at the edge of the crowd challenged him to a race around the courthouse square. Joe was hungry and tired after pedaling fifty-four miles over rough roads, but a challenge like that could not go unanswered. So he ran the race and won, but admitted later it was only because each time they slowed down to make a corner, the skittish horse refused to get anywhere near his queer competitor.

Near Independence, Missouri he saw angry clouds heading his way, but rode on hoping to cover a few more miles before being forced to seek shelter. Passing a farm house where a family stood on the porch watching the approaching storm, he waved to them and noticed their looks of concern as he continued on his way. Just a short distance beyond, the storm broke in sudden fury. The wind was terrific, and rain came down in sheets. The high front wheel of his bicycle began to slip and slide on the muddy road. In desperation he dismounted, leaned the bike against a wire fence and dashed back to the farm house for shelter.

By then the porch was empty. As he tried the door and attempted to enter he heard a man yell, "Don't go in there! Come over here!" Heading for the barn he heard the same voice, "Stay out of there! Its dangerous! Come in here!" The next likely place Joe saw was the hen house into which he crawled just as a blinding flash of lightning was followed by a deafening clap of thunder. Out of breath and soaking wet, he decided to stay with the chickens until the storm subsided. Finally the family emerged from a cyclone cellar in the middle of the yard. They told him that the chicken house was the worst place he could have gone. A wind storm like that, they assured him might have lifted the whole thing off the ground and carried it to a crash landing in some distant field.

Going back to his bike, Joe discovered that lightning had struck the fence and cracked the support frame of the small wheel. He returned to the farmer for advice and was told how to cut across a meadow and a neighboring field to a hard stone road leading into Kansas City. In the city he located a bicycle repair shop, and with the frame neatly mended continued on his way.

NOT ONCE did Joe have to sleep out under the stars. Most of the time he found food and lodging in small hotels or in taverns with one or two sleeping rooms upstairs. When towns were far apart he would stop at a farm or one of the section houses maintained along the railroad for workmen who kept the tracks and roadbeds in repair. Joe followed the Missouri River most of the way to Kansas City.

From there on he stayed close to the Kansas Pacific Railroad, now a part of the Union Pacific system. When he found no road nearby, there was often a foot path along the railroad right-of-way. In places where no foot path existed he bumped his way over the railroad ties. Most creeks were shallow enough to wade through while pushing the bike. At some of the larger streams there was often a hand-propelled ferry, but in many places the only way to cross a river was to climb the embankment and ride the ties over the narrow railroad bridge.

Ambruster averaged forty miles a day. His longest run in a single day was seventy-seven miles between Wakeeney and Winona, Kansas. Between towns in Kansas and eastern Colorado, he often rode for miles on end without seeing a living thing except an occasional jackrabbit or a fat prairie dog scurrying into his hole. He looked forward to the two passenger trains that passed each day. People in the coaches would open the windows and wave to him. An approaching freight train could always be identified by the peculiar clankety-clank-clank sound made by the old-fashioned non-standardized couplings which made for a lot of noisy motion between the cars. The freight's engineer would toot the whistle as the train crew cheered him on. Every turn of the bike's big wheel carried him 15.7 feet closer to his goal.

West of Limon, about sixty miles from Denver, Joe caught sight of the purple Rockies silhouetted against a clear blue sky. The last few miles of his long rugged journey seemed to dissolve in thin air. Very dusty and tired, with the backs of his hands blistered from sunburn, he arrived in Denver and put up at the American House on 16th Street and Blake.

While arranging for storage space for his bike, he learned that the hotel clerk was a cycle enthusiast and a member of the Denver Bicycle Club. Word spread quickly about the young man from St. Louis. Several club members came to welcome him to Denver, hear about his trip, and invite him to join them on their next all-day outing. Someone notified the newspaper and the following morning, June 3, a brief account of his adventure appeared on page six of the Denver *News*.

The next week Joe found a steady job and a comfortable boarding house in which to live. His first Sunday in town he slicked himself up in a pair of shiny shoes and a new suit, and rode out in high style to call on Sally. She seemed very happy to see him again and listened intently as he told her of his recent experiences. After several more dates together he popped the question and they were married the following spring.

Ambruster and his bride went to live in Cripple Creek but later returned to Denver where Joe became the head bookkeeper, pay master and advertising manager for the famous Windsor Hotel.

Old Pete's Lost Gold Mine

(Continued from page 19)

t crosses over the crick bed on a sort of trestle to the far side to where there's a dirt flat with some apple and peach trees growing on it.

"They ought to be fair size by now. I ain't seen them for nigh onto five years and they was four years old then. Me and my partner planted that little orchard back in '38. Grew vegetables there too. Sweetest roastin' ears you ever tasted and carrots that melted in your mouth. We got our irrigation and drinkin' water from that wood pipe when the crick went dry in the summer, which it generally did along about August every year. We'd found a dandy year-around spring up on the mountain above the cliff and we'd built that pipe ourselves and run it from the spring down to the orchard."

"That was quite an accomplishment, building a wooden pipeline. I've never seen a wooden pipe."

"You'll see one if you find the mine," Pete answered, "But it wasn't so much an accomplishment as it was a hell of a lot of hard work. Me and my partner was both carpenters before the Depression put the skids under us, so buildin' a wood pipe was kind of in our line. But totin' that lumber and wire in on our backs, that was something else.

"No burros?" I asked. "I thought every miner had a burro or two."

"Tried 'em," Pete said, "but we couldn't get 'em past them boulders and we didn't want to start no trail up on the side of the hill for every hungry gold digger to foller, so we give up on 'em."

I DIDN'T BLAME Old Pete for not wanting to leave a tell-tale burro trail into his Eldorado. I had visited a forest ranger friend stationed up in the San Gabriel Canyon behind Azusa several times and had gone along with him on his rounds. It was before the dams had been put in. The whole canyon from the mouth to Crystal Lake on the North Fork swarmed with the broke and jobless trying desperately to eke out beans with a gold pan. They would have trampled Old Pete to death in a mad rush if they had ever gotten wind of his "strike."

Pete went on. "We packed in every board of it includin' that for the trestle and for the cabin you'll see up agin the cliff. It's mostly native rock but there was lots of wood in it, too; winders and doors mostly. I thought my back'd bust by the time we were through toting it in."

I was getting more and more fidgety by the minute. The hub-bub down below had reached riot proportions. "Excuse me a minute, Pete," I said and grabbed the phone. I dialed the guardhouse at the main gate.

"Give me Lieutenant Nally," I said to the voice on the other end. Nally was in charge of the night watch, which during the war was no insignificant job. He had a force of about fifty uniformed armed guards. Like him they were big and tough. If anyone could handle that squalling rabble downstairs, they could. I just wanted to make sure that things didn't get beyond manageable limits. Nally and I had agreed at the start of the shift to let them howl as long as they didn't tear the yard apart or try to launch the four unfinished destroyers on the ways. What else could we do? A World War doesn't end every night! They had a celebration coming.

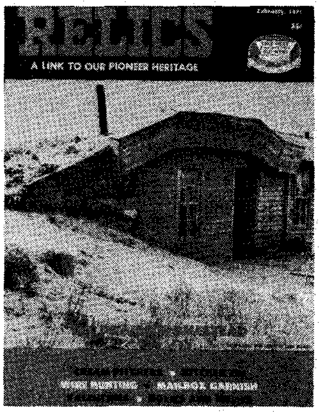
"He's out in the yard somewheres," the voice answered. "Who's calling?"

"This is Harrison. Have him call me when he comes in, or if anybody else shows up first, send out for him, will you?"

I hung up and turned back to Old Pete.

"Sorry," I apologized, "but I may have

THE PRAIRIE HOMESTEAD



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to get down there any minute. Can you give me the rest of the story some other time? Looks like this has turned out a bad night for it." I was not trying to tell the old fellow that I was not interested in his mine or in the most generous gesture he was making in giving it to me. It was simply that I was being paid to do a job and that job needed my immediate attention. Gold mines or what have you would have to wait.

But I don't think Pete took it that way. I could tell by his eyes and the sag of his jaw that he was put out. He was hurt and justifiably so. With the passing of the years I have come to realize that he was handing me—with no strings attached—the most valued possession that he had ever owned in his life. No wonder he was deflated.

"Not much more to tell," he mumbled, "and I'm right sorry I been taking up your valuable time." There was a hint of the irascible in the stress he put on the word "valuable."

"The mine ain't far from the cabin. You can't see it from there, though, and there ain't no trail to it. Me and my partner made sure of that. She runs nine dollars to the yard, average; and near bedrock she goes two dollars to the pan. That ain't hay and we wasn't takin' no chances on being jumped."

Just then there came a pounding of feet on the stairway outside. In came Nally, red-cheeked and puffing.

"Can you come on down, John?" he wheezed. "They've gone nuts. I need some support."

What could I do? I went down, leaving old Pete standing there looking like a whipped dog.

IT PROVED a hectic night, believe me; ending up by everybody shoving out the gates two hours ahead of the whistle and closing down the yard. I was a bit disheveled when I got back up to my office and my back was as sore as a boil from the pounding it had taken. I was also slightly swacked. It had been impossible to refuse all the bottles that had been shoved under my nose. How they got sneaked into the yard I'll never know. Anyway, the second I opened my door I could see that my office was empty; Old Pete was gone.

I looked for a note, a scrawled message, or a map, maybe; anything that would put the last touch to his story, the final pinpointing of his gold mine. I found none. Nor did I ever see Old Pete Peterson again. No Christmas cards, either. Nothing! He vanished out of my life as swiftly as he had entered it. Except, of course, I was left with the gnawing memory of his tale of riches as far as he had told it.

As the years passed I became more and more convinced that he had been telling the truth; that he did have a mine somewhere there on Piru Creek; and that it did run nine dollars to the yard on the average and two dollars to the pan at bedrock.

As for the Christmas cards, or rather the lack of them, three explanations are probable: He could have left in a huff and said to himself, "To hell with you, Harrison; you ain't interested anyway"; or he could have forgotten all about sending the cards; or he could be dead; could have died before the first Christmas came around. Whatever the reason, it seemed worth checking out.

My first attempt was in 1948—a fiasco. A weekend thing which almost ended in tragedy. Like a fool, and contrary to Old Pete's warning, I tried it in August. There were four of us. One stayed with the car at Frenchman's Flat; the remaining three hiked in. The boulders near the entrance to the canyon were every bit as huge and numerous and as obstructive as Pete said they would be.

The debris of the long departed stamp mill was right where he said I would find it—a battered sheet or two of rusted iron, old gears, old bolts, a concrete foundation block, things like that. We had lunch under some sparse willows along the creek which was still running a trickle of water. But water was not our problem. The problem was that we had no salt. I found it out when I looked for it to sprinkle on my hard-boiled egg. And it was entirely my fault. I had agreed to look after the groceries and I know to this day that salt was on my list, but somehow or other it never got into any of the knapsacks.

It is bad enough to eat unsalted food when you are not conditioned to it, even in cool weather. It is decidedly noxious in 110° heat with not a breath of air stirring. We should have backtracked for Frenchman's Flat right then and there, but we didn't. The gold bug had bitten us — an insidious bite that transcends horse-sense. We went on, doggedly ignoring the sweat that poured off us in rivulets. Ignoring, too, the ever increasing difficulty of planting one foot ahead of the other. Gulping water from scattered pools in the creek bed didn't seem to help much. It quenched the burning thirst but it gave no strength to the body. I was feeling increasingly light-headed. I wanted to shout. I wanted to sing even though I can't carry a tune. Jim Morrison was yelling that the British were coming. I looked around just as he fell on his face.

It was time to get out of there and fast. We got out; but not fast. We stumbled; we staggered; we fell. We leaned on each other; we sang; we slobbered; we cried. Finally we crawled. We got to the car and if we hadn't left a man there to watch it, that would have been the end of the trail. So much for the first attempt.

THE SECOND and last one was in the fall of 1949. A "Lost Mine" article had triggered my quiescent curiosity to the point of making another try. Again there were four of us, but not the same four. I was the only one who had also been on the first trip. None of the remaining three was interested in a rerun.

As before we left the car at Frenchman's Flat with one man in attendance, and hiked in from there; past the old mill site where the canyon widened out; on through the narrows beyond and eventually into a tiny, very tiny, valley which had a perpendicular cliff rising several hundred feet on the north side and a steep chaparraled slope rising to an equal height on the south side. Coursing through the middle was the creek bed. This was it. This had to be the place. There was the cliff, the slope, and the creek—just as Old Pete had said they would be.

Unfortunately, that's where all similarity ended. There was no half acre of dirt flat adjacent to the stream. There was no wooden pipe hanging from the cliff, no trestle, no orchard, and no cabin. Or sign that any of them had ever been there. The place was dead, primitive, aboriginal. It looked as if nothing had disturbed it since the ice age.

We scouted the area. We even panned some likely spots along the creek, coming up with a few flecks of color but nothing to get excited about—say three or four cents a pan; a far cry from the two dollars Pete's "bonanza" boasted.

"That old man was giving you a line," one of my disgruntled co-searchers grumbled. "Let's go home."

I suppose I was equally let down but I wasn't quite ready to give up. I just could not reconcile myself to the sad evidence around us that branded Old Pete a liar and me a gullible sucker. Possibly this was not the right spot. There could be another widening of the canyon farther downstream. I determined to find out.

"You guys wait here if you want to," I said. "I'm going on down the creek a-ways. I still think he was telling the truth."

A hundred yards from where we stood, the canyon squeezed in again. I headed toward the narrow cut between the precipitous walls. I came to another scrawny growth of willows similar to the one where we had eaten lunch that first ill-fated trip. This one had been almost ripped out by the roots. Its limbs were stripped of leaves; its trunks and branches were thick with dried mud. Obviously a wild rush of water had raced through in recent years, leaving havoc behind and before it. Matted drifts were piled against the upstream side. Heavy boulders fought for space with the denuded tree trunks. Gray mud caked everything, giving them a sameness of appearance so that it was hard to distinguish root from rock.

I was crawling through it on my hands and knees at a point where a particularly heavy accumulation of debris had lodged, when I saw the rusted end of a piece of coiled wire sticking up through the rubble. It was rather heavy gauge—much heavier than common baling wire—and it was coiled in symmetrical loops, each about four or five inches in diameter and about the same distance apart. I gave the end a yank. At the same time I was pricked by a subconscious hunch that this find could be important.

Nothing happened. The wire didn't come loose. Something was attached to the other end. I yanked harder but merely stretched out the loops; so I put some real beef behind it and it began to give. A round and hollow tube broke loose from its muddy crypt and I knew what

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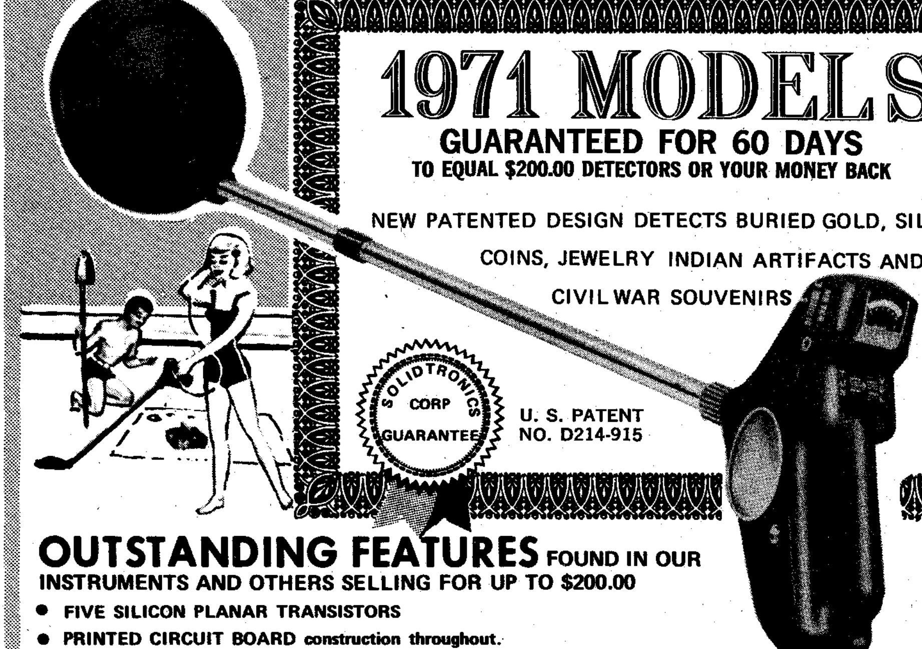

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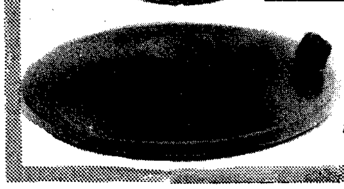

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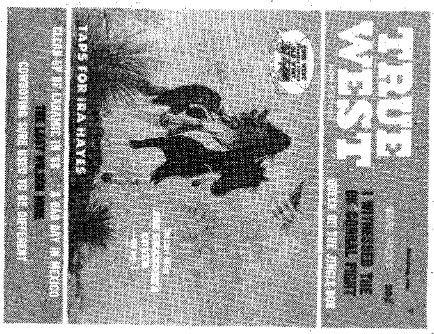

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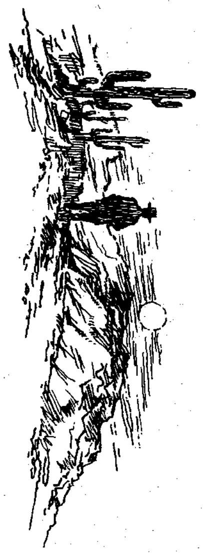

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it was—a splintered section of wooden pipe!

I STOOD UP and yelled to the others, "Come a-running! Here it is!"

"The gold?" Higgins called back.

"No, the pipe!"

We spent the next half hour digging out an eight-foot length of it.

"You were wrong, my friend," I gloated. "Old Pete wasn't lying, after all. This proves it. You know what I think?"

"I can guess."

"And you'd be right as rain," I agreed, somehow knowing he had reached the same irrefutable conclusion I had. "There have been some hellish rains in here since Old Pete's day and everything he told us to look for has been washed away—pipeline, trestle, orchard, cabin, even the flat where the orchard was."

"How about the mine? You think it went, too?"

"No, I don't," I said. "Not the mine. I never did think that it was down in the creek bed or even close to it. I don't think it is anywhere near where the water could get at it."

"And just why don't you think so?" Higgins asked. He was a born skeptic.

"Simply because if it had been that easy to find, those old-timers would have found it a hundred years before Pete and his partner ever got here. Pete said himself that they had turned over every pebble in the creek from one end to the other." I looked up at the awesome cliff behind me. "And I don't think it was up there either, or those old codgers wouldn't have had their cabin and their orchard down here. They would have had it up on top near that spring they found up there. That cliff is too high to be climbing up and down every day if you don't have to. That's just common sense."

"I'll buy that," Higgins agreed. He looked over toward the south slope of the canyon. "Then it's got to be over there somewhere on the side of that hill. Come on, you gold-diggers, what are we waiting for?"

He'd forgotten all about going home, and so had the rest of us. He lit out at a dead run, waving a shovel and a gold pan. Fifty yards up the hillside at the edge of a manzanita thicket he turned around to yell at me: "What do we look for? A hole in the ground?"

"Damned if I know," I yelled back. "Old Pete never told me."

He waited for us to catch up wih him; my answer had sapped some of his go-go. "How can we find what we don't know to look for?"

"I can't answer that," I said truthfully. "It could be a hole in the ground, like you say; a shaft. It could be an open pit; or it could be a tunnel in the side of the hill. The only thing I'm sure of is that it was not the bottom of the creek or a quartz mine. It was a placer claim—a gravel bar of some kind. He said so. He also mentioned bedrock and panning. Maybe it was a bench."

"A bench? What's a bench?" Higgins asked.

"It's a gravel-bed," I answered, "usually covered with an over-burden of dirt. At one time back a million years or so it was the bottom of the creek. Then somewhere upstream the water wore through the bedrock and started cutting a new channel at a lower level and leaving the old one high and dry. A flat spot on the side of a hill. It could be a few feet wide and as many feet long; or it could be a hundred feet wide and half a mile long. Just depends on the terrain and what happened at the time."

"Boy," Higgins said, "I'll bet that's it." Immediately he was back on full charge again. "Bench, here we come!" he shouted and forthwith disappeared within the manzanita thicket. He was high on gold fever and he was not alone. It had the other man, Bob Holman, too; and it had me. Especially it had me!

Dark was two hours away. We spent them in a frenzy of clawing up and down the steep south slope of the canyon. Buck brush, mesquite, and manzanita were head high in places. There was shadscale, prickly-pear and other thorny stuff that seemed to jump out at anyone within striking distance. There were rattlesnakes, too. Higgins killed one four and a half feet long. He said it struck at him and missed. Anyway, it didn't punctur his skin but it sure punctured his enthusiasm.

"That's close enough for me," he said. "You guys can have my share; I'm calling it a day." And he did.

Bob also had lost interest. Like myself, he was a desk man. The wear and tear of the outdoors had cooled his fever. His pants were in tatters and his legs were pincushioned with cactus spines. He had lost his hat and he had burrs in his hair. I suppose I was equally bad off but I still clung tenaciously to a fragment of hope. I threshed around doggedly until it got so dark I could hardly see the ground under my feet. So, I gave up, too.

Higgins and Holman had made a camp of sorts. We had a meal of tomato juice, pork-and-beans, and canned peaches. We spent the night in sleeping bags on a tiny spit of sand beside the creek and were up with the first hint of light the next morning.

Restless hours of mulling things over hadn't produced a single clue in my mind that hadn't already been checked out. No inspirations had come like a flash of fire to rekindle our hopes, so we started back—battered, tattered, tired, and discouraged. The hike out to the car was without incident except that atop a small mound of gravelly dirt which somehow must have lodged in the backwash of rampaging run-offs, we found a sapling peach tree growing. It was frail, almost leafless, and lifted two warty twigs toward the sun as if to say "Please, let me survive."

That's it. That's the true story of Old Pete's lost gold mine. As far as I know it is still there and as "lost" as ever; a glittering gravel bench rich with gold somewhere within a hoot and a holler—or maybe two hoots and two hollers—of that pitiful little peach tree, sole descendant of Pete's orchard, waiting for someone to start digging where he left off.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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JOE GRANDEE

The West Still Lives (Heritage Press, $24.95) by Joy Schultz is a spectacular book based on the paintings, drawings and sculpture of Joe Ruiz Grandee, a descendant of Castilian pioneers. The book is in popular demand and a limited edition, each accompanied by a Grandee bronze at $500.00 was sold out prior to publication. One hundred sixty three pen and ink drawings, ruizemes, oil paintings and dry brush drawings give the reader a nostalgic flashback to events typical of western exploration and development. Among those who posed for Grandee were his wife Murlene, Governor Reagan, Robert Taylor and Lynda Bird Robb. Grandee's interests include many subjects: Indians, cowboys, cavalrymen, horses, Longhorns, mountains, stagecoaches, badmen and the Lynda Bird Johnson-Robb wedding. The book also includes an exciting story of the artist's life, his struggles and final success. Some quality poetry by the author, Joy Schultz, is an added attraction of the book.

THE JAMES MYTH

The Life, Times and Treacherous Death of Jesse James by Frank Triplett first appeared in 1882, a month after Bob Ford killed Jesse. The Swallow Press, Inc. ($15.00) has republished this long suppressed 1882 edition with a ripping introduction and notes by Kansas historian, Joseph Snell. Artist, Jerry Vallez, has redrawn many realistic scenes based on the smeared illustrations in the original book. Oozing with mushy sentiment, the book allegedly is based on information given the author by Jesse's wife and mother. First denying their contributions, the good ladies later sued the publisher for their share of royalties. Triplett portrays the James boys as generous Robin Hoods maligned by Missouri's Governor Crittenden, railroad magnates and the Pinkertons. Editor Snell demolishes the James-Robin Hood egend and evaluates the controversy over the origin and sources of material making up the text. This is a good one for new collectors of the James Legend.

HIGH ADVENTURE

Last Rig to Battle Mountain (William Morrow Co., $8.95) by Walt Wilhelm is a true adventure of a family traveling through parts of the American West from 1896-1910. For forty years the author cronied with fiction writer, Erle Stanley Gardner, who encouraged him to record the humorous as well as semi-tragic experiences of this remarkable family who toured rough trails and rutted roads in a covered wagon searching for mineral prospects. Sherman Wilhelm, the father, a compulsive prospector and miner, left his Missouri homeland with his wife and three small children and belongings and headed west in search of paydirt. Their rambles took them to mineralized areas at Cripple Creek and Fairplay, Colorado; the Mother Lode in California; Virginia City; Northern Nevada and finally to Battle Mountain where Sherman made a strike that put the family on easy street. Four more children were born on the trail at different locations. Theirs was a close-knit unit full of affection and family pride. The parents conducted their own school en route and at times located near a town where the children went to classes while Sherman prospected, staked and worked claims and tested the muck for yield. The Wilhelms had some close calls with Indians, outlaws and local toughs that were common fare at the turn-of-the-century. An elixir for troubled readers today is this friendly story of how family members overcame the day-to-day hardships that were common in mining camps of the period. Recommended.

BY AND ABOUT!

Reminiscences of Range Life (Steck-Vaughn Co., $1.00) by Wayne Gard is Southwest Writers Series No. 30. Gard presents thumbnail biographies of twenty-two ranchmen and cowboys who have written one or more significant books on their reminiscences as genuine participants of development in the range livestock industry. One woman and one sheepman are included. A fourth of the men came from England or Ireland. Ponting, Stuart, Clay, French, Carpenter, Anderson, Collinson, James, Lemmon, Cook, Hasting, Halsell, Abbott, Culley, Herron, Jones, McCauley, Leakey, Kennon, Duke, and Gilfillan are names of men familiar to many range and western buffs. Gard's pamphlet is a useful reference and partial bibliography that could lead to a fuller acquaintance with these people and their roles in history.

Wayne Gard, Historian of the West (Steck-Vaughn Co., $1.00) by Ramon F. Adams is Southwest Writers Series No. 31. In addition to a brief biography, the book includes a selected bibliography of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles written by Gard. Many of Gard's works are collector's items. His books *Sam Bass, The Chisholm Trail, Fabulous Quarter Horse, Steel Dust,* and *The Great Buf-*

(Continued on page 72)

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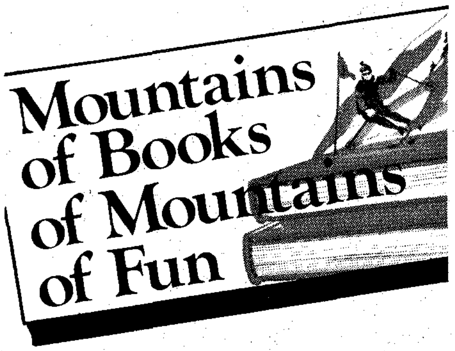
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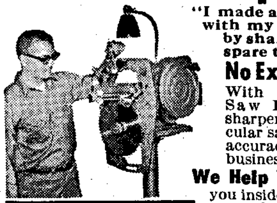

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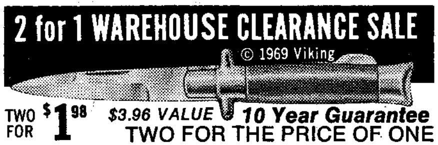
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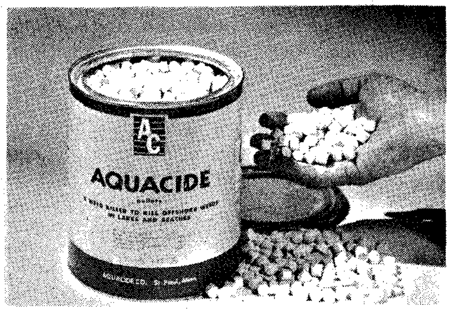

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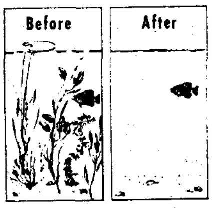

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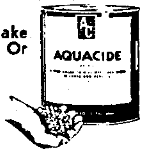

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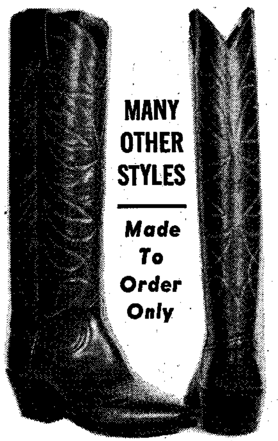

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 69)

falo Hunt are favorites of this reviewer. Gard was born in Illinois and spent much of his early life in that state and in Missouri. He developed an early interest in reading, especially about the West, and began to write. He lived for three years in Burma as a teacher and also served as a part-time correspondent for the Associated Press. Following graduate work at Northwestern and a teaching post at Grinnell College, Gard went to Dallas, Texas in 1933 to join the staff of the Dallas *Morning News*. He remained with the newspaper for thirty-one years. Gard's interest in history showed itself throughout his life in numerous publications. His thorough searching of facts and his ability to present them in an interesting manner created great demand for his books, and they were soon out of print. His magazine articles included a great variety of western subjects including ranch women. Series No. 31 will be a useful and interesting reference for students or Western buffs.

HIRED GUN

Author Glenn Shirley has written a convincing biography of "Deacon" Jim Miller, one of the bloodiest murderers in the history of the West. His book, *Shotgun for Hire* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) presents the gory facts about Jim Miller's cowardly murders with victims including Pat Garrett, Sheriff Bud Fraser and Deputy Marshal Ben Collins. Miller claimed to have killed fifty-one men. A dead shot, he had the courage to stand up and shoot at opponents face to face but his specialty was bushwhacking with his shotgun which he hired out for $150 to $2,000 per victim. A fancy dresser with a fast line Miller easily acquired lady friends. He had a pleasant demeanor in public, served as a peace officer, attended church regularly, and his ministers and fellow churchmen vouched for his conduct when the law was trying to prosecute him for numerous heinous crimes. Deacon cronied with cousin Wes Hardin and many known toughs, including some who were engaged in crooked games with him. West Texas was Miller's usual habitat but when life became too hot there he took a contract to kill Ben Collins, near Ada, Oklahoma. After Collins was killed an Ada vigilance committee hung Deacon Jim from the rafters of a barn and ended his nefarious career.

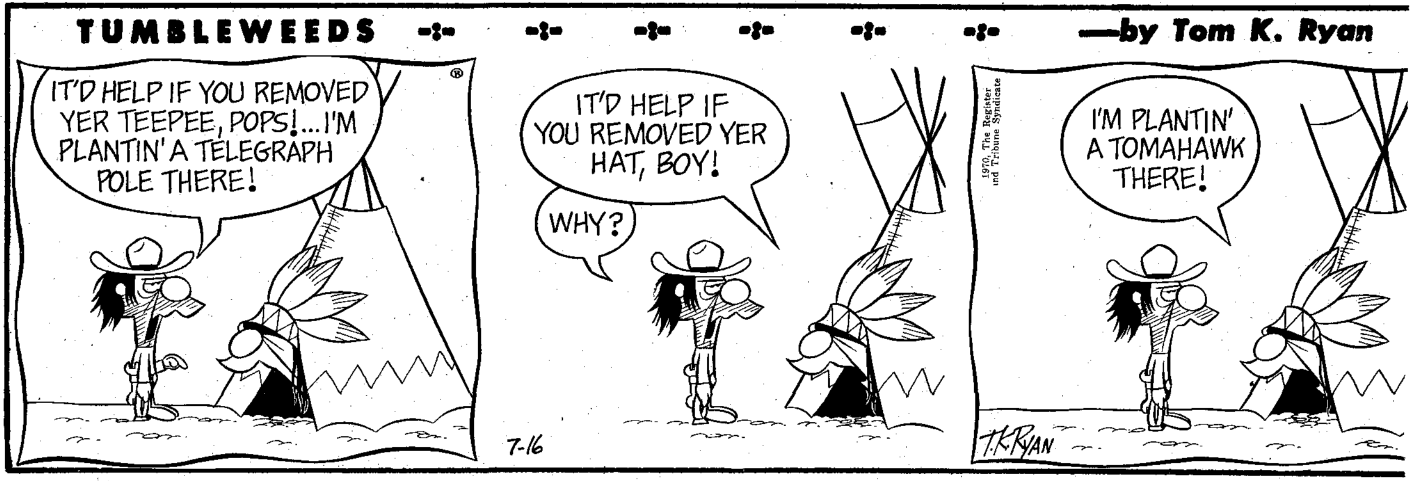
APACHE WARS

A new and significant contribution to the literature of the Apache Wars of the 1880s called *Chasing Geronimo* comes from the Journal of Leonard Wood, May-September, 1886. Published by the University of New Mexico Press, for $6.95, the book was edited with a snappy introduction and epilogue by Jack C. Lane. Serving as army medical officer with Captain Henry Lawton's expedition into the Sierra Madres of Mexico after Geronimo, Leonard Wood demonstrated his skill in military tactics as well as medicine. His diary reflects the basic differences in strategy between General Crook and his replacement General Miles, whom Wood favored. Lawton's forces marched continuously, hardly without rest for four months, and covered over 3,000 miles in a maze of arid Mexican badlands difficult to travel. Before surrendering to Miles in Skeleton Canyon in southern Arizona, Geronimo's band of 30 Apaches had burned out the energy of 2,000 U. S. soldiers. Manpower changed regularly and Lawton and Wood were the only ones to remain with the expedition throughout. Several times whole units were replaced with fresh troops. As one writer said, "The Indians had not been defeated, they had been subjugated; they had made peace as one belligerent power makes peace with another on terms acceptable to both." While Wood doesn't admit it, the results proved that Crook's method of fighting Indians with Indians was superior to Miles' strategy of pitting white soldiers solely against Apaches in the lethal Southwest environment. This book brings to light Wood's instructive journal which has remained buried in military archives for over ninety years. There also are some Remington illustrations.

Heretofore most of the written record about the final revolt of Apaches came from two major sources: U. S. and Mexican military personnel who hunted them, and white pioneers who survived bloody encounters with them. After months of feints and dodges through the Sierra Madres in Mexico and in arid Arizona and New Mexico, Geronimo's ragged band and remnant Chiricahuas surrendered to General Miles and were imprisoned in a compound in Florida. Eve Ball has presented the Apache's side of the story in a revealing book called *In the Days of Victorio* (University of Arizona Press $6.50). The text is based on the persona recollections of Apache survivors who were banished to Florida. The main narrator is James Kaywaykla, a descendan of Victorio, but grandchildren of Chiefs Loco and Chihuahua also made contributions. Educated at Carlisle, Kaywaykla served on a committee that was influential in getting the Warm Springs Apaches resettled on the Mescalero Reservation in New Mexico. These informants say that white writers have generally given a prejudiced account of the Apache story. As the Apaches view the case, they were hunted as wolves in their own homeland, imprisoned in undesirable locations, promised food, blankets and clothing that crooked Indian agents often disposed of elsewhere to their own profit Had these agents delivered all the goods the government provided to the Indians they claim Geronimo and his followers would not have jumped the reservation and raided the towns, ranches and freight outfits for food, blankets, horses, mules guns and ammunition. The reader is given a clear view of intimate family scenes and the friendly communion among Apaches. They claim scalping was not their custom and they seldom bothered with smoke signals but adopted the heliograph to their needs and used binoculars stolen from U. S. military sources. There is also much of interes about Apache traditions, religion, superstitions and culture. Excellent.

SNOWY HOLY CROSS

Holy Cross, The Mountain and the City (Caxton Printers, Ltd., $2.95) by Rober L. Brown is a well researched and illustrated book about the famous Holy Cros Mountain in Colorado and the mining town which also bore its name. The cros on the 14,000-foot high mountain is formed by a 1500-foot vertical crevasse with horizontal arms measuring some 750 feet on each side. Early explorers trappers, and miners were greatly affected by the cross.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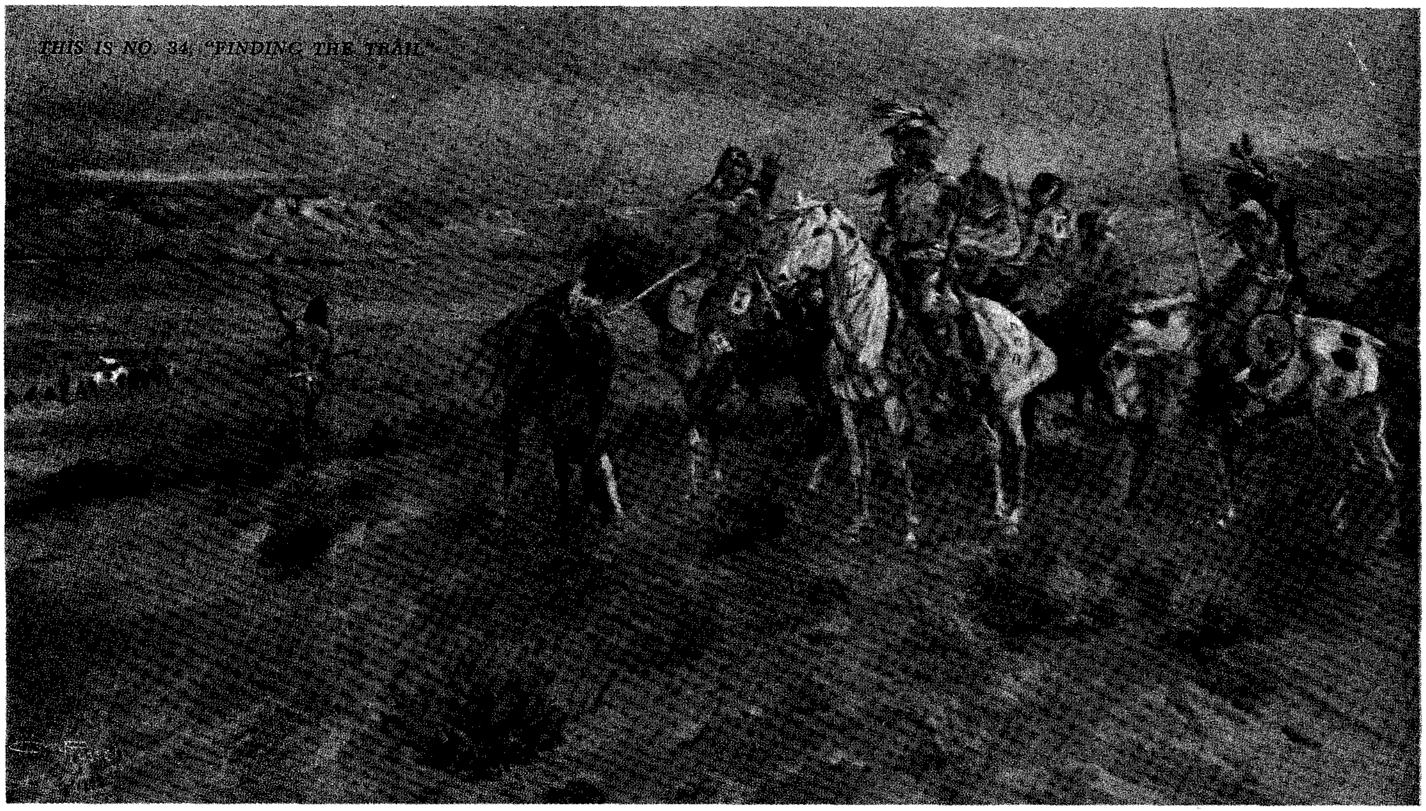
THIS IS NO. 34, "FINDING THE TRAIL."

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—*A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo*, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—*Renegades Return*, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—*Innocent Allies*, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—*When the Trail Was Long Between* Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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